LUCKY 10

Pictorial America

LUCKY 10

STEVANS

RHODES & McCLURE PUB. CO.

HUNTERS AT REST.

LUCKY TEN BAR.

OF

PARADISE VALLEY.

HIS

HUMOROUS, PATHETIC AND TRAGIC ADVENTURES

BY

C. M. STEVANS.

THE STORY

COPIOUSLY ILLUSTRATED.

BY

H. S. DE LAY.

HIS TRAVELS

BY

REPRODUCTIONS FROM PHOTOGRPHS

CONSTITUTING ALMOST A

PICTORIAL AMERICA.

CHICAGO
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"WHAT'S THE MATTER LITTE MAN?" SAID THE POLICEMAN NOT UNKINDLY.

See Page 17.

LUCKY TEN BAR.

Slum—Ranch—and Society.

CHAPTER I.

THE DISLOCATED ARM—SAVES FROM ROBBERY SENT WEST.

"Hofficer! Dere's summut de matter wid Skinny. His arm's loose."

A mite of a girl in a stringy dress of undiscoverable hue and quality pushed a mite of a boy in still more uncouth garments around the corner of the bar where the policeman was taking a friendly glass with his patron, the ward-heeler.

Skinny's left arm dangled at his side like a string, as with his right hand he wiped the tears in long streaks over his face.

"What's the matter, little man," said the policeman not unkindly as he examined the injured arm and found it dislocated at the shoulder. "How'd ye get hurted?"

"I knows," eagerly answered the little girl as Skinny hung his head without answering. "Skinny hated to tell on Dirty Dick 'cause he guv Skinny dis coat when it wuz cold."

"Yes Sally knows," affirmed Skinny. "She seed 'im yank me, an' it hurted, an' I yelled, an' now it wont do nothin' but hurt."

"What'ud Dirty Dick yank ye fur?" asked the ward-heeler, who was becoming interested.

"Cause 'e put a stick 'tween Dick's knee an' run aroun'," answered Sally for her companion.

"What'ud ye do dat fur, Skinny?" asked the officer.

"He hired me to pretend hurt in de blind ally by de basement steps, so's to get a fly dresser lookin' 'round. De soft guy gimme quarter and' Dirty Dick wur goin' ter swipe 'im on the head fer more, when I twisted his legs wid de stick. So Dirty Dick missed de kid, den kicked me over, yanked my arm, an' run wid de kid yellin' fer perlice."

Only two blocks away could be seen the towering walls of Bellevue hospital and the officer started away with Skinny followed by the little waif's sympathetic companion.

"What become of the boy that you saved from being robbed?" asked the officer.

"He gumme a card an' said call on his fadder for reward," said Skinny, drawing forth a business card from the lining of his coat.

But the policeman did not look at it.

"Here, Sally, you can have half of it," said Skinny, generously tearing it in two and giving one part to his diminutive friend. Sally took the bit of pasteboard and stowed it away in one of the many convolutions of her dress. Skinny returned his to the ragged receptacle of his coat.

At the door of the public clinic of Bellevue, Sally was turned away weeping bitterly notwithstanding the vigorous protests of Skinny that his little companion

Canon de Chelly, Arizona.

must go where he went or he would not go. But he was hustled inside and taken charge of by one of the attendant surgeons.

"Don't cry, my boy," said the surgeon as Skinny suddenly broke into a pitiful wail. "We wont hurt you."

"It's not dat," said Skinny suddenly ceasing and wiping his eyes vigorously, "it's not dat. Sally's got de littlest part of de reward an' I wanted her to have de biggest piece."

But the doctor did not understand and Skinny was hurried on.

"What is your address little man?" inquired the clerk recording the case.

"In Granny Dugan's paper pile."

"Not very definite," laughed the clerk.

"Then where do you eat?" inquired the man at the desk.

"Outen de free lunch cans."

"Another child of the garbage," exclaimed the clerk, "which the city is training up to prey on society." It is a good case for the society that is securing homes in the West for the city's waifs. I will turn the case over to them."

Skinny's arm was soon set and in two or three days a carriage called for him. He was taken to new quarters where the kindness of those in charge was as a revelation of something new in the world. A month later there were a hundred slum children and unclaimed waifs of the asylum being made ready for some stupendous change. They were all marched out of the yard together

in soldierly order to the street where carry-alls were waiting to take them to the Twenty-third street ferry. It was a restless and noisy crowd attracting the attention of everybody until they were marched aboard a car that was waiting for their especial service.

During all this period Skinny was very subdued and sad, not that he was compelled for so long a time to wear his arm suspended from his neck instead of from his shoulder, but because he so sorely missed his sympathetic little playmate.

"Aint ye never goin' ter let me see Sally?" he repeatedly asked in desperation, but his inquiry only caused rude jokes to be flung at him about his slum sweetheart till he ceased to ask and only planned to escape from his kind but unsympathetic and thoughtless friends. When the ferry boat left the dock and started across the Hudson river to the Jersey shore, he found solace in uttering a sturdy vow. "When I am a man," he repeated over and over again, "I'll come back and give Sally the big part of the reward and lots of de dough, too!"

Even the vows of a seven-year-old boy may be kept, and this was singularly so. He felt in the pockets of the bright, clean clothing that had been given him and drew forth the part of the business card which he believed to be in some way a valuable reward for the services he had done the well-dressed boy whom he had saved from being robbed. Then to keep the card becoming soiled he wrapped it carefully in a bit of white paper and tucked it away as a most precious possession connected with a solemn vow and duty.

Meantime Sally had hung about the doors and gates

THE PARSON'S STORY. See Pege 25

of Bellevue hospital hoping to find out what had become of her playmate, but the forbidding walls and unsympathetic attendants gave her no answer. She besieged the policeman, but he could tell her nothing.

"Is Skinny sent to de locker?" she inquired. "Is Skinny dead and put away?"

The policeman became impatient.

"Ah go along wid yer palaver 'bout Skinny," he answered at last. "He's shook ye an' gone out West to grow up with the country. He's gone fer good, he'll never come back here."

"He will, he will," screamed Sally, shaking her fist at the evil prophet. "He will come back."

Then Sally went away to cry about it.

"I'll keep this reward for him when he comes back," she said, taking the piece of card Skinny had given her from her pocket and looking at it tenderly. "He guv it to me an' I'll keep it for 'im."

CHAPTER II.

AN ODD CHARACTER AT THE PARSONAGE.

"So you've been indulging in some more crazy benevolence have you?" inquired Parson Brown's wife in a tone not altogether befitting the meek and lowly women, who was accustomed to minister with such saintly patience to the poor and afflicted of the neighborhood. "Law me, as if we didn't have cares enough already with the trying duties besetting our path. So you've

brought home a boy to raise! Why didn't you get a girl? Boys are bad enough at the best, goodness only knows."

Parson Brown never stirred from his chair or spoke. His parchment-like face was expressionless. The little boy stood against the wall near the door and stared at the scolding women.

"What's yonr name, sir?" she asked peremptorily addressing him.

"Skinny," he answered straightening up and placing his arm akimbo in a defiant attitude.

Parson Brown's wife stared for a moment as if shocked and then ejaculated, "well, you look it!'

"I didn't ask for your nom de plume," she continued, "I asked for your christian name."

Skinny was silent and Parson Brown looked nervous.

"Haven't you a decent name?" she persisted.

"De name's good ernough for me, an' it's got ter go, see?"

Skinny struck a bowery attitude calculated in times past to keep even Dirty Dick at a respectful distance.

Good Mrs. Brown collapsed.

"Dreadfull, dreadfull!" she at last found voice to exclaim. "Isaac, he will demoralise the town."

Saluda was not much of a town, but such as it was it required all the energy of Parson Brown and his wife to keep it in the straight and narrow path. How could they be guilty of introducing this unregenerated little pest into the bosom of the community? As these thoughts struck her, the good women looked aghast at the Parson.

"My boy," said the Parson, "you may go out into

GRAND CANON AND COLORADO RIVER, ARIZONA.

the yard and play while mother and I have a talk about your welfare."

Skinny had never played in a yard before but he understood and so bolted out through the open door leaving the good people to discuss the grave question concerning their adopted son.

The Parson looked at his wife and good Mrs. Brown looked at the Parson.

"Well, I never!" she exclaimed contemptuously. "You have gone and went and got one of them slum degenerates from New York and brought him to the parsonage that I've always tried to preserve and hold up to the world as a model home for the example of Christians."

There were times when Mrs. Brown was engaged in chastising the Parson that she didn't care much about her grammer and this was one of those times. But the parchment-like skin on Parson Brown's face only drew tighter and more drum-like over the bones and his nether lip pushed the thin upper one into a narrow semi-circle under his nose. When his mouth took that shape Mrs. Brown knew that the Parson's mind had become very similar to a flint rock.

She heaved a despairing sigh.

"I suppose," she continued resignedly, "that the Lord has seen fit to impose this new burden on me to give further tests of my Christian fortitude."

She folded her hands in her lap and was in the midst of another sigh when a most appalling series of screams were heard from the region of the back yard. In sudden consternation they both ran out to discover the cause.

They found Deacon Jones' fourteen year old son doubled up in a heap on the ground. Skinny stood near with his hands on his hips and his head bent over until his chin rested on his chest.

"In the name of mercy," cried Mrs. Brown as she saw the son of the most liberal member of their church groaning on the ground, "what has happened?"

Skinny straightened up.

He wur joshin' me, ma'am, an' I landed in his solar plexus."

Henry Jones arose with his hands pressed tightly upon his stomach. Mrs. Brown put her arm around him.

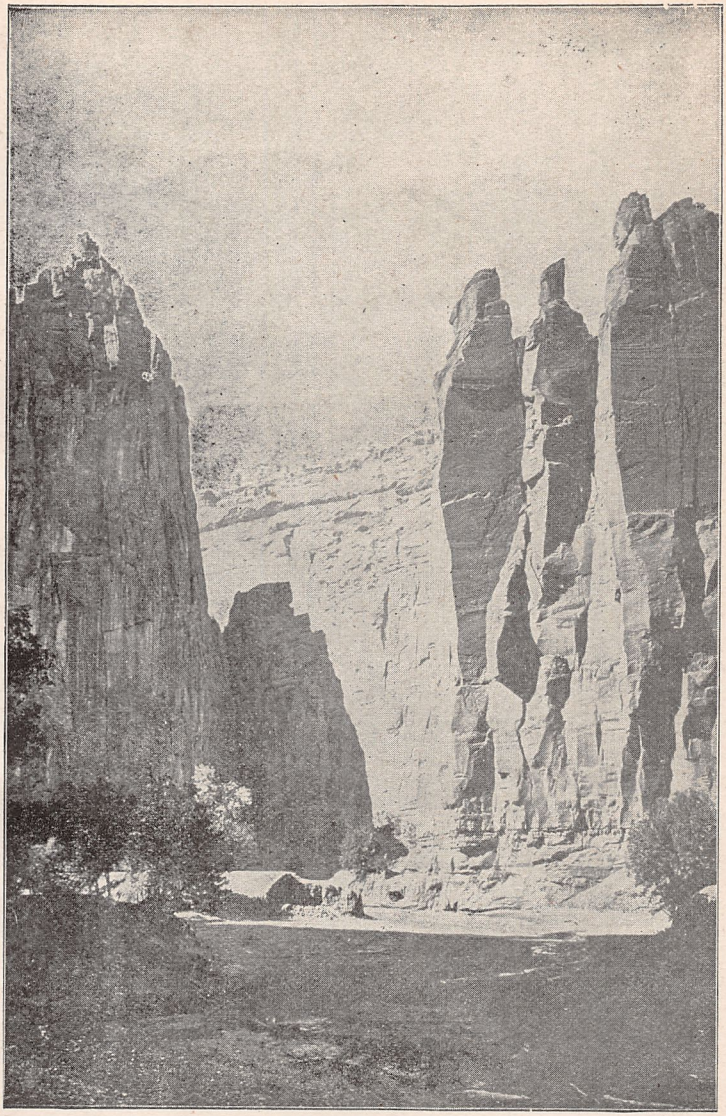
"What did the bad boy do to you?" she asked sympathetically.

Henry began to cry.

"I seen him here and I just come in and asked him his name and he told me and I laughed an he told me to close up. Then I asked him if you wuz his mother and he just come agin me like a billy goat."

"So this is the little Satan you have brought into our home to destroy our peace and reputation," she cried turning fiercely upon Parson Brown. "How can any of our congregation again stick their noses into our yard with this Skinny little fiend around to endanger life and morals?"

"My dear," said the mellow-tongued Parson, "in a few days, under your gentle influence and Christian ministration I expect to see a marvellous change in this untutored child of the slums. Nay, I can not doubt that the conversion will be so miraculous as to be the inspiration of all the people from far around. We can



HAND ROCK, CANON DE CHELLY, ARIZONA.

show the world a shining example of what mercy and charity can do for the lowly and abandoned youth of our great country."

"O shaw! You unreasonable thing, you!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown and she flirted into the house leaving the Parson to settle the matter with the two boys.

"Henry," said Parson Brown, "come here and let me tell you a story." Parson Brown sat down in the grass with an eager boy at each knee.

"Once there were twin brothers whose father and mother were both dead. The two brothers looked and acted so much alike that none of the people with whom they lived could tell them apart or call either by his right name exept by guess. One day something happened that completely changed their lives, causing one to become miserable aud despised the other to be loved and honered.

No one suspected that there was any differnce in them or that there could come any difference in their future conduct or appearance. But there was a great difference unseen by any body in what excited them to do things. Every boy and every man has a plan of what is the correct thing for other people to do to himself. One boy thinks it is the right thing to fight everybody into doing the correct thing to him, another boy, whenever he is annoyed, says to himself, "Everybody gets punished enough in the long run for the foolishness of doing the wrong thing without me taking the trouble and risk of doing the punishing exept to save myself from real and serious loss and harm. I have something better

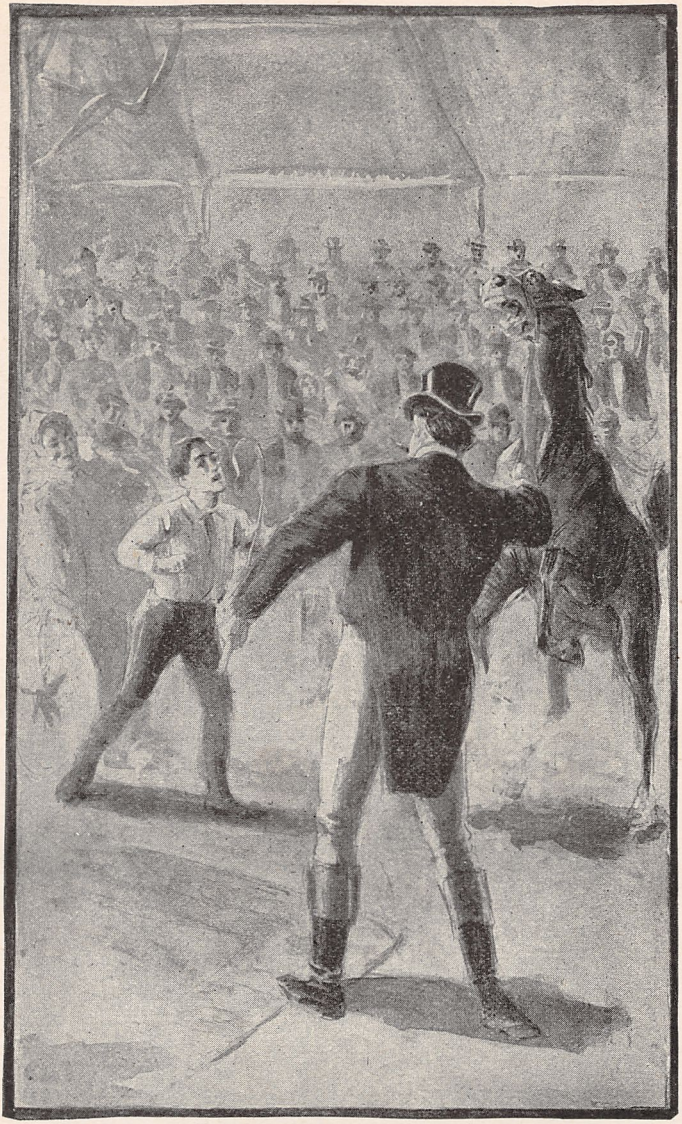
to do in life than to spend my time and sense and energy quarreling with people about their foolishness."

So, as I said, one day these twin brothers saw through a knot-hole in a high board fence a wonderful game of ball, where thousands of people were sitting around on stair-step benches watching in great excitement every move of the players. There was a great deal of wrangling and quarreling, but every dispute was referred to one man for settlement. He didn't allow any foolishness around him, and whenever any one annoyed, disputed or interrupted him, he slapped the foolish fellow's face or caught him by the collar and shook him till he promised to behave himself.

One of the twin brothers peeping through the knot-hole thought this fighting fellow was the greatest hero he ever saw and resolved to be like him and show the world that he would severely punish any foolishness that should dare to take place around him.

"But as the play progressed, the boys could see through the knot-hole that the people were becoming more and more excited and the quarrels and fights were getting worse and worse until at last the fighting man was put out and another man was selected to decide disputes.

From that time on everything went smoothly on in the game. To be sure the people yelled and the by-standers and players wrangled, disputed and quarreled for some time as before, annoying and interrupting him as much as possible, but he didn't waste any of his strength on them or pay any more attention to them than if they were flies trying to crawl through a window pane, or little dogs barking through the cracks of a ten



"COME ON AND TRY IT" SNEERED THE BOSS. See Page 34.

foot fence. He didn't belittle himself by wasting any of his time on the foolishness or silly conduct of others. He applied all his sense and energy to his work, and pretty soon nobody disputed him and he had everything his own way.

"This was the man that the other one of the twin brothers admired. He resolved to lose no time on foolishness, but to stick to his work. That was the great unseen difference between the two boys. One spent his life quarreling and fighting at last dying miserably; the other lost no time on such foolishness and so prospered and at last died full of honer."

"Hi, yi," cried Skinny jerking Henry's foot around so that the boy fell back on the grass. "I tumble to de story. Youse de foolishness an' Ise not got any time wid ye. Go home to yer mamy."

Henry needed no second invitation, but ran out of the yard and down the walk to his house spreading the news that a devilish imp named Skinny had come to live at Parson Brown's.

CHAPTER III.

AT THE CIRCUS—A BUCKING BRONCHO—A RUNAWAY.

"So you think you're going to make a Christian child out of that little heathen by turning our woodshed into a

playhouse that you call a workshop, do you?" said Mrs. Brown in contemptuous sarcasm as she peaked her nose into the door and sniffed disdainfully at the carpet of shavings on the floor. "You must have spent five dollars already of our hard-earned money in buying hammers, chisels and saws."

"O Mommer," interrupted Skinny, "Jes look ahine ye, on de door fer de motter whut de Posson guv me. We sticks by dat. Ain't I learnin' spellin' and writin' fast?"

The Parson and his wife looked at the door and Mrs. Brown gasped for breath. There in a miserable scrawl but easily readable were the words :

"NO FULESHNUS GOZ WID US SEE.
ME AN DE POSSON IS O K. GIT."

And Mrs. Brown got. She shook her skirts with a righteous shiver and departed with a groan.

"Now I contend," continued Mrs. Brown at the first opportunity, "that if that child can't be reached by prayer, he is lost. Deacon Jones thinks the same thing. I mean to take him to-night with me to Deacon Jones' house and see what can be done for him."

Parson Brown looked troubled, but before the hour for the meeting he took Skinny aside and said, "My son, would you do something for me?"

"Would I?" cried Skinny. "Just you shoot it out and gimme a whack at it."

"Mother Brown——"

Skinny shook his head.

"Dat don't go wid Skinny," he averred emphatically.

"Mrs. Brown," he began again, "wants you to go

ORANGE PACKING, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

with her to-night to a prayer meeting at Deacon Jones'. I want you to go with her. Don't say a word to anybody, and for once, at least, act just as she tells you. Except that if anyone asks you what your name is, say that it is William Brown."

"Dat's a hard un, Posson," said Skinny, "but I'll do it. Shake."

Skinny stuck out his hand, which under Mrs. Brown's frequent scrubbings had begun to look white. Parson Brown took the little hand and shook it warmly in token of the compact.

So docile was little William Brown as the Parson's wife lead him along to the prayer meeting, that she began to feel half proud of him. She knew that half the village boys stood in awe of him and the postmaster had told her that Skinny was as quick as a singed cat, implying that to be as quick as a singed cat was something highly meritorious and commendable. So many said that he was as bright as a dollar and smart as a whip that she began to believe in spite of herself that after all there might be something of value in the little heathen. At least there were evidently other persons who thought so. But that night she came from the meeting into the good parson's study in a state of nervous prostration bordering on hysterics.

Skinny followed her into the room and backed up against the wall near the desk.

"Ise done de job, Posson," he said complacently. "Does I git de honrible discharge?"

"He's hopeless," wailed Mrs. Brown sinking into a

chair at the Parson's elbow. "He's a living example of the wisdom of Solomon. He has never felt the rod and he is spoiled already beyond redemption. He's as set in his ways as if he were ninety years old, though he has probably not yet turned the first nine of them."

"What is the matter now?" asked the Parson not appearing to be greatly disturbed.

"I have wasted enough words," answered the worried women. "Deacon Jones will talk with you about it and voice the sense of the meeting and the sentiments of the church."

"Posson," interrupted Skinny, "ef dey gits after ye too hard jes call on me. We kin lick 'em! Ise mighty woosy jes now, an' I guess I'll pile into de bunk."

Skinny went to his bed room.

"What did the boy do?" asked Mr. Brown.

"Do!" exclaimed his wife energetically. Then she gasped as if unable to find words to express what he did. At last she rallied.

"The very first thing when we went in, why sister Anderson she asked him his name and he said, "William Brown Nit." It sounded awful and everybody was shocked."

"O you didn't understand," said the Parson answering to make light of the enormous offence. "The word "nit" is pagan for the English word not. It was his protest against the name William. He thinks Skinny is good enough."

"That wasn't all," continued Mrs. Brown in fine indignation. "When I set him down in a chair at the meeting, he staid there till I told him to kneel down,

SEAL ROCKS, NEAR SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

and when he knelt down he staid there till I told him to get up, and when he got up he staid there until I told him to sit down, and when he sat down he staid there like carved out of a rock. When I told him to shake hands with sister Anderson he shook hands until I ordered him to quit. When invitation was extended for everybody to speak I asked him if he couldn't say something for the Lord and he said right out before everybody: "Dat's not in de job. 'Sides de Posson said fer me not to speak to anybody.

"You can see that he belongs to the state reform school and not to us," added Mrs. Brown as she flounced out of the room in righteous indignation.

The next day Deacon Jones called on the pastor and they were closeted together an hour or more. What passed between them is not generally known, but in the course of a fortnight a call came to the pastor from Chadron, Nebraska, and in a few weeks more to the sorrow of Mrs. Brown they were bag and baggage with Skinny on the train enroute to the new ministerial charge.

In this Western town, then on the far frontier, there were all kinds of persons from all points of the compass. There were no such closely drawn moral and religious lines as made Skinny so uncongenial a personage as at the village of Saluda. Skinny became somewhat reconciled to the name William Brown, and he began to appreciate the bigness of the world. Under the carefull and patient tutelage of Parson Brown, William began to take on a certain air of culture and upper civilization. But he could never get into close friendship with Mrs. Brown

and therefor could never sympathize with her religious views. She spent half the energy of her life trying to bring him under the restrictions of her plan of propriety about which the Rev. Mr. Brown gave surprisingly little concern. He evidently did not consider it suitable provender for boys, especially not for Skinny.

Comparatively speaking Skinny was becoming polished. His mottoe was now: "Dodge the foolish and chase the wise." "That's why I freeze to the Parson and fly from the Parsoness," he explained.

About the time when William Brown had become reconciled to his name and had probably passed his thirteenth year, with a head on his shoulders several years older, the Parson concluded that the boy had become civilized enough to be intrusted to the public schools. He had already made such rapid progress under the Parson's care that he was not far behind other boys of his age in book learning, but the proposition to go to school struck the boy with much the same horror as a sentence to jail. However the first few days passed off uneventfully, though none the less intolerably to the young scion of unrestrained liberty.

The flaming posters of the first circus that had ever honored the town added to the discontent from the fact that the great event was to be held on a schoolday, and Mrs. Brown set her foot down squarely on the proposition that the parsonage should be disgraced by William Brown being allowed to attend. William Brown brooded over this new piece of villany on the part of Mrs. Brown. So the uncivilized spirit of Skinny got possession of William Brown and he resolved to go.

NORTH AND SOUTH DOMES, YOSEMITE VALLEY, CAL.

Friday afternoon Skinny's seat in school was empty, and William Brown was marked absent without excuse. There were in fact only two or three boys in the house, for the irrepressible son of the Parson had organized a stampede of truants. Under his generalship they all got into the tent regardless of funds and witnessed the gorgeous spactacle of clowns and trick riders. The last act was announced as an exhibition of the broncho that no indian or white man had ever been able to ride. He had killed more men than he had feet, and broken more arms and legs than he had teeth. The animal was brought into the ring without saddle or bridle. First the clown tried to ride him and was thrown clear out of the ring. The ring-master tried him and barely escaped with his life. Excitement was at the highest pitch when the proprietor of the show proclaimed that he would be glad to give the animal to any one who could ride him three times around the ring. Two or three men, unknown to the spectators and doubtless belonging to the show for that purpose, tried the experiment and were speedily disposed of by the eccentric gyrations af the broncho.

Suddenly the lusty voice of a boy cried out: "Skinny kin do it. He kin ride yer pokey mule!"

The challenge was too clear to be ignored and the boss of the show stopped the broncho with a crack of his whip as he cried: "Who's this Skinny that thinks he can ride?"

"Here he is," replied a chorus of voices as two boys pushed the Parson's son off of the bench toward the ring.

"Come on and try it," sneered the boss. "You'll get your eye teeth cut, if you don't come out any the worse."

Skinny laid his hand on the mane of the broncho and sprang upon his back as the ringmaster cracked his whip. The broncho got his feet together and jumped stiff-legged at the rate of a hundred or more a minute. Skinny kept his seat, the boss cracked his whip like a volley of musket shots and the people yelled. Then the trained animal danced about on his hind legs and fell backward, but Skinny was off like a cat and then on again as the animal sprang to his feet. The crowd screamed with delight. But the tough little animal had not exhausted his tricks. He stood on his fore legs and dropped sideways to the ground. Still when he arose he found Skinny on his back. The broncho stopped as if not knowing what to do further. The ringmaster ran up behind him.

"Hi there, stop that," yelled the chorus of schoolboys. "Fair play, no burr under the broncho's tail!"

"Fair play," yelled a score of men standing up in their seats.

But the trick had been done. The maddened animal spun round and round a dozen times or more and then jumped out of the ring causing a stampede among the spectators, all the women breaking out of the tent and scurrying homeward.

The broncho ran several times around the ring next to the tiers of benches, when Skinny turned him into the ring, around which he ran half a dozen times and stopped. Skinny alighted amidst the applauding yells of his scoolmates and the remaining men.

YOSEMITE VALLEY, CAL.

The ringmaster caught the broncho by the foretop and started to walk away with him.

"Hi there, Skinny," yelled his playmates, "take yer horse."

The ringmaster hurried on.

"Don't he get the broncho?" they cried.

"Yer bet he gets the broncho," yelled a number of men intercepting the boss.

Half a dozen circus men came to the rescue.

"It was just a bluff," said the ringmaster in alarm.

"Do ye hear that!" exclaimed a tall, leather-belted frontiersman. "He says it was just a bluff and that the boy don't get the horse."

"Well, Mr. Circusman," he continued, "bluffs don't go in this town. The boy gets the horse, d'ye hear?"

The circus men made a rush to open a way for the boss to get out with the broncho, and an avalanche with which they were not familiar was precipitated. What was left of the circus took the first train back east, three or four of the circus men remaining over night in the rear end of a doctor's office in order to be put into condition to stand the jar of the next east-bound train.

Skinny was proud of his prize and of the added fame he had achieved. He found himself in possession of as patient and docile a broncho as ever walked the plains. The fact that it was found within an hour that no one but himself could ride it only added to the personal esteem he held for the little beast.

But sober second thoughts revealed to him that he had a white elephant on his hands in more respects than one. Would Mrs. Brown allow a circus broncho to be

in possession of the family? Most assuredly no. It was not likely that he could give it away. A friend kept it for him over night. Owing to his truancy and the notoriety of his exploit he made matters worse by not going home till late at night when the good people were all abed. The next morning the storm broke. The town paper contained half a page of the exciting victory of William Brown and the sack of the circus. Mrs. Brown was in hysterics the whole day and the Parson was tightly closeted in his study putting the finishing touches to his Sunday sermon.

A brilliant idea occurred to Willam Brown. The air of the parsonage was stifling. Except for the fatherly kindness of the Parson it had always been well nigh intolerable. Skinny reasserted himself. Here was a stout broncho all his own property. Mrs. Brown would be glad to have him leave the town and he would be glad to go. But the Parson—it pained Skinny to give any distress to the Parson. He decided to write a letter to the good man. This he did and slipped it under Parson's plate at the table.

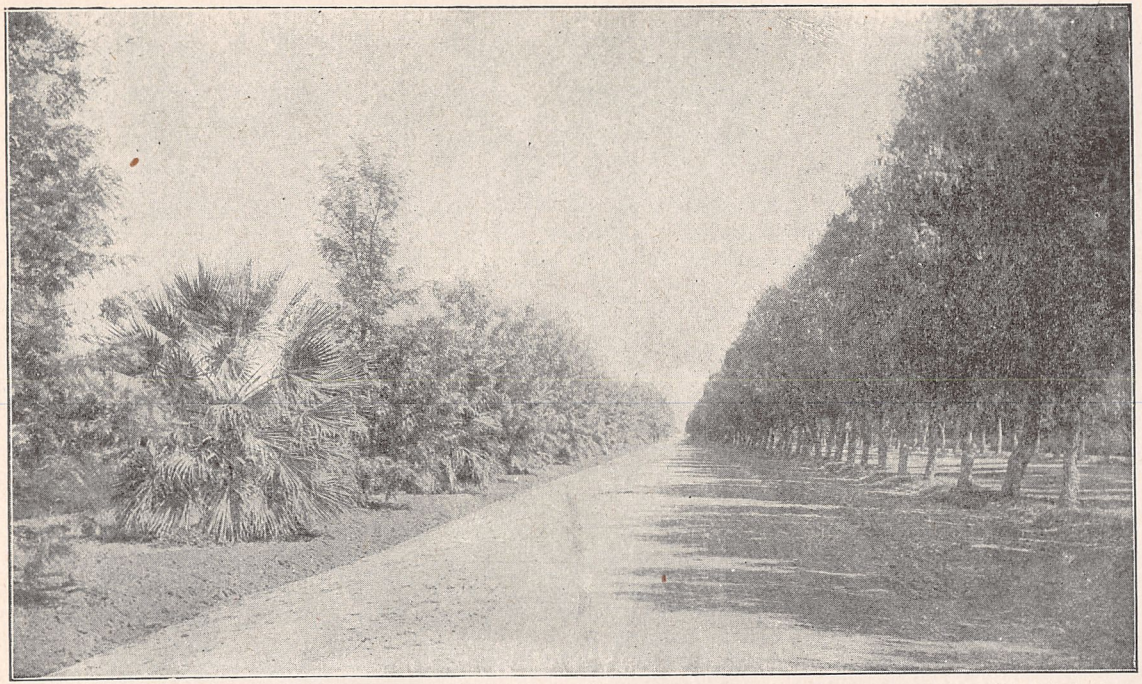
It read as follows:

"Dear Parson, I'm off. Some day I'll pay you for all the trouble. I'll not forget the motto. I'll always dodge the foolish and chase the wise.

Lovingly, your son."

And the Parson believed him.

One of his friends gave him a bridle and saddle and that night he slept on the prairie several miles toward the northwest. From the stories he had heard he decided that Deadwood was the paradise for a boy of his



MAGNOLIA AVE, RIVERSIDE, CAL

ability. He traveled most of the next day without food or drink, and it began to dawn on him that running away without definite arrangements for stop-overs at given stations was likely to prove a serious undertaking. In the afternoon a white fog so dense that he could hardly see distinctly a rod distant, added to his confusion and he began to think that perhaps Mother Brown was not such a foolish and cruel woman after all. In contrast, the parsonage began to appear to be a place of unstinted luxury and father Brown a most lovely friend. But he admitted that it was too late for regrets and so plodded stoically on.

The fog seemed to be lifting just a little when he heard a report that sounded like a distant cannon. It was somewhat alarming and the lonesomeness of interminable fog and prairie began to be intolerably oppressive. He would have cried if he had not thought it to be very unbecoming in one who was now his own master.

Presently he heard a voice of most supernatural volume. It made him think of the fog horns he had heard roaring at such times in the rivers and bay of New York when he and Sally used to wander about hand in hand hunting something to eat. The thought of her brought tears to his eyes, but he bravely brushed them away.

The monstrous voice sounded again much nearer and he braced himself for an encounter with the remarkable person. What kind of a country had he got into, anyway? Was he about to encounter some horrible fog demon?

Presently he saw the form of a man that appeared to be not less than twenty feet tall. By his side trotted an

animal that looked to be as large as a horse. His heart seemed to be in his throat and his courage was forsaking him when he discovered that as the forms drew nearer they continually lessened in size.

"Hello!" exclaimed a grizzly looking man coming up to him. "Air ye losted?"

Skinny could not answer at once, he was so overwhelmed with what he had seen and heard. The looming up of objects in a fog was a new experience to him A common cur dog sniffed around and the hunter dropped three or four jack rabbits upon the ground.

"Of course your losted," continued the hunter. "No boy on a broncho could tell where he is in this fog. Lost your voice somewhere as ye come acrost the hills?"

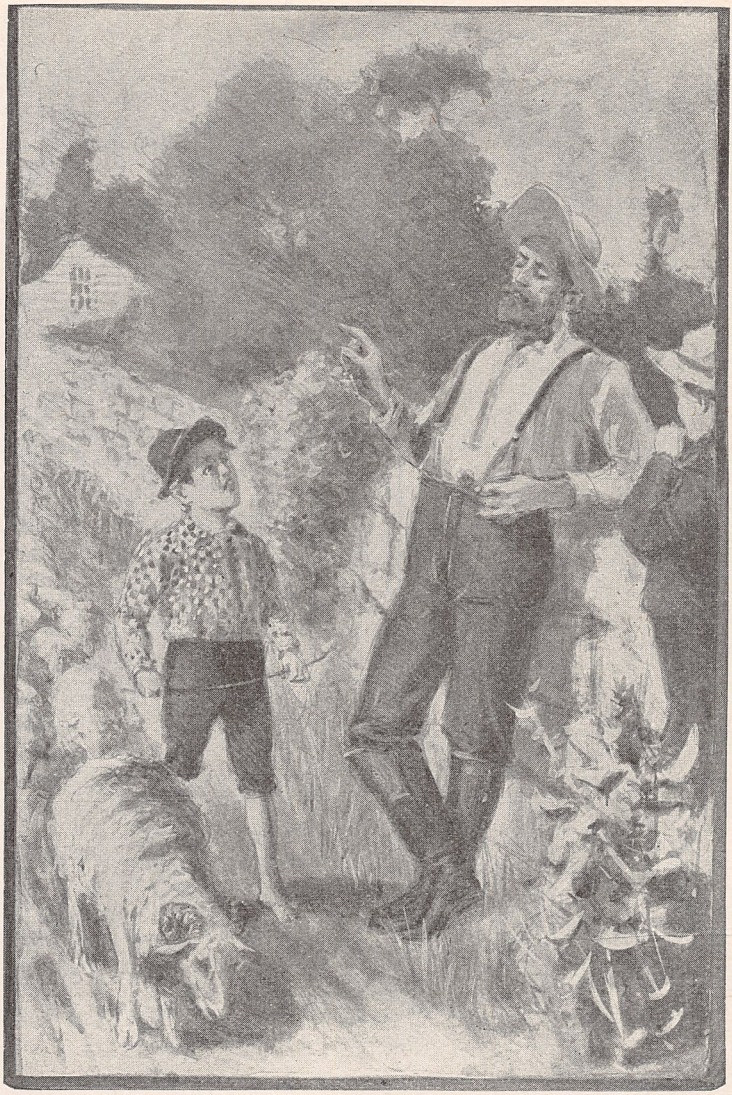
"Yes, sir, I guess I am lost," said Skinny, "and pretty hungry to boot."

"I guessed it, I guessed it," repeated the hunter. "Well, come along to my shack and I'll see what I can do fer ye."

CHAPTER IV.

A RANCHMAN AND HIS PERPLEXING PHILOSOPHY

Skinny was delighted to see the colossal mansion of the hunter loom up before him, although it shrank to the proportions of a one-room sod shanty by the time he had reached the door. The hunter went on a few rods farther through the fog to a dug-out stable sheltered under the south side of a huge loaf-like sand hill. Thirty



"ANSWER ME THIS QUESTION YES OR NO, HAVE YOU DECIDED TO QUIT BEATING YOUR FATHER."

See page 48

or forty cows were snugly sheltered here with their sleek and animated calves. There was an apperance of cleanliness and thrift that considerably increased Skinneys esteem for the hunter. Returning to the house he found himself inside a room not less than twenty by forty feet in dimensions, divided into apartments by low curtains strung on ropes stretching across the house. The savory smell of boiling vegitables and frying game came over the curtain from the far end of the room. No one was visible but a lusty hello from the ranchman caused the curtain to part a little and the pretty face of a sixteen year old girl appeared in the opening.

"Min, come here," he said. "I've cought some of the funniest game out'n the sand hills you ever see, two hens, three jack, one kid and a broncho. You kin fry the hens, boil the jacks, and ride the broncho, but blasted ef I know what you kin do with the kid."

The ranchman laughed heartily at his joke.

Minnie came out and shook hands with Skinny.

"Were you losted?" she said pleasantly in a musical voice.

"Guess I was," replied Skinny beginning to enjoy his new experience.

"What's yer name?" suddenly inquired the ranchman. "Blamed if I'm used to ask my game fer any name and I purty near forgot that you might have one. What's yer name, young feller?"

"Ski—, Oh, my name's William Brown, and I'm from Chadron on my way to Deadwood," he replied in some confusion.

The ranchman laughed.

"Well, that's good?" exclaimed the ranchman. "I calculate you'll reach Jerico long 'fore you get to Deadwood if you keep on in this direction. Howsumever, this is Minnie Tinsley, my daughter, and I advise ye that the plains don't harbor a finer gal."

Skinny became conscious that some one had come up behind him from the side curtain.

"Here, mom, get aquainted with William Brown from Chadron on his way by Tinsley's to Deadwood."

The ranchman laughed again as a fussey little women shook hands with the newcomer.

"That's Min's mother, and I tell you by way of warnin' that you've got to walk straight when mom's around."

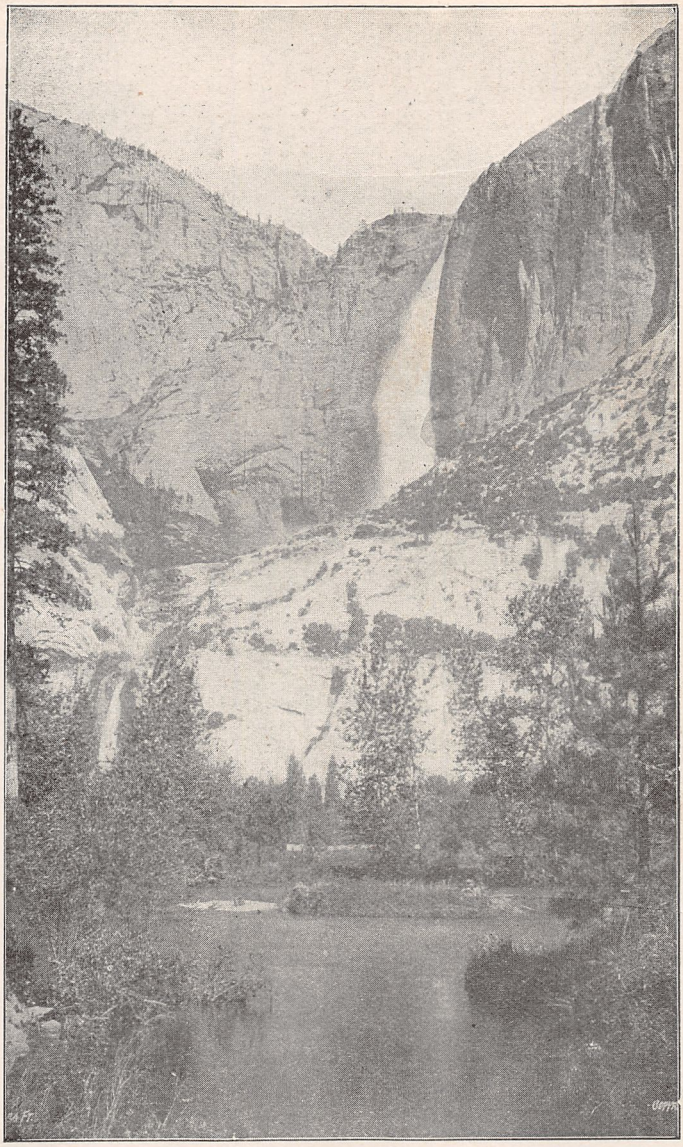
Just then they were interrupted by a knock at the door. The ranchman swung the door open and a young man entered with a warm greeting to all.

"William Brown of Chadron on yer way to Deadwood by way of Tinsley's ranch," said the ranchman, "just cast your eye on Phil Morris and size up one of the finest fellars in these parts. You was fllounderin' 'round on the lower corner of Phil's claim when I took ye in."

Phil shook hands cordially with William, and then at the invitation of Minnie passed behind one of the curtains into the parlor

"You see," explained the ranchman, "Phil's soft on Min and they haint no time for common folks".

Skinny was much interested in these proceedings, but heart as well as his stomach longed most to pass behind the curtain that lead into the dining apartment of this



YOSEMITE FALLS, CAL.

strange abode. When this inestimable privilege was granted he was fully satisfied, and that night he slept the sleep of the righteous.

The next morning the sun was shining brightly, and when he went out with the ranchman to help him about his work, he discovered that this really kind hearted and good natured man was one of the strange characters often met with in the varied population of the boundless plains. It had been decided that he was to accept the hospitality of the Tinsley's for a week or more, until he could decide on a more propitious plan of reaching Deadwood than the haphazard one that had just come so near proving disastrous. Skinny could stand almost anything and was quick enough with replies, but the singular ranchman overmatched him.

"The good Lord save!" Skinny exclaimed to Phil Morris, when he had jumped on his broncho and fled to the protection of his friend's shanty, "a few days more at Tinsley's and I'd have nothing on my neck but a can of last years oysters."

"Ugh!" he exclaimed shaking his head as if to get the kinks out of his mind. "My thinking stuff feels now worse than one of Mother Brown's omelets."

It is not uncommon for a traveller on the Western plains to find a man who knows more of certain branches of knowlege than many of the professors holding professorships in prominent colleges. He has failed from some accident or trait of character, and has gone like a hermit to the shanty of land-claim in the far west.

The mind must continue to think in its accustomed channels and so are developed many of the strange

characters of the plains. Here and there over the vast range of territory is a learned geologist out of touch with civilization, a mathematician, an astronomer or a philosopher, whose chief mental pleasure is in abstruse theories or calculations.

Skinny found to his utter demoralization that Hiram Tinsley was a philosopher, or more accurately perhaps, a sophist of the school of Diodorus Chronus and Zeno.

"Laws A'mighty" he exclaimed as Skinny went with him on the first morning to feed the cattle. "Who'd 'a thought it would be raining on this fine sunshiny morning."

Skinny looked at him, puzzled at this new turn of the ranchman's peculiar fancy.

"Eh! Don't think it's raining do ye?" he continued, "well, I kin prove that it is, and make you admit it."

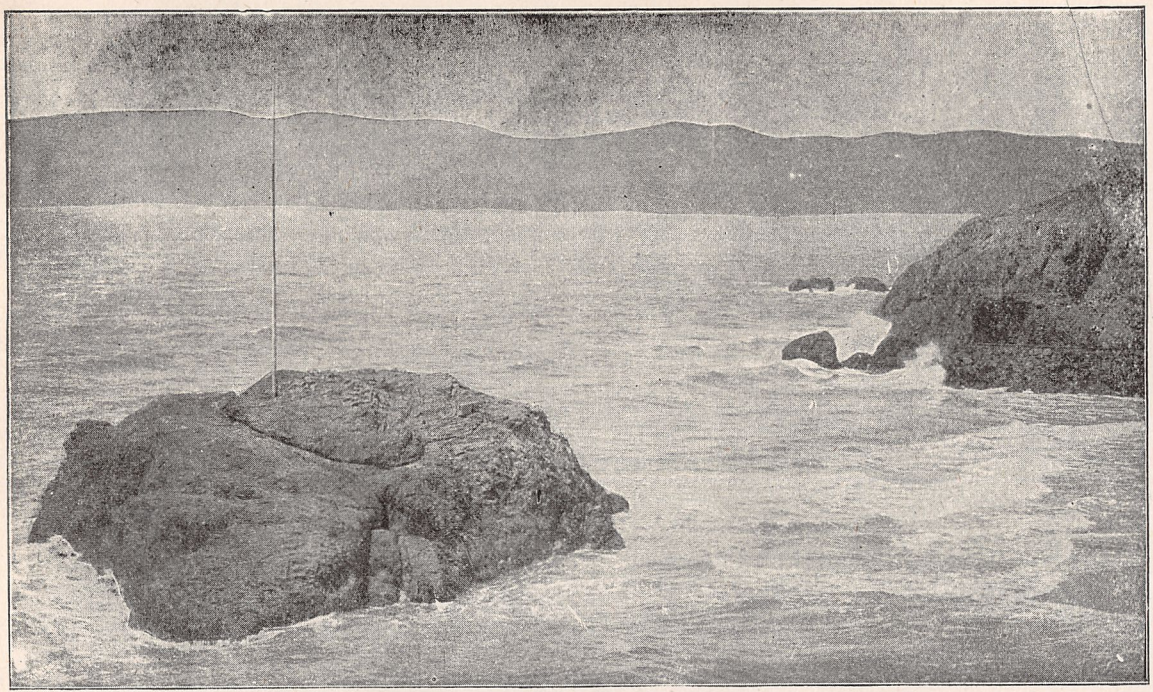
Skinny became interested. Here was a prodigy.

"If sunshiny weather aint rainy weather, then it must be the other thing. So you admit that the other thing is sunshiny weather.

Skinny nodded his head.

"Well, what's the other thing this morning? Of course the other thing this morning is rain; and, as you said that sunshine is the other thing and that rain is also the other thing to-day, you can see that both being the other thing and therefor the same thing, our sunshiny weather in this country is rainy weather, and there you are without an umbrella."

For the first time in his life Skinny was silent on a challenge of wits. The snarl in the tangle was too hard



ENTRANCE TO GOLDEN GATE, NEAR SAN FRANCISCO, CAL

even for a boy of twelve or fourteen years who had been used to hard knots all his life.

"Logic is like figures, it can't lie," continued the ranchman, now in his element because he had a willing listener. "You know Cicero fixed that when he said that if you say that you lie and say so truly, then you do lie, but if you say so falsely then do you indeed speak the truth."

"My boy," continued Mr. Tinsley confidently, warming to his subject, as Skinny remained silent, but appeared interested, "it is clear to me that you have not been given good advice, or you would have a clearer head. Learn of me and my logic and you will never become woozy in the fogs of thought or be lost again in the sand hills of life. Act according to the mathematics of ancient philosophy and no one can ever trip you up. Get the mental tangles of the ancients straight in your head, and the tangles of this world will never catch ye."

"A boy with your brains has magnificent prospects," he repeated. "Sometime you may outrank Zeno if you will heed my instructions and make the best use of your means. But, meanwhile you must keep your eyes on the main chance and look out for the substantial things of life."

Nothing is better than wisdom; but, when you are hungry, dry bread is better than nothing and therefore much to be preferred to wisdom. That reminds me to caution you always to be temperate in your appetites, even when you are hungry. You know that whoever is most hungry eats most. Likewise it may be affirmed that those who eat the least must in the very nature of

their abstinence be the most hungry; therefore those who eat the least often eat the most. Be wise, my boy."

This was truly astonishing as well as bewildering. Skinny had now a brief respite as the cows were being fed, but his brain was little more clear when the ranchman returned to his process of philosophical education.

Skinny said something in praise of wisdom, when Mr. Tinsley proceeded to prove by the dictionary that every wise man is a fool.

"Look at the definition of wisdom," he said. "Wisdom is prudence; prudence is caution; caution is the result of forecasting; forecasting is merely surmising; surmising is conjecture; conjecture is fancy; fancy runs into fantasy; fantasy is hallucination; hallucination is insanity; and the insane man is a fool. Therefore my boy, watch wisdom that it does not make a fool of you, as it does most people.

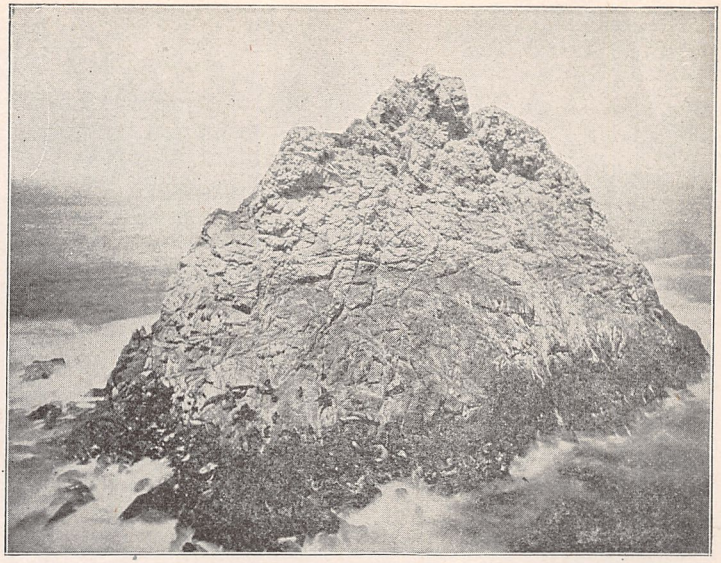
Why, look at Diadorus Chronus. Two thousand years ago he almost made the world stand still by proving that there was no motion. Philosophy is the only authorized worker of miracles. Now, do you see that broncho?"

"Yes, sir," Skinny answered rather dubiously as to whether he might lose his hard-earned prize by the philosopher proving it to be a cow.

"Can it move where it is?" Skinny shook his head.

"Can it move where it is not?" Quite certain this time, he answered emphatically, "No, sir, I guess not, but I do believe if it can be done that broncho can do it."

"Well, philosophy says that the broncho can't do it. It says that nothing can move where it is, nor where it



SEAL ROCK, FARANLONE ISLAND, CALIFORNIA.

OLD MISSION HOUSE, SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA.

is not, therefore if it were not for some scientific fact outside of philosophy we would all be turnips."

"Come on," he continued. "We will refute the theory by walking. That was the only way by which Dr. Johnson could answer Berkeley."

By this time the cows were turned into the pasture, and the calves were running one another around the small enclosure.

"My boy," said the irrepressible philosopher, "let me teach you here a very valuable lesson and so save you a great many misunderstandings and mistakes. How many calves do you say are in this pen?"

Skinny counted them carefully.

"Twenty-seven," he announced.

"Ah, ha, I thought so," said Mr. Tinsley. "I say twenty-seven calves are not in this pen."

Skinny counted them again, and found the same number.

"Do you see them haystacks over yonder?" asked the philosopher.

"Well, the twenty-seven calves I am talking about are over there. I say twenty-seven calves are not in this pen, they are over there by the hayricks.

"Of course we are both right, but half the arguments and fights in this world are just like that, especially in politics and lawsuits, so learn of philosophy and be wise."

They were now approaching the door of the house.

Mrs. Tinsley came to the door as they approached and she noticed Skinny's confused and dejected air.

"Hiram," she cried, quite fiercely, "air you doping

your foolishness into that boy? Now I just won't have it. You run everybody off of the place but me and Min and Phil Morris and Homer Files. I wouldn't be surprised if you don't run William away before sundown if you keep up your nonsense. Nobody can stand your slanderous moonshine."

"Come here, William," she said, motioning to him as Hiram Tinsley moved stolidly around the corner.

"You won't have sense enough to feed the pigs if you listen to him half a day at a time, without airing. He run a man crazy here once and they do say he's now in the asylum. And I remember that he begun on him by proving that a cat has nine tails because no cat has eight tails, and every cat has one more tail than no cat. He argued nearly a year trying to make me agree that five is odd and even because three and two are five and they are odd and even. I am no hand at figures, but I would die before I would say that five is two numbers just because three and two make five and they are two numbers. He says that feathers are contrary to darkness, because feathers are light and light is contrary to darkness. He said I was *Z*antippe and tried to prove it by Socrates, and then there was a fight. I was milking the cows and I doused him, and it took him a week to get the milk outen his hair. I thought I had him about broke of it but I see he is still persisting. You go now and feed the hogs for me, and run away from him whenever he attacks you in that way, or come and tell me."

The rest of the day passed pleasantly and Skinny supposed that he had been relieved of the incubus of philosophy.

CHINESE CLEANING SALMON.

Mr. Philosopher was not to be seen the next morning and Minnie helped Skinny feed the cattle. He found her a very interesting girl.

Nothing happened worthy of mention until she jumped on the broncho's back to go after a stray cow. Phil Morris and Homer Files had just come up in a hay wagon and were talking with Mrs. Tinsley.

"Look out," cried Skinny. "He's not used to women. He will throw you."

Minnie had never seen a broncho that she was afraid to try to ride, but she digged her heels into his side as she ordered him to "Git up."

And he got up.

No circus trick horse ever got up better before and behind. He spun around on his hind feet like a top and then began a kind of half trot backward until he ran into Phil Morris' horses and almost caused a runaway. But Minnie was a clever horsewoman and stuck to him with surprising ability. Evidently the broncho was not exhibiting a vicious disposition, for he went through his performances more like a trick horse in the circus ring than one trying viciously to throw his rider. There were no such jumps and contortions as when Skinny defeated him in the circus tent at Chadron. To the astonishment of all, he spread his feet out till his body nearly touched the ground and Minnie Tinsley thought it a favorable time to get off. Then the well-trained trick animal deliberately sat down on his haunches and stuck out his right fore foot to his late rider, who understanding his invitation, shook hands with him. The spectators were speechless with surprise, and the ranchman coming up

in time to see the last act, exclaimed, "O Horatio, there are more things in heaven and earth than is dreamt of in our philosophy."

The broncho was looked on as almost human, and nothing else was talked of during the remainder of the day.

The next morning Skinny and the ranchman were out together and unfortunately met a neighbor boy driving a flock of sheep followed by a docile ram. In fact the ram was so lazy that the boy was pounding him sturdily with a stick as he came by Tinsley's house.

"Is that your ram?" asked the ranchman of the boy.

"Yes, sir," he answered proudly,

"Is he the father of these lambs?"

"Yes sir."

"Then answer me this question yes or no," demanded the inveterate sophist: "Have you decided to quit beating your father?"

"I have not, it is not my,"— —

"There now, you were to answer yes or no."

"But I have not been beating my father," asserted the boy.

"Look out," he said warningly, "that you do not talk falsely. Philolosophy maintains the truth in spite of appearances. Did you not say that it is your ram?"

"Yes, sir," he answered meekly.

"Is he not a father?"

The boy was too confused to answer.

You know he is a father; and since he is yours, he must be your father."

The boy hung his head as if in shame at the rela-

CALAVERAS GROVE.

tionship so clearly proven. Then he straightened up and blurted out: "I'm no son of a sheep."

"Notwithstanding your assertion," the sophist continued;" I certainly would udvise you to get rid of your horns."

The boy involuntarily put his hands to his head. The ranchman laughed, and the boy looked up in amazement.

"Certainly," he said, is it not true that you still have what you have never got rid of?"

It seemed necessary for the boy to answer, "yes."

"Very well, then. You know that you have never got rid of your horns, therefore you must still have them, and I advise you to get rid of them as soon as possible if you have an ambition to roam about in good American society."

The boy was too stupified to speak.

"However," he continued, "following this good advice and information, I have one simple request to make. Whenever you have occasion to beat this ram don't beat him with my eye.

Skinny began to wonder if what Mr. Tinsley said had really come true. He didn't feel sure just then that he had sense enough to feed pigs.

"There, my boy," continued the perplexing philosopher," don't think I am angry. I know you have no desire to disfigure me or to cripple the ram. My request will work no hardship on you."

"What do you mean?" inquired the boy with sudden resentment at being made to appear so ridiculous.

"Well," said the ranchman patronizingly, his face

beaming with philosophical pleasure. "What the goat was beaten with was what I saw him beaten with, and that was my eye, but it is all right if you won't do so again."

"Now, be off," concluded the tormentor, "and remember that whenever you get into a lawsuit, you and your opponent will be paying good money to the lawyers to argue just that way. Good day."

That night Skinny thought that perhaps there might be some grains of wisdom in the queer ranchman's crushing demonstrations of philosophy. But he fell asleep to dream that cheap horses were dear because rare things are dear and cheap horses are rare. He could see measures of wheat falling to the ground without sound because a grain falls without sound, and the measures was made up of grains. He saw baldheaded men who were not bald because it had never been decided just how many hairs should be left off to make a man bald.

When he awoke, it was only to plunge into a more inextricable maze of mental tangles. For several days, Skinny endured the ranchman's revel in dilemmas, fallacies and paradoxes. Mother Tinsley and the pretty daughter tried to save the boy from having his mind wound up into a ball of mental kinks and intellectual snarls, but the ranchman had found an appreciative victim, and so could not be stopped till he had run trough the full course of sophistry.

"It'l do the lad good, it's the making of him" replied the ranchman in answer to the protestations that he would run the boy crazy. "It'l teach him how to separate the false from the facts and to take the straight road to

THE BOX CAME TO THE SURFACE WITH HOMER FILER HOLDING IN HIS ARMS THE UNCONSCIOUS FORM OF PHIL MORRIS. See Page 61

Deadwood without trying to get there around the world by Tinsley's.

At last the ranchman got into the dilemmas and paradoxes of theology and Skinny fled for protection to the homely shack of Phil Morris. Minnie and Phil had conceived a great friendship for Skinny and he fully reciprocated the friendship. It was this friendship that seemed designed by Providence to aid in averting a great tragedy about to take place.

CHAPTER V.

THE PRAIRIE BEAUTY AND A DARING RESCUE.

The first stinging air of autumn came in vigorous waves over the sun-scorched prairie, and rattled the blades of the corn in the half-harvested field. Just across the road from the board shack or shanty of Phil Morris, a newly-finished sod house of unusually careful and commodious structure was awaiting its first tenants. A few rods back of the house, a long grass-covered shed sheltered nightly a thrifty assortment of well-cared-for live stock. Near by, among some great heaps of brown sand, was a high-framed windlass, at which a young man was toiling laboriously to bring to the surface the heavy sand box filled by his partner at the bottom of the broad, square well.

The last turns of the windlass were being made, when a touch on his arm startled him.

"Not struck water yet?" anxiously inquired a feminine voice at his elbow.

He ceased from his work so abruptly, that the framework shook with the shock of the sudden stoppage.

"And Phil's still working away on the bottom," she added, peering over the curbing into the dark abyss. "Oh, my, what dreadful toil, and you may not strike water before — —" She paused while the red glow brought by the sharp wind on her cheeks deepened and increased. "You know what I mean, before the holidays."

The workman leaned against the windlass and looked at her searchingly. "Well, what's to happen then?" he asked, raspingly.

"Why, don't you know? I supposed Phill had told you. That's the time set."

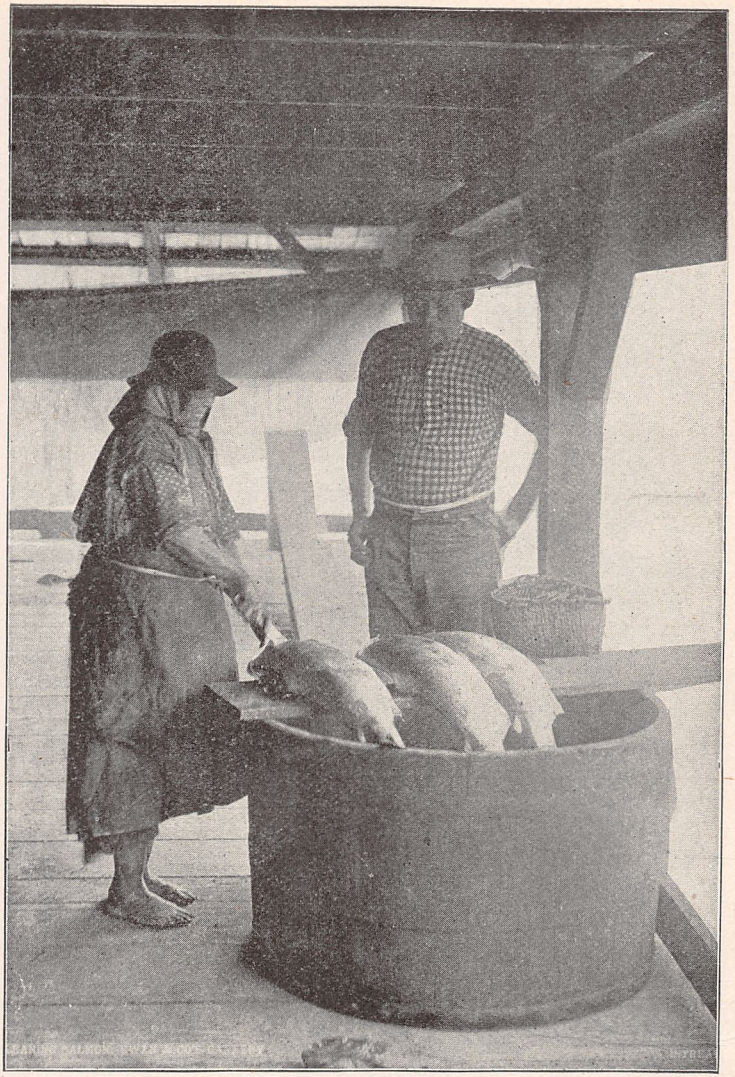
He turned quickly to his work, heartsick with the thought of how much she could have been to him if only another had not come in the way to find more favor in her eyes. He felt that silence was not just right, and that it would be better if he could say something.

"It's a lucky thing that this slug of iron was falling all right into the cogs," he said, touching the bit of metal by way of emphasis, "or else I might have lost my grip when you came on me so suddenly."

She stepped back with a shudder.

"And Phil?"

The unfinished question was so expressive, that the young man paused as he bent over his work and remained for a moment as if a dart of pain had suddenly transfixed him. Then the monotonous click, click, click



INDIAN WOMAN CLEANING SALMON.

of the windlass began again, and continued till the box of sand was swung out of the well.

She looked down again, and by the flickering ray of yellow light struggling upward from the bottom, she could dimly see the workman more than a hundred feet below.

"Hello, Phil," she called to him. "Can you hear me? Say, isn't it a good place down there to get out of the sharp winds?"

"Hello, Minnie," is that you? came a hollow, muffled voice echoing upward in almost indistinguishable tones.

The returning box filled the mouth af the well.

"Is it very dangerous, Homer, to be working down there?" she asked, anxiously of the man at the windlass. "I wonder if I couldn't ride down in the box."

"Well, it's no parlor car, Miss Minnie, and the way down is not much for scenery, but you can if you want to."

She shook her head, and the box went on rapidly to the bottom.

"Of course you and Phil are too careful to allow an accident, but if anything should happen," she said, somewhat apprehensively, "you'd let me know first of all, wouldn't you, Homer."

"Nothing is going to happen so long as Phil tends to his business," he replied with a tinge of sullenness. "You needn't be borrowing any trouble about Phil."

Her pony was browsing in the grass a few steps away, and she went over to him as if half offended. With a wave of her hand to the workman at the well, she mounted the little animal and galloped away.

Homer Files looked gloomily after her, until she

disappeared in the distance behind one of the sand hills.

"I can't see what's in Phil Morris to like so much better than any body else," he spoke to himself. "Perhaps it's 'cause he's got a section and I've got only a quarter. But they're engaged and I suppose that settles it. She likes me next to him, and I guess if it hadn't been for him I'd got her."

The signal for hoisting the box was given, and he turned unwillingly to his laborious task.

In the last few weeks everything about him seemed to be becoming more and more a source of irritation. He was thinking somewhat bitterly of those things when the clicking of the iron falling into the cogs of the windlass ceased with a sudden jerk. He leaned over and looked angrily into the shaft.

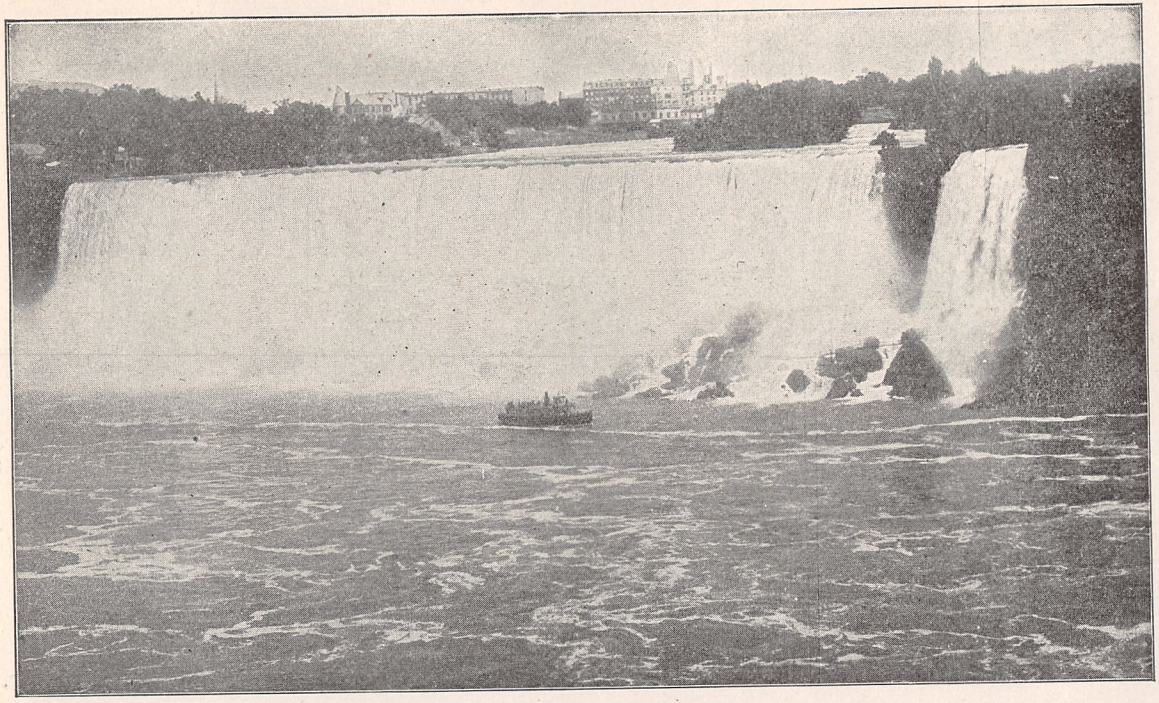
"Hey, what's the matter down there?" he cried, giving the taut rope a vicious pull.

"Spade in the box," came the queer sounding reply from the depths of the earth. "Guess it's caught a board in the curbing."

It would have been easy to experiment with the annoyance by lowering the box gently, but anger is neither patient nor reasoning. Even the spade in the box had joined with other things to resist and defeat his desires.

Not that he had many desires, but there is a time in a man's life when all wishes are centered in one, and this one most precious desire had become hopeless because Minnie thought most of Phil.

It was the deepest bitterness he had ever known, and such bitterness generates the most unreasoning thoughts.



NIAGARA FALLS AS VIEWED FROM CANADA SIDE.

A legion of such thoughts now occupied his mind like an ill-temperad mob, excited by this tangible annoyance into a charge of blind and reckless resentment. The imps of bitterness were rousing the furies of passion. His reckless pull on the rope caused a warning cry to come from the depths of the pit.

"Let down the box, let down the box," was repeated in a frightened voice.

The young man hesitated.

A low, shrill, rasping sound of pouring sand reached his ears, portentous as from the hour-glass of death. A tremor of panic-stricken thoughts paralyzed his decision, but his guilty hesitation was only momentary. He sprang back and caught the handle of the windlass. At the same instant there was a crash of breaking curbing, followed by the thud, thud, thud of tons of resistless earth breaking through the oaken framework that held in place the treacherous sand-walls of the well. The great square shaft was being filled almost to the surface in as many seconds as it had taken weeks of laborious exertion to dig it out.

At the first crash, the horrified workman fell face-downward on the sand and thrust his fingers into his ears to shut out the dreadful sound. When all was still, he crawled under the windlass and looked over into the placid death-trap. His anger had been whirled into horror, and now horror had become pity.

After all, what did it matter if Phil had found favor where he had lost. Poor Phil, the falling earth must have killed him instantly. Then the heart-pain that he had been lately suffering returned; and, for a moment,

he wished that he was down there in Phil's place, and that Phil was sitting where he sat. But would Minnie care as much? That thought brought to him again all the bitterness of life.

Then he remembered his duty. Some one must be told. Whom first to tell of the dreadful accident, was not clear. Not Minnie, although her home was on the way to the village. Why should he be the first to give her pain. That was plainly not within his line of duty. A brown coat lay on one of the sand piles. He decided to carry it to the dead man's friends. As he threw it across his arm, a bunch of flowers fell from one of the pockets upon his foot. They were violets that Minnie had given to Phil. The sight of them struck a shiver through him. Then the wicked mob of impish thoughts rushed through his mind again, and he kicked the flowers viciously away. They fell into the death-pit, and Homer hurriedly left the gruesome place.

On the way to the village, he came to the house where Minnie Tinsley lived. He saw her watering her flowers, and he left the road for a nearer way to the village through the grove of little cottonwood trees on her father's timber claim. He shivered with the rustling of the leaves and he was glad when he passed out of the grove into a field of corn. But, now and then a prostrate stalk tripped him to the earth, and the rough furrows made him walk like a drunken man. The dry tassels smote him in the eyes, and the withered blades cut him across the face.

Soon after noon a wagon came back along the road with half a dozen men sitting on a long pine box.

BAPTISTE, the old Indian pilot who has piloted passenger steamers safely through the Lachine Rapids for many years. He comes on board the steamer above the rapids and leaves it when he has taken the steamer safely through.

Homer Files was driving, and his face became bloodless as he saw Minnie Tinsley standing at the roadside before her father's house.

"Who's dead? Is it anyone I know?" she asked in a voice trembling with anxiety and alarm.

Some one told her. Homer could not speak. As they drove on, he looked back and saw her going up the walk to the house like a blind woman uncertain of her way.

When the wagon came to the top of the sandhill overlooking the valley belonging to Phil Morris, they saw half a hundred men standing around the caved-in well. Skinny was sitting on his broncho, and it was breathing heavy as if from recent hard riding. Skinny had returned from taking Phil's cattle to their grazing ground a few minutes after Homer Files had left for the village, and he saw at once what had 'occurred. Phil was nowhere to be found and Skinny decided that Phil was surely buried under the hundred feet of earth.

Skinny at this discovery had struck his heels into the sides of his broncho and it flew away like a race horse to the pasture where ranchman Tinsley was sure to be found at that hour.

Mr. Tinsley sprang upon his horse crying: "Run for the neighbors, but don't tell Minnie yet. It will kill her."

So when the wagon came up with the long pine box, its presence completed the conviction that Phil Morris had been killed instantly.

Skinny was the only one who remained unconvinced. He was still almost beside himself with excitement.

"I'm going for Minnie," he cried to the ranchman, as

if in her presence there might still be revived some glimmering hope. But Minnie was coming.

The group of men were still undecided as to the ways and means of the almost hopeless task required to secure the body, when the rapid stamp of a pony's hoof was heard on the road, and Minnie Tinsley alighted at the side of the gruesome box. She went to the windlass and peered into the dreadful pit.

"Why do you lose time?" she cried, turning to them. "A whole day gone by, and he may still be alive."

She was only a foolish woman, and they could not reply to her absurd hope. The stolid indifference in their faces frenzied her, and she seized the handle of the windlass, as if she herself might raise the many tons of sand out of the well.

The crank revolved easily. Evidently the rope was broken. One of the men caught hold of it, drawing it up hand over hand in great coils. As the end appeared and was about to be thrown aside, she caught it up and screamed: "Look! Look! It's been cut! He's alive! Dig! dig!"

A moment of stupified silence followed. How was it possible for any one to survive such an accident, or to live for an instant under such a mass of earth. The possibility, however, was enough to electrify Homer Files with frantic energy.

"Go for lumber and more men," he cried to a man in the wagon as he seized a spade and began to dig at the side of the well, like a madman.

"Stand there, you petrified stumps!" he screamed, as the men stood silent in astonished unbelief. "Stand

IN THOUSAND ISLANDS, ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

there, you stiff-necked sinners, till the judgement day. I'll get him out myself."

Then they comprehended the situation, and caught the contagion of his excitement. The men sprang for their spades, and the wagon rattled away at break-neck speed for the village.

Skinny on his broncho and the pony with its fair rider were already out of sight over the sand hills toward the village, to arouse the people to the horrible fact, that Phil Morris was alive at the bottom of the awful shaft in the valley.

Before the wagon that had borne away the pine box arrived at the village, other wagons filled with digging implements and lumber and excited men, were on the way to the scene of the tragedy. The town and its surrouning country were almost depopulated as the exciting news spread.

Within an hour, wagons loaded with excited people offering their help began to arrive at the well from every direction, and before nightfall the county sheriff with his score or more of sworn assistants, had taken possession of the throngs of eager workmen.

Homer Files directed the work with frantic energy, and could not be taken from the shaft, until he fell unconscious from exhaustion. No man faltered while strength lasted, and as fast as one weakened, in the fierce race of work, another took his place. But the treacherous sand could not be held back; and, as fast as a shaft was sunk half the required distance, it caved in with just enough warning for the vigilant workmen to escape. Several days passed thus, and the whole

civilized world know of the desperate race of labor for the life of Phil Morris. The last shaft was nearly to the required depth. The sheriff and his counsellers decided that if this failed, it was a useless exposure of men to death to try further, and orders would be given for the work to cease. Word came up from the men in the shaft, that there were signs of its collapse. Expert well-diggers were sent down, and they reported that it could not last half an hour. The conviction was forced upon those in authority that Phil Morris could not be now alive. It was most desperate folly, they asserted, to try to go any deeper. It would be sure death to the reckless workmen, and a crime for those in authority to allow it.

The sun had been down an hour or more when this decision was reached, and the prairie around was ablaze with bonfires. The sheriff mounted a table and explained the situation to the impatient people.

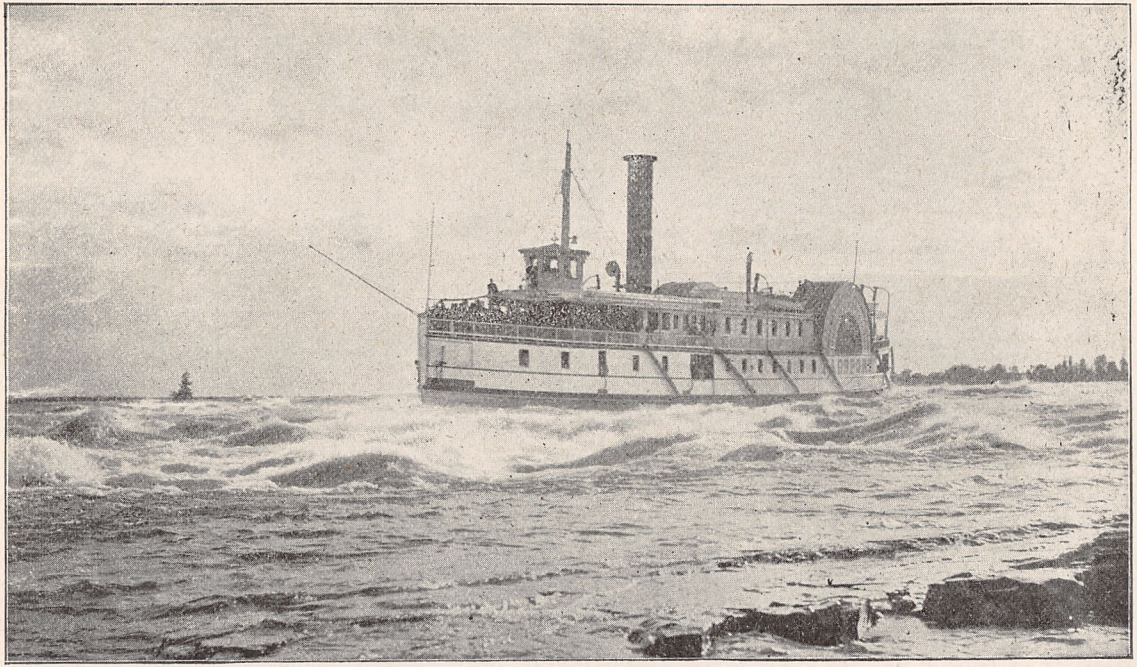
"In the name of the commonwealth," he said to the hushed audience, "I command you to disperse peaceably and return to your homes. Phil Morris is dead."

Some were murmuring against this decision, others thought he was right and were preparing to abandon the place, when they were startled by the cry of a woman:

"He is not dead. I hear him. Listen. He is groaning."

"Poor, demented creature," said the sheriff. "They were to be married soon, and this has made her insane. Can't some one take her away?"

Her friends tried to take her from the edge of the shaft, but she fought loose from them.



IN LACHINE RAPIDS, ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

"He is there," cried the shrill voice of Skinny, who never left Minnie's side and was listening with her at the shaft. "I tell you we hear him groaning at the bottom of the shaft."

Homer Files fell on his knees for a moment by their side. Then a great shout arose as the people saw him climb over the curbing into the bucket. "Lower me to the bottom," he screamed.

Before anyone could interfere, Minnie Tinsley and Skinny were turning the windlass. A dozen men ran to her assistance.

The old well diggers declared that he was being lowered to certain death. The sheriff stepped forward to interfere, but a hundred men crowded him back. At every click of the windlass the people expected to hear the crash of the collapsing curbing. Some of the listening ones declared that they could already hear the fatal sound of pouring sand.

In the midst of the great suspense, the last downward turn of the windlass was taken, and the clear signal for hoisting was given.

What could it mean? The people scarcely breathed.

An excited whisper from the men at the windlass, a word to the sheriff, and he held up his hand.

"Your prayers, good people," he said. The box went down with one, it is coming up with two."

A few minutes of breathless silence, and a great shout arose as the box came to the surface with Homer Files holding in his arms the unconscious form of Phil Morris. Then the superhuman endurance of the guilty hero gave way, and the two men lay stretched out upon the sand,

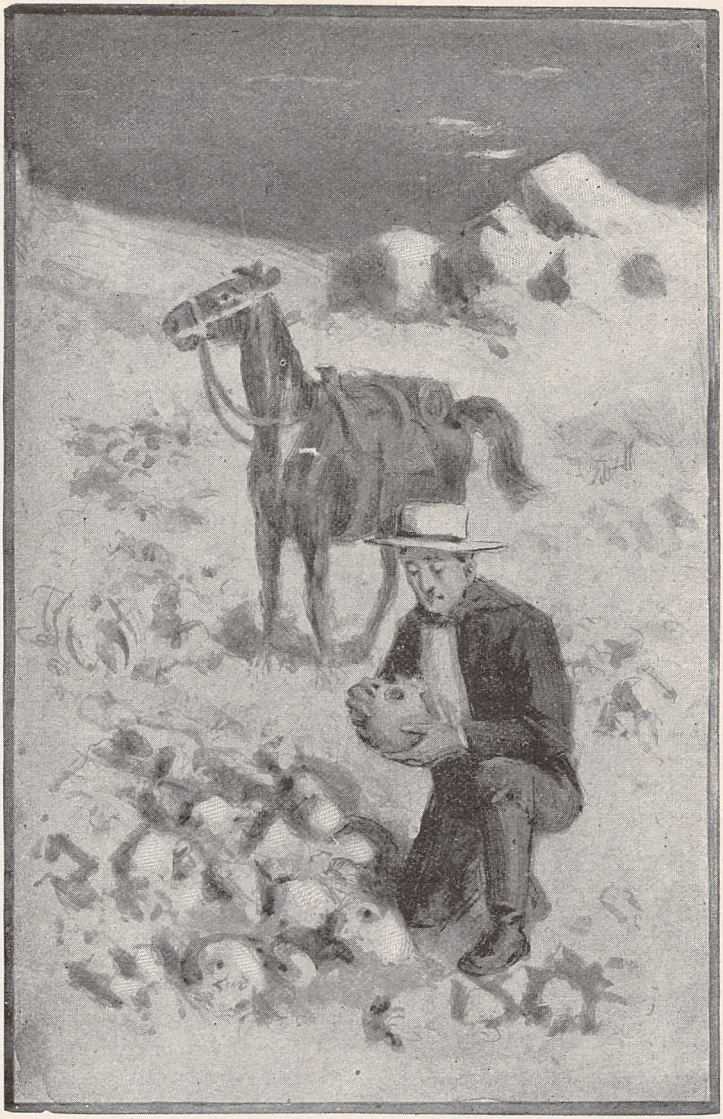
while the sheriff and his men tried to keep the joyful people back. There was one who could do all that was needed, and she, with a face radiant as an angel's, was doing all that could be done. The collapse of the shaft came in a moment after the men were out, and the dreadful sounds of falling earth were mingled with the shouts of the people.

In an hour Phil Morris could tell his story. The crushed curbing had folded together over the bucket like a roof, holding the earth above him. He shouted till exhausted, and no one heard him. Then he thought to cut the rope where it was attached to the sand box, and this was what had let the people know that he was still alive. Time had been nothing to him, in his dazed and almost unconscious condition, till he heard sounds of men working near him. With some returning energy he worked toward them, to find, at last, the shaft deserted."

But his groans of despair had heen heard, and he was saved.

During the coming holidays, there was a wedding at the village church, but only a small part of the multitude could get inside to hear the words said by the minister to a most deserving bride and groom, "Whom God hath joined together, let no man put assunder." And the heartiest congratulations were given by the man who came so near having the crime of murder recorded against his soul.

Whether from the stings of conscience or from the suspicions of his former friends, Homer Files left the country, to be heard of by them no more.



HE GOT OFF HIS BRONCHO AND EXAMINED ONE OF THEM. See Page 69

CHAPTER VI.

LOST IN THE BAD LANDS.

Late in the spring following Skinny's eventful sojourn at the ranch of his friend, Phil Morris, the overwhelming desire came over him to continue his journey to Deadwood.

With a better idea how to keep his bearings, he pursued his way uneventfully, sleeping on the prairie with his faithful broncho or spending the night at some sod shanty, where the lonesome people were always glad to welcome a human being, however much of a stranger he might be.

No question of ancestry or social standing were ever thought of in the simple hospitality of those places, and the stranger became a member of the family at once.

Late one afternoon a few days after Skinny's second start toward the Northwest, he suddenly heard the boom of a gun rolling over the hills, that was greater in volume than anything he had ever heard outside of the Fourth of July anvils at Chadron. It was certainly not now such a holiday, and he rode forward with considerable curiosity not unmixed with apprehension. Presently he heard frequent rifle shots and then he came in view of a great red, white and blue striped wheel, near which stood a man with a wig-wag flag behind a screen of earth. In the distance he could see a group of men in the uniform of soldiers. Just then an officer left the group and rode

furiously toward the wig-wag man. Skinny was coming up unperceived when the officer delivered his command and rode back as furiously.

Some peculier idea struck the broncho. He probably thought it was a challenge. In any event he took the bit in his teeth and dashed past the startled wigwager as if determened to catch the officer. Both horsemen arrived at the same time at the group of soldiers, who were most of them sitting on the ground, The officer alighted gracefully, but in a spell of his unaccountable love of mischief the broncho dropped to his knees and stuck his head to the ground so quickly and unexpectedly that Skinny was thrown headlong across two soldiers, while the broncho sat back on his haunches and dangled his right fore foot in friendly invitation to a hand-shake.

A roar of laughter greeted this exhibition and the target practice of the squad from Company B of Fort Robinson was temporarily suspended.

"What's your name, lad?" asked Sergeant Wiley as Skinny picked himself up and seized the reins of his broncho, at the same time ordering the humorous animal to assume the position and dignity of a horse.

"William Brown, sir," said the boy considerably confused from his recent shaking up and uncermonious introduction to a class of men with whose habits he was totally unfamiliar. "I am William Brown of Chadron on my way to Deadwood." The sergeant laughed.

"Boys, this is Bronco Billy of Chadron," don't you think he has executed a pretty long flank movement to the left? I am afraid you wouldn't make a very good despatch carrier."

BIG JOHN & PARTY SHOOTING LACHINE RAPIDS.

"Corporal Bennet," he added, "we have had enough target practice for to-day. Take the boys back to the fort."

The corporal did as commanded and Sergeant Wiley rode along by the side of Skinny to whom he had given the name of Broncho Billy.

"You and your broncho are an odd pair," he said. "I would like to know more of you. If you want to stay all night at the fort, I will get you permission to do so. You can put your broncho in the corral with a bunch of horses sent us a few days ago to train for the cavalry and bunk with me. In the morning we are going to put the government brand on the horses and it will be quite a sight to see if you never saw it before."

Sergeant Wiley and Broncho Billy became at once fast friends. The broncho was turned in with the horses that were taken nightly from the pasture to a corral some distance away, and Broncho Billy found the soldiers royal companions.

The next morning there occurred one of the greatest sensations in the history of the fort.

When those on duty came to take the horses to the pasture, neither guardsman nor horses were to be seen.

Had the sentinel turned traitor and run off with them or had they broken out and was he after them trying to turn them back?

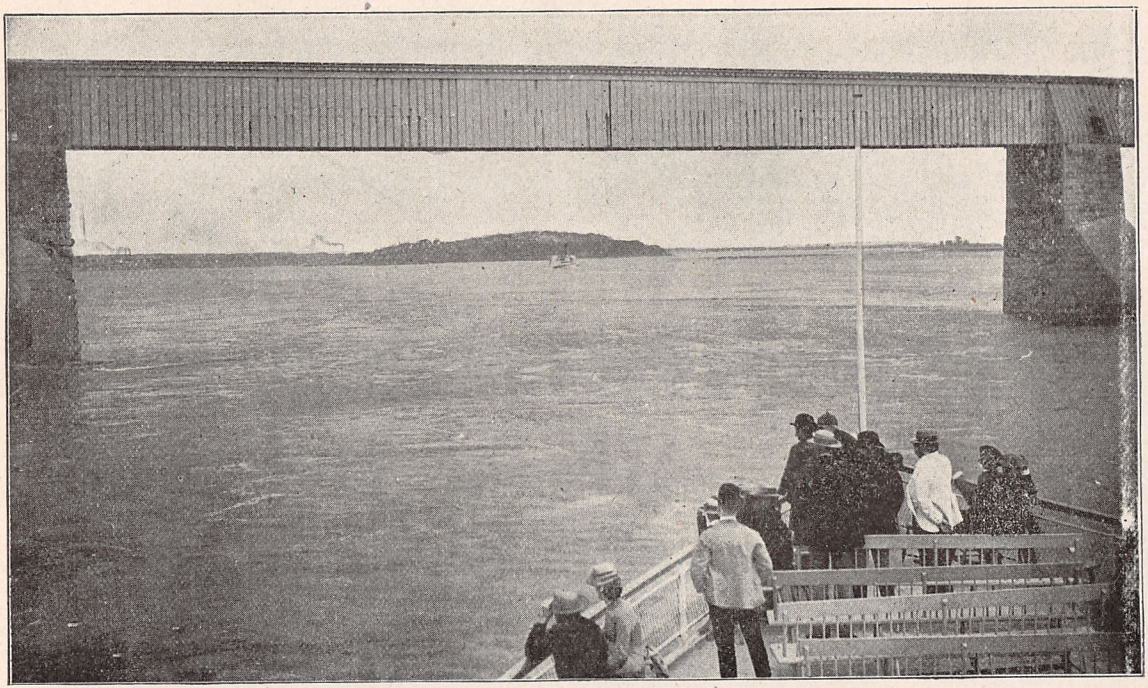
The gate was found broken down, but there was nothing to give any solution to the mystery. Within an hour a strong force of cavalrymen headed by Sergeant Wiley was detailed to recapture the horses and the thieves if the animals had been stolen.

Broncho Billy was disconsolate at the loss of his broncho until Sergeant Wiley told him he could have a horse and accompany them on the hunt if he desired. To go on an expedition in search of horsethieves with a detachment of United States Cavalry was something to fill him with anticipation and excitement.

The tracks of the horses were easily followed and the pursuers had not gone far until it was certain that the animals had been driven away. At the close of the second day of the chase, they came to a shallow branch of the Cheyenne River into which the horses had been driven to hide their tracks. As it was near sundown the camp was pitched for the night. The next morning the cavalrymen followed up the stream, scanning the shores to discover where the horses had left the water, but mile after mile was passed and no trace of them could be seen. Presently at a distance the neigh of a horse was heard.

"The broncho, the broncho," cried Billy, "it's my broncho."

The riders took to the land and galloped forward. Beyond a bunch of scrubby oaks the broncho was seen in a low, sandy valley standing hesitatingly at the water's edge. Evidently the circus trick horse had been too much for the horsethieves. Somehow he had escaped them and was taking a back track to the fort. Perhaps he did not like their discipline, or they may not have furnished him a satisfactory quality and quantity of food. Or one of the men may have tried to ride him and the animal had shown them a trick or two that they had never seen before in a broncho.



VICTORIA BRIDGE FROM STEAMER. MONTREAL. CANADA.

At any rate, Broncho Billy joyfully transferred his saddle to the back of the broncho and led his cavalry horse. Plainly at this point the horses had been driven ashore, but the shifting sands had totally obliterated all their tracks. The entire day was spent in endeavoring to find further trace, but all signs had disappeared as completely as if men and horses had here taken wings. Further search was so clearly useless that Sergeant Wiley decided to return to the fort the next morning and organizing a more extended search on a different plan. At daylight the detachment mounted their horses to return, but Broncho Billy being two or three days nearer Deadwood concluded that it was best for him to go on.

"Keep to the east, Billy," were the parting words of both Sergeant Wiley and Corporal Bennett. "The Bad Lands are on the west line," they warned, "and if you ever get into them you are a goner."

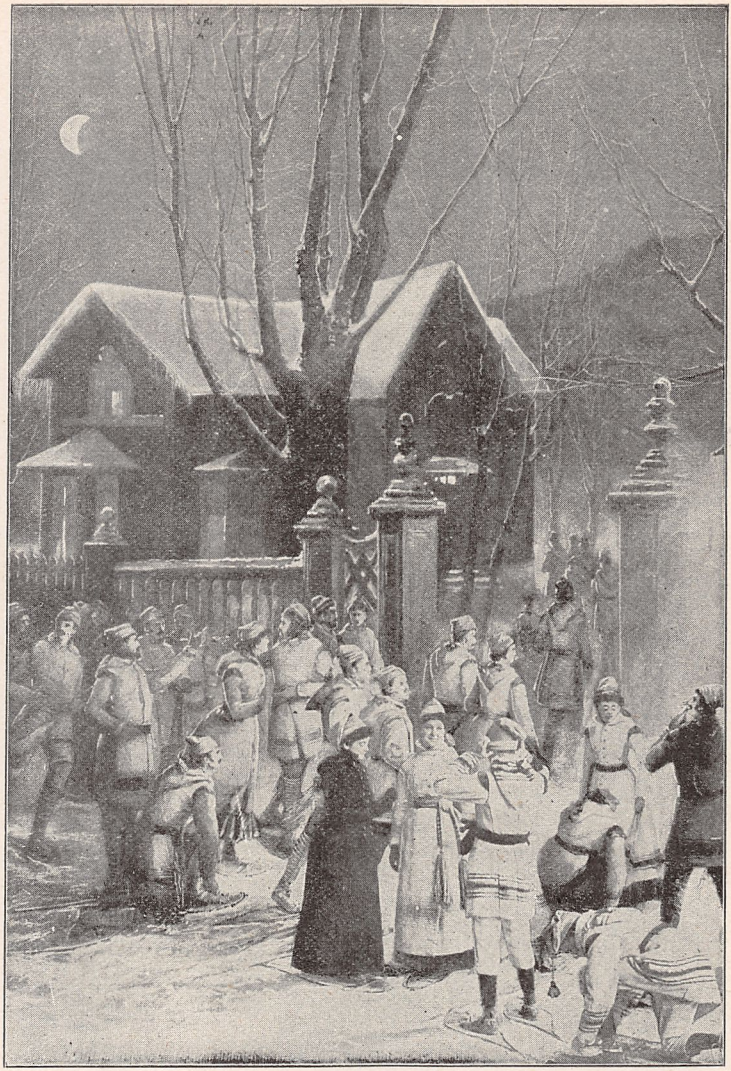
Broncho Billy bade them adieu with some misgivings and turned bravely out toward the north. The broncho lowered his head and struck the monotonous pace which those hardy animals are able to keep without tiring for an incredible distance.

The sandy valley soon gave way to interminable ridges, covered with almost impassable scrubby oak brush. After passing over one particularly high ridge and coming into a narrow valley beyond which was a still more formidable ridge, Broncho Billy paused and considered the advisability of passing along the valley to find a more desirable way, although it led directly west, against which he had been so emphatically warned.

However, the way was so inviting that he decided to risk it. Within an hour he congratulated himself on coming to a plain that appeared to be as level as a floor and endless. He turned around a rocky bluff that ran almost in a straight line northward like the monotonons edge of a great sea. Surely this was fortunate, since he could follow the great wall and thus have no fear of losing his direction.

In the course of an hour he began to notice that the scant vegetation became scantier and nowhere had he seen any signs of water. Was this the dreadful Bad Lands against which he had been warned? The thought was somewhat startling and he carefully husbanded the two days' rations which Sergeant Wiley had issued to him at their parting that morning. The plain had now taken on the appearance of a vast desert covered deep with a white dust that looked like flour. He could not look back toward the declining sun, there was such a glint of whiteness from the dry flour-like earth. The discovery of the absence of water brought the thoughts of thirst and with it the thirst. Night came on and there was the same endless mountain wall at his side and the same stretch of white, arid plains before him.

In one of the deep crevices of the great perpendicular cliff, he spread his blanket and lay down to sleep for the night, but his burning thirst made him feverish. The next morning his tongue and throat seemed swollen. Horrible pictures of death in the desert were constantly before him, but he mounted his broncho and struggled on. To go back seemed to be more certain in the chances of destruction than to go forward, for surely the end of



SNOW-SHOE-MEET, MONTREAL, CAN.

all this must be nearer toward the north than to the point where he had entered this dreadful place. He eagerly scanned the precipitious cliff. There were many places where he could have climbed to the top himself, but that meant abandoning the broncho to a most cruel death. It was not to be thought of. If they had to die, they would die together. Even if he were to reach the top of the bluffs, would he find water? This doubt made the experiment seem more useless. Some change was taking place in the surface over which he was traveling, for the whiteness changed to a ruddy glow and he entered a field of rocks that struck him as wonderfully similar to human heads. The thought horrified him. Were these the remains of persons like himself who had perished on these plains? He got off his bronco and examined one of them. In its side he could trace the resemblance of eyes, nose and mouth. Others that he examined were even more striking in their significant details. He sprang upon the broncho and urged him at a rapid pace through this terrible spectacle.

Some distance before him he could see a round topped hill and stretching away from it a low bank that looked red as blood under the noonday sun. Perhaps here was a stream of water, and full of hope he rode on. True enough he found the bed of a deep stream, but if running water had ever been there it must have been ages ago. Almost in despair he rode over it and on into the plains of white flour beyond.

Night came on and the stinging racking thirst was almost intolerable. Death was surely near, and in such a place! For the first time in years he burst into tears

and for a moment he felt relieved and hopeful. Then again the terror came over him of perishing here in slow torture with none to pity and with not one in all the world to see or care. Then he remembered his little playmate, Sally of the slums. If she knew she would care. The thought comforted him.

As it was becoming too dark to see the way, the boy drew the rein of the broncho toward a crevice in the bluff, but the bronco would not obey. He plodded obstinately forward. Feverish and crazed, the boy became frantic with anger. He jerked the rein with all his strength, goaded the animal in the sides with his heels and struck him over the head with his fist until exhausted. Unmindful of such unnatural treatment never before received from his youthful master the patient beast plodded on. In the reaction that followed the boy sank into the lethergy of despair, shut his eyes and bent his head forward upon the broncho's neck. How long this continued he did not know, but suddenly he was aroused by the sudden stoppage of the animal and then a cautious step downward. So steep was the descent that it was all the boy could do to keep his place in the saddle. Slowly and cautiously step by step the sure-footed broncho moved downward. So long did this continue that the boy became horrified at the depths to which they seemed to be descending. Cold damp air struck his face with a most grateful and reviving feeling. Presently he heard a sound that caused him to try to shout for joy, but his tongue and throat were too much swollen for him to be able to utter more than a groan. He heard the trickling of falling water growing nearer and clearer. It

HE DISMOUNTED AND SALUTED HER IN HIS MOST COURTLY FASHION.

See Page 79

seemed an age that the careful plodding steps of the broncho continued. Impatiently the frenzied boy struck the patient little beast again and again to hurry him on, but the downward plodding step continued to be planted as firmly and carefully as before.

At last the sounds showed that the coveted water was at hand. The broncho stopped and began to swallow in great gulps, the boy leaped to the ground, found the stream at the horses head and buried his face in the cooling liquid. Then he crawled back against the bank and slept till morning.

CHAPTER VII.

THE LILY OF PARDISE VALLEY.

When Broncho Billy awoke the next morning he was amazed to find himself at the bottom of a narrow gulch, whose sides reached upward in steep ascent still they seemed almost to touch the shy. He looked at the path down which his broncho had come the preceding night and it made him gasp to see the perilous and almost incredible descent that had been made. But far above the sides he could see the towering points of five peaks in the great wall forming a kind of semi-circle.

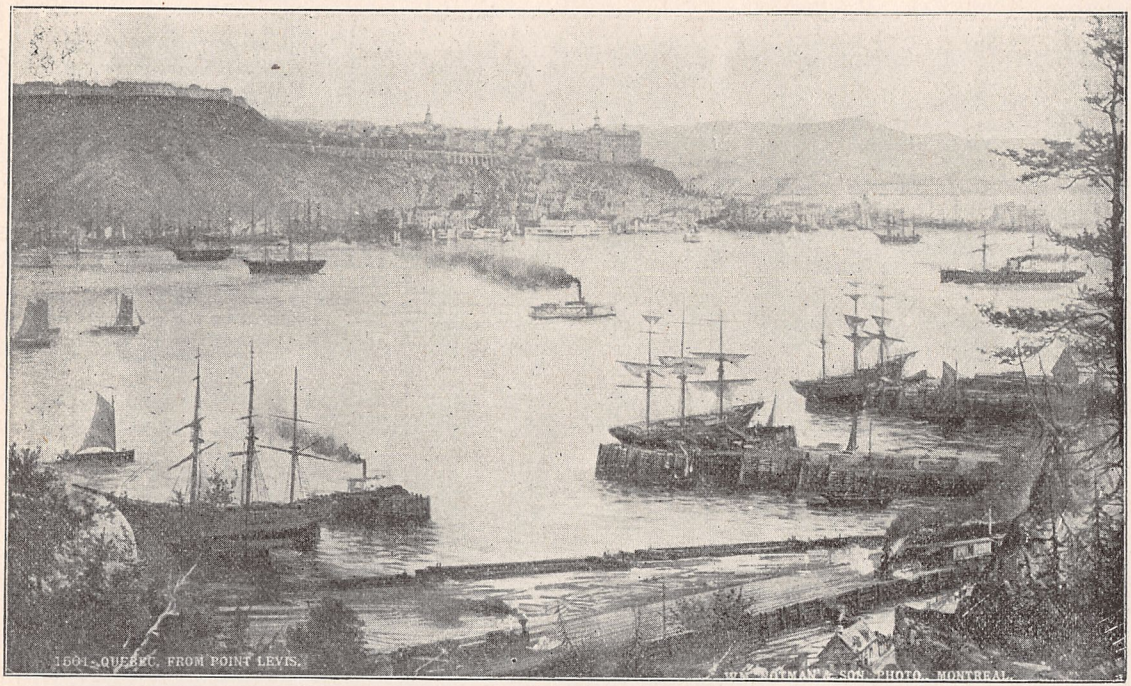
Then he thought of the broncho. This invaluable friend to which he owed his life was no where to be

seen. He looked about and found that the ground here and there between the flinty bedding of stone, was covered with the innumerable tracks of horses. This was a mystery since he seemed to be in a kind of pocket set under the peaks. There was but one way to go. The stream flowed directly into the mountain and he followed it. A few rods brought him into a tunnel-like crevice at the farther end of which he could see light. As he neared this place he could see forty or fifty horses among which was the broncho placidly eating hay.

They had a familiar appearance and it suddenly flashed upon him that here were the stolen horses. The recognition brought with it a feeling of consternation. If the horsethieves were to find that he had discovered their hiding place, what would they do to him? The horses were snugly secreted in this pit ending in a kind of open curl in the cliffs.

A heavy rough-hewn high oaken gate at the end of the tunnel opening in to a valley beyond, concealed the interior, but let in abundant light through the remaining upper part of the crevice.

Suddenly he heard the clear, mellow voice of a girl singing somewhere near outside. He climed to the top of the gate and saw her clipping a bouquet of flowers in a garden just beyond. He could see that the open space without was much like the form of a huge bowl a mile or more in diameter sunk in the earth. The great walls three or four hundred feet in hight were plainly visible all around. Over his head towered the five great peaks like steeples set in the bluffs along which he had been riding.



QUEBEC FROM POINT LEVIS, CANADA.

The bottom of this bowl set in the desert against the mountain ridge was clearly well-watered and a fertile spot, if the rank vegetation of all kinds before him was any indication.

He thought how beautiful the girl appeared, even fully as pretty as his friend Minnie Tinsley, now the wife of Phil Morris. The thought of Minnie gave him courage and the innocent beauty of the girl gathering flowers gave him assurance. He climbed down from the gate and approached her. She turned at his step with every appearance of bewilderment in her face.

"How did you get in here?" she asked.

"Rode in!" he exclaimed.

"Rode in," she repeated. "That's not possible except by the Paradise Valley road on the other side."

"That's because you don't know my horse," he replied. "I have a broncho that can climb up or down a wall."

She laughed and then replied, "well I believe it."

"By the way" he said, "I came here through Death Valley or whatever you want to call it My broncho has accepted the invitation of his friends there in the stable to eat hay, and I would be everlastingly obliged if some one would ask me to accept a bite."

"Why, goodness knows, yes," she answered, "I hadn't thought of that. Come with me and mother will fill you in a minute."

"In a minute!" he exclaimed, "don't you believe it. In my present state no one can fill me in less than an hour."

They came to a comodious home built against the

smooth wall of the cliff. A woman and a man stood at the door.

"Law me, Helen, where'd you get that?" exclaimed the women.

"Found him in the garden," she answered truthfully, "and he's awful hungry. Says you can't fill him in an hour."

"Come in, young man," said the host pleasantly, going into the house, "what's yaur name?"

"The soldiers at Fort Robinson called me Broncho Billy and I guess that's as good as any," he replied.

"Well, then Broncho Billy," laughed the host, "My name is Wisner, and I'm glad to have you here, but I am curious to know how you stumbled in the back way. I never knew any body to come that way before. Did you fall from the top of the cliff and light on your feet?"

Then with abundance of boiled beef and potatoes before him, Broncho Billy told his story straight through, leaving out however, all reference to stolen horses and horse-thieves. He was simply on his way from Chadron by way of Fort Robinson to Deadwood. Mr. Wisner then told a remarkable story of how he had once been on his way to Deadwood in a wagon train when Helen was a baby. Indians had attacked and killed most of his companions, but he had escaped with his wife and child. After wandering about lost on the plateau above he had found this fertile bowl of land, built his hut there safe from harm; and in gratitude had fittingly named it Paradise Valley. He took Broncho Billy over his farm and indeed it looked like a place suited to be a paradise.

"The cattle are all mine," said Mr. Wisner," but the

MR. FRAMS. See Page 75

horses belong to neighbor Frams, who owns a ranch just back of Five Points on the plains above. He wants to hide them with me for a while because it is reported that Doc. Middleton is in the country running off horses whenever he can find them."

Broncho Billy heaved a sigh of relief. Surely Helen Wisner's father was not the thief. The instinct of prudence kept him silent, however, and he resolved to start back to the fort the next morning by way of the plains above. Notwithstanding the amiable protestations of his host, Broncho Billy announced that he must resume his journey.

The way from Paradise Valley was up a long winding gulch to the plateau of open country. From the upper plains the peaks of Five Points looked like high sugarloaf hills partially detached from the bluffs. Lost in the distance toward the west was the vast desert of the Bad Lands, which had been so nearly fatal to him. In other directions were the broken but forest-covered lands on which could sometime live great numbers of people. He looked down into the sunken bowl of Paradise Valley and wished that he could own a few of the cattle which he saw below. He noted curiously that they looked less in size than sheep owing to their distance.

Near by he could see the ranch of Mr. Frams whom he believed to be one of the men guilty of running off the horses from the fort. This thought recalled him to the duty before him. Instead of following the direction given him by Mr. Wisner for reaching Deadwood, he struck off South toward Fort Robinson. He had more

experience now in such travelling and he made better time toward his destinaton.

Near nightfall he endeavored to turn the broncho into a sheltered place for the night, but the sagacious animal took the bits in his teeth and passed on around the hill. A few rods farther was to be seen the camp of a score of soldiers. Broncho Billy recognized his friends Corporal Bennet and Sergeant Wiley. He at once hailed them. At their tent was a young civillian whom they introduced to him as Bradley Van Dusen, a young man from the East who was seeing the West. He had come to the fort just as they were about to set out on a second expedition in search of the horsethieves, and begged to be permited to accompany them. The soldier who had guarded the horses on the night they were stolen led the expedition. He had been carried away with the horses by the thieves for a day's journey and was then dropped to make his way back the best he could. This soldier believed that he had learned some valuable information about the thieves and the soldiers were directed to see if what he had learned was true.

Bradley Van Dusen and Broncho Billy became at once fast friends. He was doubly of interest to the boy when Broncho Billy found that he was from New York City. Broncho Billy had not forgotten Sally or the days when he was Skinny of the slums.

Sergeant Wiley was much amused when he first recognized the boy whom he had dubbed Broncho Billy riding into camp on the interesting trick horse.

"Hello, Billy," he cried, "have you done up Deadwood already? Or, perhaps you have dicided to reach

"HELLO, BILLY" CRIED SERGEANT WILEY "HAVE YOU DONE UP DEADWOOD ALREADY?

Deadwood by circumnavigating the globe by way of the South pole."

"Naw!" said Billy, as if he were giving an unimportant answer. "I knew you were all no good to hunt horsethieves so I just found the horses for you and was coming to tell you where to go for them if you really wanted them."

This information created a sensation, but Billy stolidly refused to tell anything more and insisted that he should be made boss of the hunt. This was agreed upon and the next morning the expedition set out under his leadership. In one of the gulch-like valleys beyond the ranch of Mr. Frams, the soldiers pitched their tents the next evening. That night Sergeant Wiley, Corporal Bennett and Bradley Van Dusen, led by Broncho Billy, felt their way down the long winding gulch into Paradise Valley. They crept around the wall to the great crevice forming the remarkable natural stables where the horses were kept. As they approached the place the movements of numerous horses were heard, indicating that it was soon to be proven whether Broncho Billy had been mistaken. They easily scaled the high gate and Sergeant Wiley lighted a dark lantern. He instantly recognized that the find was correct, and a rapid survey convinced him that not a horse of the entire lot lost at the fort was missing from this group. They returned to the camp knowing that they had the horses, but it was equally as desirable to secure the thieves. Mr. Wisner might be innocent, Mr. Frams might be only a guilty receiver of stolen goods. Corporal Bennett with five soldiers, accompanied by Bradley Van Dusen and

Broncho Billy, who insisted on being in at all excitement, went early in the morning to arrest Mr. Frams at his house. Broncho Billy and Bradley Van Dusen being in the clothing of civilians, volunteered to go to the house while the others remained concealed, to see if the man wanted was at home. They found an old negro drawing some water at a well for a score of cows and horses. To Bradley Van Dusen the well was itself enough of a curiosity to make him momentarily forget his mission. Its great depth was shown by the coils of rope on the windlass. Its diameter was not more than twelve inches. The bucket lifted out was not more than eight inches in diameter and fully a yard in length. On the bottom of this tube was a valve through which the water entered and was emptied.

"Is Mr. Frams at home?" was the inquiry.

"Lor' Marse Man," was the reply, "H 's nebber home. Speck him ebber minute, nebber speck him tall. Sometimes he draps down wid forty 'leben friends, sometimes draps down by himself all tired out."

The visitors went on to the house and all they could find was a typical Southern mammy and her children. They were unable to secure any further information or to discover any thing more suspicious.

On receiving this report Sergeant Wiley moved his force to a more secure and secreted place where the outlet of Paradise Valley could be guarded without the soldiers being seen. Then taking a pack horse and its camp equipage, he selected Corporal Bennett and two regulars to go with him and the two civillians to pay a visit to Mr. Wisner. It was his intention to remain over

MONTMORENCI FALLS, QUEBEC, CANADA.

night in the Valley and the next morning to arrest Mr. Wisner and take him with the horses back to the fort.

Broncho Billy and Bradley Van Dusen accompanied Sergeant Wiley in advance of the others. At the peculiar house set in the side of the rocky bluff no one could be found. The doors were open and domestic animals were basking in the sunshine under the holyhock and fruit trees, but the family was gone. It was a beautiful day in Paradise Valley and doubtless the inmates had gone to some other part of the farm to look after their stock. In order to find them soonest the three horsemen separated and rode back through the valley. Here and there were patches of trees which soon hid one another from view.

Bradley Van Dusen took the pathway next to the corral of horses and soon came to a garden in which he saw a girl busy at work. Riding up he dismounted and saluted her in the most courtly fashion. She was much astonshed and confused at his sudden appearance in that unfrequented place of a stranger so unusually polite in his conduct and polished in appearance.

"Pray absolve me from any thought of flattery," he said, "but the view before as I came up surpassed any painting ever done by the masters."

"Is Paradise Valley so nice as that," she answered. "I thought the paitings of the masters were so glorious and this valley seems to me so much like a walled-in corral for cattle, and nothing more."

"It is the most beautiful and picturesque spot I ever saw," he declared enthusiastically.

"You do not know it as I do," she protested. "We

can see the sun only from nine o'clock till three and I have not seen a new face a dozen times a year all my life. Father now and then brings home some newspapers, magazines and books and I read them through and through. Mother teaches me a little to paint and sing and I receive letters from my cousins in New York, but I am now nearly eighteen and I have never yet seen even a village. But father promises to take me soon to Buffalo Gap and perhaps even on to Deadwood, then I may learn something about what the world looks like and see how men and woman of fashion act."

"Who are you," she asked, her curiosity interrupting her train of thought, "and who came with you?"

"Pardon me," he answered. "My name is Van Dusen and I was piloted here by a boy whose only name known to me is Broncho Billy."

"Oh!" she exclaimed her face brightening, "he is a good boy and I am glad to welcome you here."

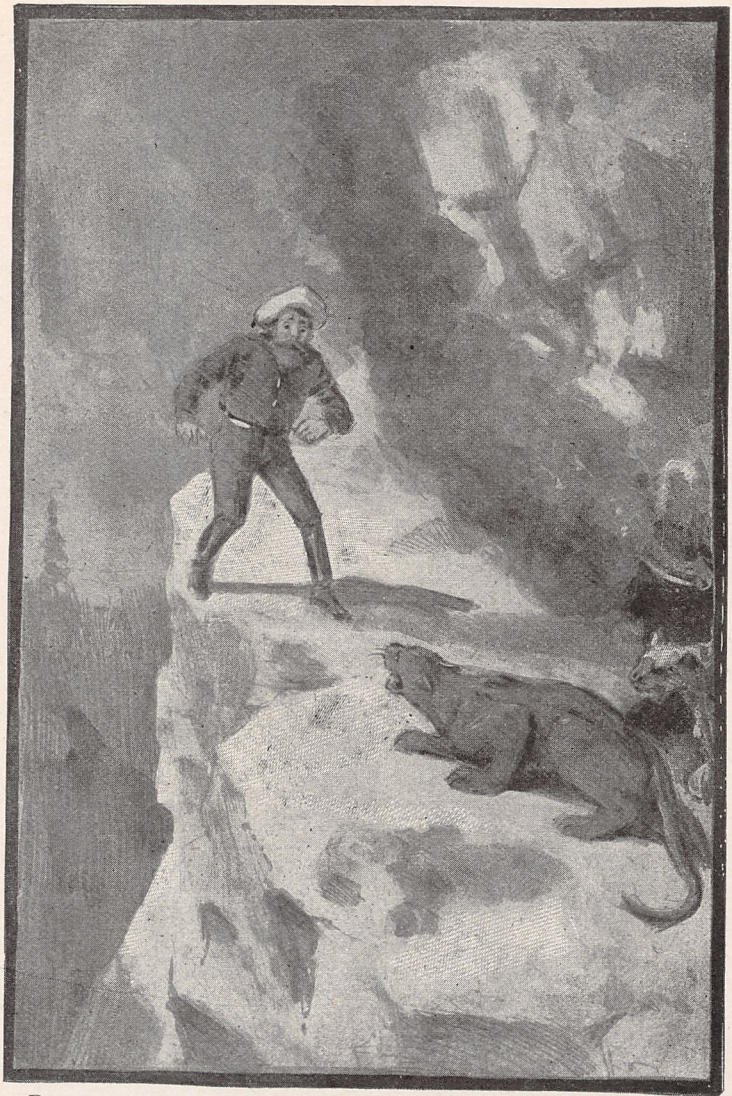
"I came from the fort," he continued, "with some soldiers who claim to be scouting around looking for some Indians that have left the reservation without permission."

"More likely they are looking for horsethieves," she added. "Father says they are abroad now and neighbor Frams is very much excited for fear they will get his stock."

Just then the sounds of voices were heard approaching from behind a clump of trees.

"Father and mother are coming back," she said, "and your friends must be with them."

Her parents came up riding a single horse and



BEFORE THE BEAST THAT HE HAD COME TO KILL HE CROUCHED IN TERROR.

See Page 85

accoompanied by Sergeant Wiley and Broncho Billy. After exchange of greetings all started for the house, Bradley Van Dusen walking with the Lily of the Valley.

CHAPTER VIII.

CATAMOUNTS AND HORSETHIEVES.

When Mr. Wisner reached the house, Corporal Bennett had already arrived with two regulars and pitched their tents near by. The early night of Paradise Valley was coming and the soldiers were sitting down at the table of Mr. Wisner, who insisted on having them all as his guests, when neighbor Frams entered the door. Without betraying his satisfaction at the appearance of the much-desired visitor, Sergeant Wiley privately issued the command that neither of the men were to be allowed out of sight, and should either attempt to leave, both should be at once arrested and put under guard. But it was desirable to put off the arrest as long as possible so that as much evidence might be gathered as could be obtained.

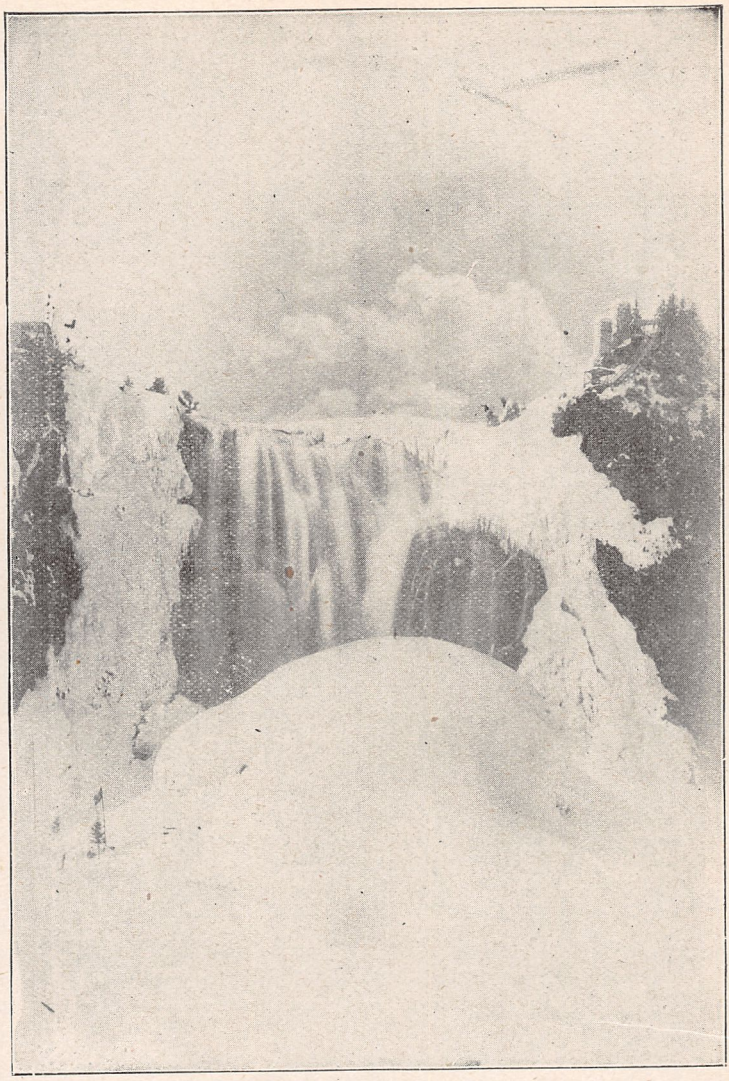
In the course of the conversation that followed, Mr. Frams said that he had just discovered a den of catamounts in one of the highest peaks of Five Points, and he invited the company to go with him and smoke them out.

It was a rare and promising sport, too desirable to be ignored, and the visitors enthusiastically entered into the excitement of the proposed hunt. After a toilsome climb upward along the uncertain footing of the craggy peak, they reached the level of the plain with which the Five Points were connected by a rugged seam of stone. The sun had set and the moon was showing clear above the huge rocks when the party reached the point indicated as the location of the den.

"We'll have to smoke the varments out from a hole in the top," said Frams. "The den opens into the narrow path that winds around the edge, and we will make the animals come out there."

A huge bonfire was prepared in the path on each side of the den made of roots and shrubs that were found in abundance not far away on a large level area jetting out from the mountain top. Behind the fire on one side were stationed the two soldiers and on the other side Billy and his companion, while Frams and Wisner dropped fire brands into the den through the opening into the cave from far above. The insecure footing in the path and the yellow glow of the bonfires added an element of terror to the danger of the sport. Stretching far away to the west was the black void of the vast waste of desert Bad Lands. Yawning directly below their feet was a blacker void that, for all fancies of the imagination, was bottomless.

In a spirit of recklessness and daring Broncho Billy sprang over his bonfire, ran along the narrow ledge before the den and jumped over the fire by the soldiers. Not to be outdone by a boy, his companion followed.



MONTMORENCY FALLS IN WINTER, QUEBEC, CANADA.

"You have left your post in time of danger," said Sergeant Wiley, banteringly. "My detail will have to occupy your abandoned position before the enemy can take advantage of your desertion."

So saying, the Sergeant and the Corporal emulated the example of the venturesome youths and crossed over to the north side of the cave.

Smoke commenced to issue from the mouth of the den and there was evidence from certain sounds and low growls that there could be no more by-play.

In front of the entrance to the den was the precipice, back of it the blank wall, and on either side the narrow path guarded by the men and the bonfires which were now made to burn up brightly.

Broncho Billy was looking up to see if there was yet any light from the firebrands the two men at the top were supposed to be throwing into the den, when he suddenly grasped his companion's arm and jerked him back in the path, both of them falling down and almost rolling off into the black abyss below. At the same time there was a deafening crash as a huge mass of rock struck the spot in the path where they had stood and bounded over.

As Bradley Van Dusen and Broncho Billy got to their feet, the great stone, weighing, perhaps, a ton or more, could be heard crushing through the trees at the foot of the crag.

Broncho Billy grasped his friend's hand in great excitement.

"Sure," he said, "I saw a man's body go down with the stone. I believe it was Wisner."

The soldiers dropped their fire brands and ran back up the side of the cliff to the flat ledge over the top of the cave; as they did so they called upon Van Dusen and Broncho Billy to prevent Frams from passing them.

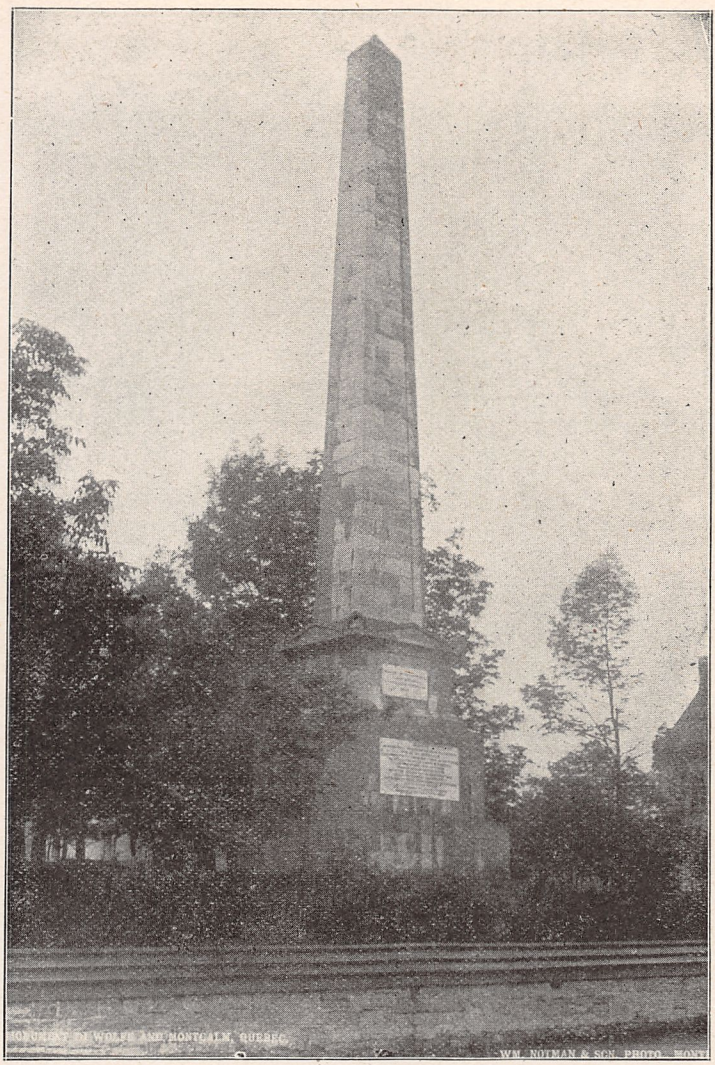
The bonfires below cast up light enough for them to see Frams climbing around the side of the cliff, as if to escape on the other side, down to the ridge that connected the ridge with the plains.

"Halt," cried the soldiers, leveling their guns at him. But he dropped like a cat to a ledge below, where he suddenly found his pathway as sternly blocked by the leveled weapons of Van Dusen and Broncho Billy.

Screening himself in the dark shadows, he slid like a serpent downward to the path that ran before the den, hoping to escape along its southward decline. But Broncho Billy saw the maneuver and intercepted him. The man could not face the certain death of the revolver and so he retreated backward behind the rocky projections toward the bonfires.

There were no more ledges below to which he could drop, and he could not climb upward as he had come down. Evidently he had calculated to a nicety to crush the soldiers under the mass of stone he had pushed over, not knowing that they had changed to the northern side. This would have left him a clear way down the south end of the path. Only the quickness of Broncho Billy had saved the downward path from being clear to him.

There was no way for him to go but over the bonfires along the path before the entrance of the den. He would be safe if he could do so before the soldiers could



MONUMENT OF WOLFE AND MONTCALM, QUEBEC, CANADA.

return to the path where they had been. Perchance they might have continued to follow him, and so would be out of the way. He perceived the situation and made a dash for the only way of escape. But it was too late. Just as he was about to leap over the last bonfire Sergeant Wiley reached the path and thrust a carbine into his face.

"Surrender," he cried, "or you are a dead man."

Without replying, the defeated man stepped backward.

What he was about to do is not known, since at the the same moment there was a series of sharp growls and the heads of two huge catamounts appeared at the opening of the den.

The firebrands that had been thrown into the den before the tragedy began had evidently begun to burn together, for smoke commenced to pour out of the cave, forcing the angered animals out into the path near where the baffled criminal stood.

"Let the beasts perish together," cried Sergeant Bennett.

Hardly had he said these words when the animals, maddened by the smoke and bewildered by the bonfires on each side, saw the author of their miseries before them. He had courage enough, man to man, but before these beasts that he had come to kill he crouched in terror. The uncertainty and suspense was not long. A roll of smoke covered them. There was a cat-like hiss, a struggle, a scream, and after a momentary interval a sickening sound arose from the black depths of the earth

far below. The men had kept the path covered with their revolvers and carbines, but when the smoke cleared away there was nothing but the bare ledge between the bonfires.

CHAPTER IX.

PARADISE VALLEY AND PLATEAU RANCH.

The tragic ending of the catamount hunt removed all complications connected with the arrests intended to be made, but made it more unlikely that the guilty horse thieves would be discovered and captured.

Bradley Van Dusen and Broncho Billy were delegated to perform the disagreeable duty of informing Helen Wisner and her mother of the terrible fate of the two men, while the soldiers went to the base of the cliff to recover the two bodies.

Sergeant Wiley performed the next morning a service that was sorrowful enough in its occasion and circumstance. The body of Mr. Frams was burried near where it fell, that of Mr. Wisner in a place selected by his grief-stricken family. That Mr. Wisner was guiltless all believed from the protestations of innocence pathetically given by mother and daughter when the soldiers drove away the stolen horses.

Bradley Van Dusen and Broncho Billy remained to render whatever aid they could to the family so suddenly deprived of a protector. In a few days there came

BRADLEY VAN DUSEN GAVE A GASP WHEN HE SAW THE CARD. Page 91

about a considerable change. The negro family that had kept the Frams ranch moved down into Paradise Valley and proceeded to build them a house. Helen Wisner and her mother were taken to the nearest railroad station and placed on the train for their old home in New York. Confidence had been quickly created by the pleasing coincidence that this old New York home had been also the boyhood home of Bradley Van Dusen's father and Mrs. Wisner had known him as a schoolmate. The possessions of Paradise Valley and all it contained passed into the hands of Bradley Van Dusen and the former owners went away with more than quadruple the amount they had asked or expected to get for the strange bowl in which was included nearly a thousand acres of the good land of Paradise Valley. The money with judicious care was enough to keep them from want for the rest of their lives. Moreover the town where the family was going had particular interest for Bradley Van Dusen, beyond the fact that it was once the home of his father and that it was now to be the home of the Lily of the Valley. It contained a denominational school that had been endowed by his father, he had taken his first graduation papers there and was a frequent and welcome visitor at its annual gatherings. At the last session he had been elected a trustee and he was proud of the honor.

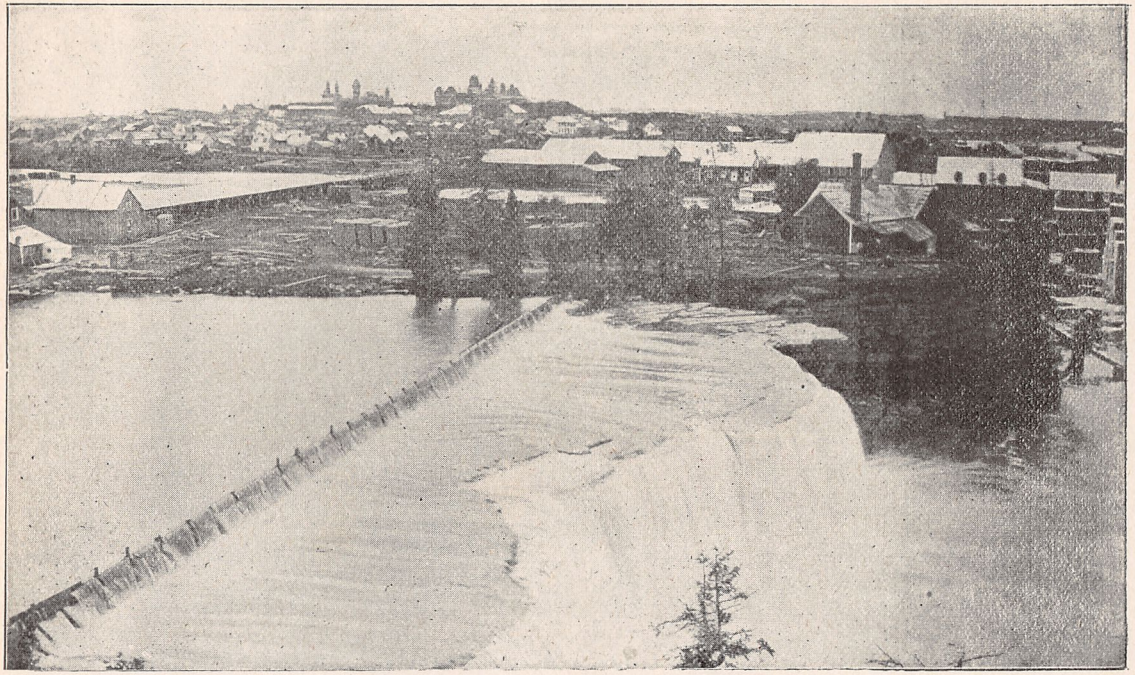
Paradise Valley took on a new appearance from its new masters and the next year the old Frams ranch was added to accomodate the growing enterprise of the new ranchman. Broncho Billy grew meanwhile to be a handsome frontiersman with an athletic physique that

would have been considered impossible by any one who had seen Skinny of the slums. Such was his fidelity and skill that he soon became sole manager of the ranch.

The device used by the Frams ranch in branding its cattle and horses was that of the figure ten followed by a bar. This brand was continued by Bradley Van Dusen and his ranch became known as the Ten Bar ranch.

The owner spent most of his time in the East and on his return always brought interesting news of an interesting young lady who was studying hard to become an accomplished women. Finally he announced that the first anniversary after her graduation day there was to be a marriage in which Helen Wisner and Bradley Van Dusen were to be the principle figures. At the time Bradley Van Dusen imparted this bit of information he added another that brought about still more interesting if not astonishing developements. He took a walk with the manager of his ranch, who had long since outgrown the name of Broncho Billy and was chiefly known as Ten Bar. This new name was doubtless given him in the absence of a better one and to identify him with the ranch. His reluctance to acknowlege the name William Brown added to the necessity of his acquaintances to give him a representative name, and he liked to be called Ten Bar. Because of his good luck in rearing cattle and horses, and his uniform success in all his dealings, his neighbors added the name Lucky and only a few knew that he had ever been called anything but Lucky Ten Bar.

The walk taken by Bradley Van Dusen and Lucky Ten Bar brought them to the cave-house of the Wisner



OTTAWA, FROM RIDEAU FALLS, CANADA.

family, where the cow-boy had always kept a room and made it his sleeping place when he remained over night in the valley. The two men seated themselves on a bench before the door.

"My friend Broncho Billy, William Brown, Lucky Ten Bar or whatever your name is," said Bradley Van Dusen seriously, "this ranch has quadrupled in value on the investement under your management, and we have as yet had no settlement as to your reward for that. Besides I have not forgotten that I am under two further obligations that nothing I can do can ever repay. I refer to the facts that you have not alone saved my life but you have insured me happines. You saved my life on the terrible night of the catamount hunt and by bringing me to this valley you occasioned the conditions that insures me a happy life." He brought a document from his pocket.

"Here is a clear deed to an undivided one third interest in the Ten Bar ranch, including the same interest in all the money in the ranche's bank account."

"I can not take such a reward," replied Ten Bar, "I have not earned it."

"It is too late now," returned Bradley Van Dusen. "This document has been placed on legal record and can not be changed as I will not permit it."

"You see," continued Bradley Van Dusen, "I have not done this sooner because everything was well in hand and it did not seem needful. But some days ago I was rummaging through my father's papers and I came across a memorandum which filled me with regrets that I determined to put this off no longer. Once when I

was a boy in New York City I put off rewarding a street urchin for doing me a valuable service and he has never been rewarded while I remain benefited without any return to him. While looking curiously through a package of old papers left by my father, I found this memorandum written by me and laid on my father's desk when I was about fifteen years old. It read: "Dear father, I was passing an alley on the East side this morning when I saw a little boy crying back in the alley. I went to him and gave him some money when, as I turned to go, a boy much larger than I slipped up behind me and was about to strike me with a billy when the little boy I had given the money to, thrust a stick between his knees and running around with it threw him off his balance so that he missed me and ran away. I ran after the fellow yelling for the police. But before I ran I gave the little boy your business card and told him to call on you for reward, which I hope you will give as he deserves something good."

Across the memorandum father had written: "Reward uncalled for." Underneath were these words, "My dear child, this is not the way to reward those who do you good."

That reminded me that I had not yet rewarded you for saving me that night on the peak, or for quadrupling the value of my ranch or for causing me to meet Helen Wisner. Now there is the story, so I hope there will never be any more unpaid debts to be added to the one that fills me with keen regret standing against me from my boyhood."

"Bradley Van Dusen looked up at his friend and

TRAPPING THE CARCAJOU.

found himself being stared at as from some one who was just awakening to almost forgotten memories and was struggling to correct his returning impressions.

"What is the matter?" asked Bradley Van Dusen with considerable curiosity.

"I think I know something about the street urchin," said Lucky Ten Bar rising and going back into the house.

In a moment he returned with a small bible which Parson Brown had given him and which he had ever since kept in memory of the kind old man who had befriended him so much. Opening the bible before Bradley Van Dusen there was displayed the larger half of a business card containing only the last three letters of a name but with the full address of the street.

Bradley Van Dusen gave a gasp when he saw the card and read the address.

"It is the address of the place where my father had his business. It is part of one of his business cards. Where did you get it?"

"You gave it to me in an alley on the East side, New York several years ago," was the astonishing answer. "I had to take it with my left hand for Dirty Dick had jerked my right arm out of place. You told me to go to your father and get my reward, but Sally dragged me before a policeman and he took me to the hospital. From there I was sent to a children's home and then taken West. So I never had a chance to call for the reward. I thought Sally was entitled to part of the reward and so I tore the card in two and gave the other part to her. I have been sorry, very sorry, ever since I discovered that I had given

her the smaller piece. I swore an oath to return sometime to New York and find her. I suppose such an attempt would be rediculous but I mean to try just the same."

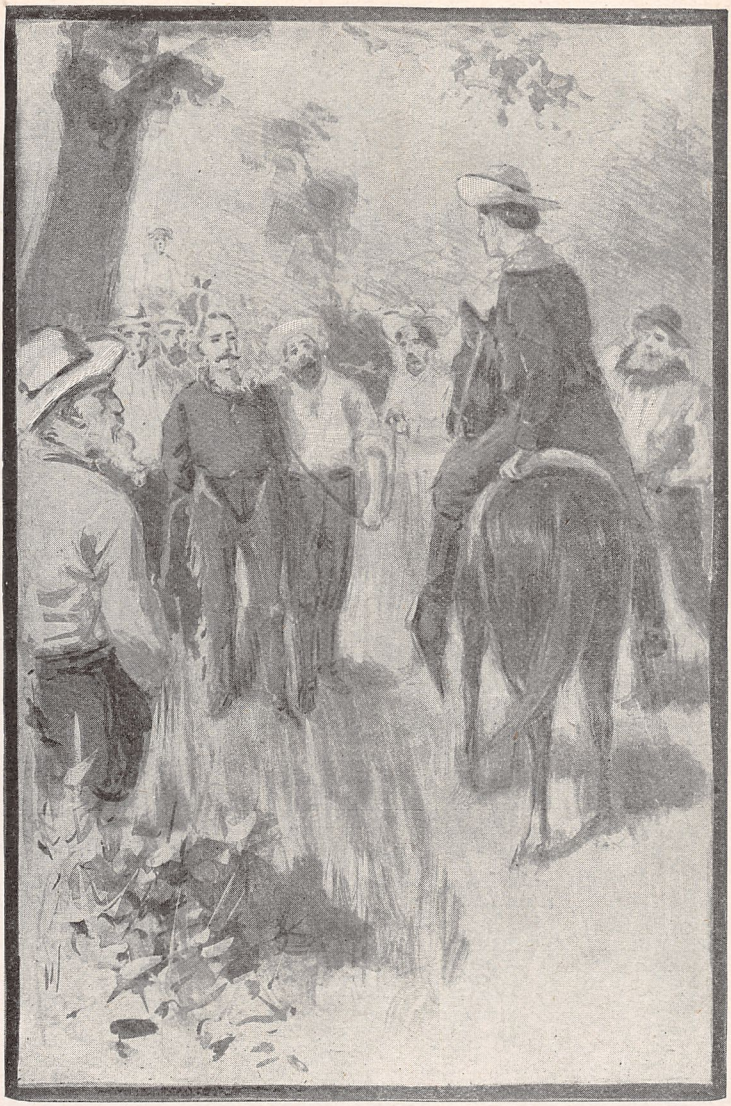
Bradley Van Dusen recognized the extraordinary discovery that the slum boy who had saved his life in New York and again at Five Points was before him. He caught up the document giving William Brown a third interst in Ten Bar ranch, from the bench where it lay and returned it to his pocket.

I have made a mistake in drawing up the papers," he said. "They should read, William Brown equal owner with Bradley Van Dusen of all the real estate, stock, money and property not otherwise described, which belong to or is included in the Ten Bar ranch."

CHAPTER X.

CHASING MAVERICKS.

When it became known that the young man who had been managing the Ten Bar ranch was made half owner through some of the mysterious ways of Providence, the name Lucky Ten Bar was fastened to him to stay. All live stock having been taken out of Paradise Valley and quartered on the range above, the peculiar bowl became a garden of vegetables, fruit and grain. Ranchmen and settlers had rapidly covered the surrounding available



"WHAT IS YOUR NAME, SIR?" HE ASKED OF THE MAN ABOUT TO BE LAUNCHED INTO ETERNITY. See Page 65

land and Lucky Ten Bar was the acknowledged leader.

Through the drastic scourging to which Sergeant Wiley and Corporal Bennet of Fort Robinson subjected those that were found to be in touch with the horse-thieves, that industry which had so long injured the frontier settlers disappeared. But another almost as annoying took its place. A mild but aggravating form of cattle thieving began. Any unbranded calves straying from the herd were sure never to return. The thieves became bolder and did not confine their work to the mavericks but stole unbranded cattle directly from the herds.

Lucky Ten Bar formed an association embracing a wide terretory of ranches and a few of them, known to be trustworthy, adopted private marks for unbranded cattle and allowed them to stray away and be taken. In a few months one of the ranchmen reported that he had discovered a cow bearing the double O brand and also carrying his private mark. This was at a small ranch on the Cheyenne river. Another ranchman had immediate occasion to call there with the result that he also found the double O brand on a heifer carrying his identifying mark. The evidence was so strong that a vigillance committee was organized by Lucky Ten Bar to visit the ranch for further proof and to punish the guilty if they could be found and proven to be so.

In due time Lucky Ten Bar and a companion rode up to the double O ranch and inquired for the owner. The man to whom the inquiry was addressed was mending a saddle at the door of a corral containing a number of calves. He looked at the two men suspiciously and

then replied that the proprietor had just gone with one of the boys to take a bunch of cattle to a valley on the south side of the ranch, but that he would return within an hour. Taking the direction indicated the two men rode away. Presently half a dozen ranchmen rode up to the saddle mender and requested him to show them the nearest bunch of cattle. His manner showed that he was much suspiciously frightened at the unusual manner of the visitors. However he mounted his pony and took them to a small herd grazing in a narrow valley just over the nearest hill. The men examined the animals carefully.

"I have to look after a bunch in the next valley,' said the cowboy, "and I will be back in a few minutes."

He whirled his pony as he spoke, but stopped instantly as half a dozen carbines were leveled at him.

"Halt!" came the ringing command. "We will go over together and look at them."

But no others were to be found in the next valley, and the man was taken back to the house as a prisoner. Half a dozen ranchmen came up from another direction, meeting them.

"We have all the evidence we want," was the report. "This is a hiding place for mavericks. What shall we do with these fellows? Hang them or shoot them?"

"Which do you prefer?" came the blunt question to the cowboy.

"I didn't do none of it," he cried. "I've just been here a week. But I know some things and will tell you all about it if you will let me go."

"We will have to hear your story first and be the

HEREFORD CATTLE, SILVER HEIGHTS, WINNIPEG.

judges if it is worth turning you loose on," was the reply. "Out with what you know."

The imperiled cowboy needed no second invitation.

The Double O ranch," said he, "is owned by a man named Files. He has four boys helping him besides me. They get their wages and do as he says without asking any questions. Three of them are gone to the farmers east of Deadwood with cattle and the other one is with Files, as I told you at first, with a bunch on the south side of the ranch. One of the boys told me that most of the cows were mavericks. The three men that's gone with the cattle done the stealin' with Files. He commenced the business and is the boss."

As he said this half a dozen more ranchmen rode up with the two men. A quick trial was instituted and it was soon settled that Files and the three absent men were the guilty cattle thieves. A lariat was procured and he was about to pay the penalty of his crime by hanging, when Lucky Ten Bar rode up.

He looked on the proceedings with approval, but with the first sight of the man's face he held up his hand and rode forward.

Genthemen," he exclaimed, "will you let me speak to this man?"

"What is your name, sir," he asked of the man about to be launched into eternity.

"Homer Files," was the answer.

"I thought so. I have seen you before," continued Lucky Ten Bar.

"Now, since you are about to face your Maker, confession may be good for your soul. Is there anything

you ought to say about your treatment of your fellow-man besides stealing his unbranded cattle?"

The criminal seemed to grasp at the words as if they held forth some hope for him. He thought that a confession ending with a story of his own self-sacrifice and heroism might do him good,

"Yes," he replied, "I once let a man be caught in a caving well, but I rescued him when all other men had deserted him."

"Tell us all about it," said Lucky Ten Bar.

Thus urged the criminal proceeded through every detail.

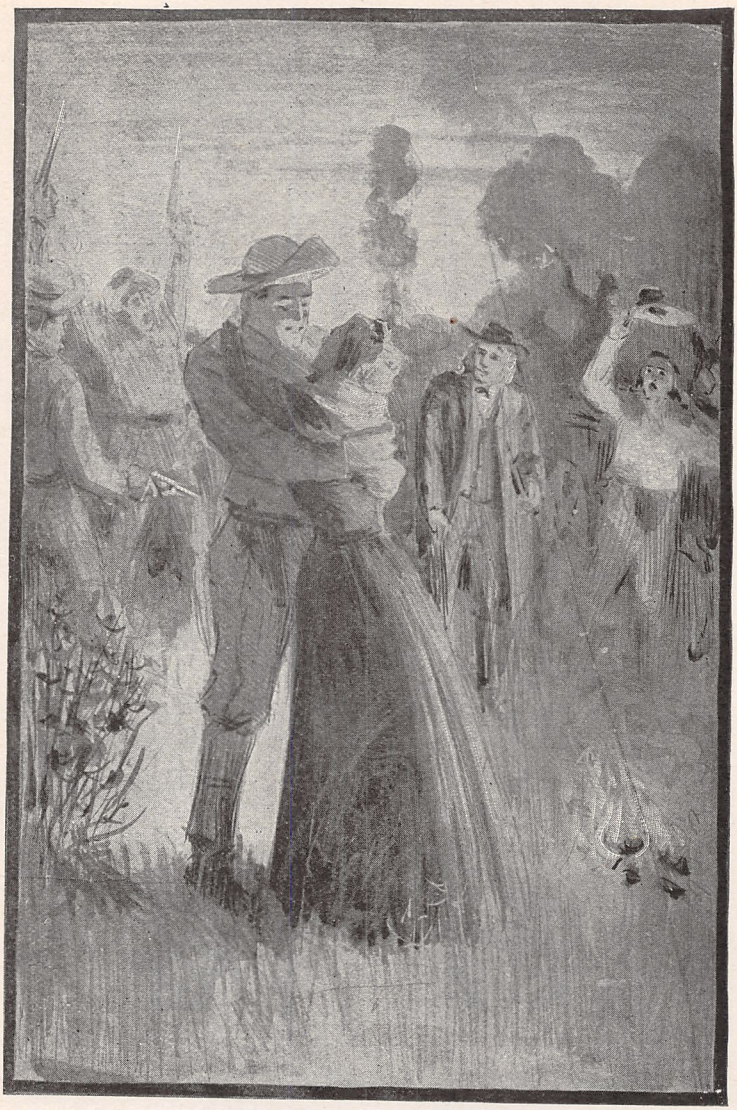
"Gentlemen," said Lucky Ten Bar when Homer Files had concluded, "he has told the truth straight through. You can see that the man is not wholly bad. I think his hopeless love for one of the loveliest women of the plains turned his head and he has been a kind of outcast ever since his experience at the well. If I had been older I might have been as addled for Minnie Tinsley myself."

Homer Files straightened up as with an electric shock at the mention of the name.

"Did you know her?" he cried eagerly.

"Gentlemen," said Lucky Ten Bar to his friends, "I don't know that I ever asked any of you for a favor that I was so anxious for you to grant as I am for this one I am about to ask. Will you turn this man over to me and let me be responsible to you that neither us nor any of our friends will ever be troubled by him again?"

"All right, yes, yes, give the cow-thief to Lucky Ten Bar," were the cries heard all around.



SHE THREW HER ARMS AROUND LUCKY TEN BAR'S NECK. See Page 100

Lucky Ten Bar rode up to the man and took the lariat from his neck. He then put a roll of money in the culprit's hand.

"Now," said the benefactor, "you are mounted on a good horse, you have money enough to pay your way, so turn your nose west and follow it till you get to the ocean. Don't let the sun set on you twice within twenty miles of the same spot this side of the Rocky Mountains."

The delighted man tried to thank his rescuer, but Lucky Ten Bar motioned him to proceed on his journey.

"Then just tell me this," pleaded the man as he turned to ride away, "air you Skinny?"

Lucky Ten Bar nodded his head, and the strangely chastised cattle thief rode away.

CHAPTER XI.

THE RESCUE OF PARSON BROWN.

It lacked yet several hours to night and the ranchmen decided to confiscate and apportion the "double O" cattle among themselves according to the mavericks each had lost. Therefore the different bunches of cattle were rounded up and driven southward. A dozen men rode forward to find and prepare a camping place. In due time they found and prepared an available spot for the night. It was growing dark and they were gathered

about a campfire awaiting the coming herd when they were interrupted by the rattle of a rickety carriage. The ranchmen sprang to their feet eager to see who the newcomers were, as a raw-boned horse drawing a buggy plodded into view along the trail. Two elderly persons, a man and a woman, of somewhat seedy and severe appearance were seated in the buggy, more like automatons than living beings. The horse stopped apparently of his own accord, at the point in the trail nearest the campfire and the ranchmen, who were usually known by the less euphoneous and elevated name of cowboys, surrounded the buggy, to see, in the language of the old song, what they could see.

"Looks like a preacher," said one, giving the ribs of the horse a punch that it resented no more than tc shift its weight to the other hind leg.

"Yes, sir, said the old man in a gentle voice, "I am a minister of the gospel, and this is my good wife who has shared my work for many years."

"Ha! Ha!" laughed several. "He calls preachen and prayen and marryen people worken."

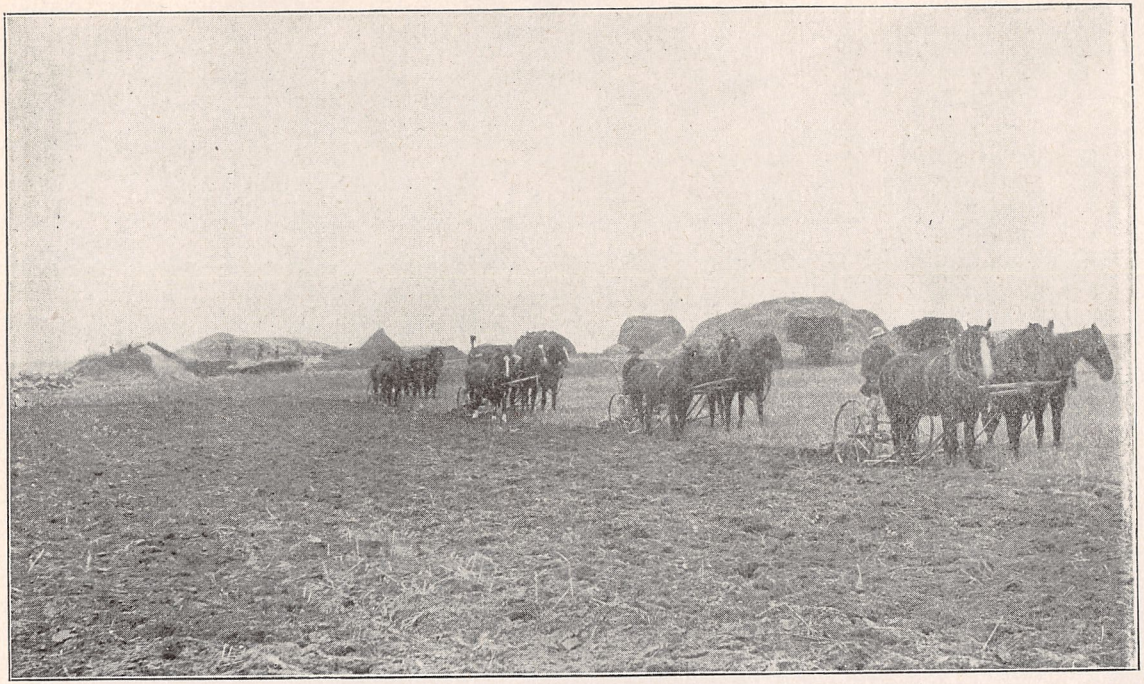
It was a great joke and they made the valley ring with their laughter.

"Let's see you get off some of your work," one of the men cried, and then there were vociferous shouts for "a preach, a preach, let's have a preach."

"Singen before preachen," cried some one better informed on procedure than the others.

"Give the helper a chance," they cried. Let the partner start the work with a song."

Some of the more hilarious emphasised their gayety



PLOUGHING AND THRESHING, MANITOBA.

by firing off their revolvers. The old horse with eyes half closed stood on three legs and wasted little thought on the revolvers, but the old gentlemen and his companion were becoming pitiably frightened.

At this moment the proceedings were interrupted by the arrival of the herd of cattle and Lucky Ten Bar rode up.

"Don't delay the work," some one called to him. "We are going to have a sing and a preach, as soon as these folks can wake up."

"Let the show begin," cried three or four, firing their revolvers threateningly near the buggy.

The light of the camp fire shone full in the faces of the old people as Lucky Ten Bar rode up and took in the full situation.

Then a burst of furious anger occurred that no one had ever before seen in Lucky Ten Bar. He sprang from his horse and seizing two of the revellers by the collars flung them backward to the ground. In a similar manner he cleared the way to the carriage in a trice. Then he straightened up before the wheels in defiant fury. His comrades stood back in a group, too astonished to be resentful. In a moment his anger cooled.

"Gentlemen," he began, regretfully, "I guess I owe you an apology and I beg your pardon for such violence, but for once my blood boiled all over at once. You'll understand, I guess, when I tell you that this old couple are the only father and mother I ever knew, and I would fight any man or men on earth as long as I drew breath before I would allow them to be insulted or injured."

"Laws me!" exclaimed the old lady, wiping her eyes with her apron, "I do believe it's William."

"Praise God, it is William," piously whispered the old man.

"Hurrah for Lucky Ten Bar," some one yelled. "Its his old man and woman."

"A chorus of whoops and yells followed with a fusilade of revolver shots in celebration of the event. The enthusiastic friends of Lucky Ten Bar took the horse from the shafts and drew the buggy near the fire. The parson's wife, being the most active, jumped from the carriage and threw her arms around Lucky Ten Bar's neck, sobbing out her gratefulness for what the Lord had done for them. The parson grasped the hand of his adopted son with a fervor that Lucky Ten Bar knew to be genuine love.

Two antelopes were roasting over the fire, and after a refreshing meal a polite request from the ranchmen for the parson and his wife to show some of their work was heeded and the woods and hills there heard for the first time in their existence the voice of a preacher and the words of a Christian prayer.

Lucky Ten Bar learned that the parson and his wife were on their way from Harrison to Oelrichs. The parson had become too old to attend to the necessary duties of a pastor in established churches and so was on his way to a place where he supposed was an opening for what missionary work he could do. Lucky Ten Bar persuaded him that the Ten Bar ranch and its environs would afford him all the field he needed for missionary

PISQUAPITA, CREE INDIAN, CALGARY.

work and that a home in Paradise Valley was his as long as he desired it.

The next day Paradise Valley was reached and the home of the Wisners put into good order for its new tenants. There they lived to the end of their days, with all the comforts that a thoughtful son could procure or money could buy.

Only one other inmate of Paradise Valley was distinguished by unusual treatment. That was the circus broncho on which the runaway boy had reached the Ten Bar ranch. The broncho ranged at will over Paradise Valley and never knew either want or labor.

The Ten Bar ranch continued to be prosperous and the work was so systematized that it occupied little of the manager's time. Feelings of curiosity to know what the world looked like began to make him discontented and he welcomed the opportunity afforded by an invitation to visit the Wisners in the little college town where Helen was to graduate in June. Bradley Van Dusen was to be there and they wanted Lucky Ten Bar to be present. Arranging the affairs of the ranch so he could remain away as long as he desired, he bade his friends good-bye and took the train at Harrison for Chicago.

Tucked away in his grip was one thing which he had kept with the tenacity of superstition. It was the card which had revealed him as the hero of Bradley Van Dusen's boyhood adventure in an alley near Bellevue hospital, New York. Somehow he clung to it yet as not yet having fulfilled its mission. He had received his reward but had he not given part of it to Sally and he had promised her that she should have half the reward?

Indeed he had sworn to return to New York and find her and this memory impelled him in a blind way to move on as if in fulfillment of his vow. Thirty or forty cowboys and ranchmen saw him off at the staition, and there was such a volley in parting salute that the car windows rattled and many of the passengers thought they were about to be massacred by a band of savages or outlaws. Lucky Ten Bar answered the parting salute by emtying the contents of his revolver through the window and the train whirled him on to the uncertain environments of civilization, where his energetic and chivalrous nature led him into more luckless and thrilling adventures than he had ever dreamed of on the great plains.

CHAPTER XII.

LUCKY TEN BAR IN CHICAGO.

The two day's ride into Chicogo was so uneventful as to be disappointing and Lucky Ten Bar was glad when he was emptied with the rest of the passengers into the great Union Station. He moved on with the stream of people out into the street. The hurrying of men and women and the cries of hackmen were bewildering. He had no doubt however of his ability to take care of himself and he went with the crowd.

TURNING HE BEHELD A WOMEN UNDER THE GLARE OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

See Page 103

It was nearly midnight when he crossed the river, after waiting half an hour till two or three great steamers passed through the swing bridges. Seeing one of the great iron structures turn around on a pivot and an other break in the center and rise in the air so that the steamers could pass, was his first introduction to the ingenuity, mechanism and power of machinery. He was studying this as he passed the elevated road at Adams and Fifth Avenue, when some one hailed him with the striking words. "Hello, sweatheart."

Turning he beheld a woman under the glare of the electric light, who, to his untutored mind, appeared so beautiful as to be beyond any doubt one of the elegant society ladies whom he had heard mentioned as gracing the mansions of the great cities. She was looking directly at him and smiling sweetly.

"Pardon me," he said in confusion, while summoning to his aid instinctively his politest command of language, "but you have mistaken me for the other man. I am sorry to say that I am new to Chicago. I am looking now for a hotel."

She was hardly prepared for such innocence and for a moment it puzzled her. Only for a moment however.

"O I shall be pleased to take you to my hotel," she answered pleasantly taking his arm and gently escorting him onward.

So this woman owned a hotel, he mused. That was indeed fortunate as it saved him the trouble and annoyance of hunting one. She was very kind indeed. Doubtless this was the way of well-bred ladies, to care for the comfort of strangers. It was a beautiful bit of

kindness and he felt a high respect for the generous ways of civilization.

Presently they came to a flaring sign enclosing a brilliant electric light, on which Lucky Ten Bar read the words, "Family entrance."

The new-found acquaintence led the way inside where there was a room filled with tables and at which a few dilapidated individuals both men and women, sat as if half asleep. The tinkle of glasses could be heard in the adjoining room and the smell that is characteristic of bar-rooms filled the place.

Lucky Ten Bar had inhaled that noxious odor before and its presence here was not reassuring of a congenial place. Hardly were they seated when a waiter appeared and the woman gave an order, which was quickly filled.

"Let us drink each other's health," she saids weetly, pouring out a glass of the sparkling liquid and passing it over to him.

"Thank you," he said politely, "but I have very good health and besides I never drink."

"What!" she exclaimed, "wont you drink for me?"

"It's all I can do to drink for myself," he replied. "I can't drink for two and besides I promised Parson Brown not to do any of that kind of drinking and I can't break my word, leastwise not to him."

The woman was disconcerted.

"Then you will have some lemonade with me wont you?" she managed to ask as sweetly as possible.

"I would be much more oblidged," he replied, "if you would show me the dining room where I can get

CREE SQUAW WITH PAPOOSE ON BACK. CALGARY.

something to eat. I am as hungry as a coyote and as sleepy as a three day old calf after feeding time."

This was the last straw. The siren could no longer contain her anger.

"You miserable old ape!" she cried. "Pay me the five dollars you owe me and get out."

Lucky Ten Bar was amazed at the sudden change in his lady friend and her preposterous charge.

"Why," he stammered, "I can go out any time, but what do I owe you five dollars for?"

"Aint you going to pay for this champagne," she screamed.

"Not till the muley cow grows her horns," he exclaimed picking up his grip and starting out.

The woman pounded the table with the glass and two men in white aprons came in from a side door, intercepting him.

"What's the matter?" they asked as if trying to smoothe over a quarrel in a friendly way.

"He wont pay for the wine he bought," she cried.

"Better pay the lady for her wine," said one, "and save yourself heaps of trouble."

"I haven't bought any wine," cried Lucky Ten Bar exasperated at such a swindle, "I don't drink wine and I wont pay for any wine, so get out of the door and let me past."

Both men stood barring the way.

Lucky Ten Bar waited a moment, then quickly seizing the larger of the bar-tenders by the arm he jerked the man across the room with such force that the fellow dropped like a bundle of rags across a chair, while the

accused debtor cought the other around the neck, as he started to run, lifted him from the floor and carried him unmolested out of the door. The captive began to call at the top of his voice for the police but Lucky Ten Bar kept on his way, followed by a fast increasing crowd of curious spectators.

At the second street crossing a policeman came up.

"What's this?" he asked stopping the captor with a punch of his stick.

"Who are you?" asked Lucky Ten Bar.

"An officer of the law as you see," said the policeman guessing that he had to deal with an unusually unsophisticated Westerner.

"O, all right," replied Lucky Ten Bar, "I always obey the law."

Meanwhile the bar-keeper had been attemting to get away but was held fast by his captor.

"I was just taking this skunk to give him a bath in the river. A woman took me to a hotel where they tried to swindle me by making me pay five dollars for a bottle of wine that I never ordered. This fellow and another tried to help her collect the bill and I was in for making them sorry for it."

"Sure they didn't get away with any of your valuables?" asked the officer.

Lucky Ten Bar felt for his pocket book. It was safe but his watch was gone. The officer took the two men back to the bar-room but the guilty persons had fled.

"Guess I'd better take you two fellows to the station." said the officer and that night Lucky Ten Bar found his

"HERE" HE SAID, TOUCHING HER ON THE BEAR SHOULDER WITH THE COLD MUZZLE OF HIS SIX SHOOTER, "SHELL OUT YOUR STOLEN GOODS.

See Page 119

first night's lodging in Chicago in a Harrison street police cell. The next morning he was brought before the police judge but did not obtain his release until late in the afternoon. As a result of this experience he waked to the fact that the city is not as simple as the prairie, and that the women are not all as timid and guileless as he antelope or as gentle as the stall-fed cow.

CHAPTER XIII.

A VISIT TO THE GRAND OPERA.

Lucky Ten Bar could ask as many questions as any yankee and was fully as wide awake. Experience was a quick teacher and he never got into the same trouble twice. Within an hour of his release from the police station he was comfortably lodged in a respectable hotel suitable to his wants. After a good dinner, an invigorating bath and a change of travelling clothes, he felt that he was once more himself. With some instincts of taste he had dressed himself so that few persons would stop to take a second look at him because of any special western air about him. However the freedom and unconventionality of the plains was ineradicably in him.

It was long after dark when he got through his toilet at the hotel and went out on the streets for further sight-

seeing. He had just turned into Congress street from Michigan Avenue and was regarding with wonder the two great buildings of stone on each side, and speculating on what could be their use, when a lady accosted him with the question, "Please sir, would you kindly tell me which side is the lady's entrance to the Auditorium hotel?"

But meanwhile Lucky Ten Bar was drawing away.

"Sorry lady," he said turning to retreat as if she were a pestilence "but I'm fixed in a hotel already and so I'm much oblidged. I've got nothing against the hotel I'm in and can't in any decency make a change to yours."

He didn't stop to hear the astonished woman's reply but hurried on to a place where he saw a stream of people pouring into the building. He stood with open-mouthed wonder as he saw the elegantly dressed ladies alight from their handsome carriages and go inside.

"What's the show?" he ventured to ask a man standing near.

"Grand opera," was the reply.

"Can you buy your way in for a reasonable sum?" he asked.

"Sure," was the reply. "You can stand up to it for a dollar, get a sitter among tbe bald heads for three and a half, or buy a chair in a box for a 'V"

"Then I'll get into the procession, he replied, "and buy a stand-up for a dollar. I'm no bald head and I've got no use for a chair in a box."

"Want to go 'long?" he asked his new-found friend.

"I ain't got the stuff," he replied.

YALE, B. C.

"Well, I guess I've still got an extra dollar," returned Lucky Ten Bar, "don't be backward on that account."

The friend was not backward after that. They went in together and stood up at the back of the seats at the edge of the foyer. The orchestra had just got down to business as they came up. Lucky Ten Bar looked curiously over the heads of the people to see what was making such a racket. It reminded him of the salute of his friends as he left the station at Harrison, with a full-sized Dakota blizzard thrown in. Then the curtain arose and he gasped for breath. Of course the fairy-land that he saw was not real, but the detail and depth of the stage scene was overwhelming.

"I can't catch the hang of the thing," he said to his better informed companion. "What's the hunchback doing in his fool togs among the gay ducks shining around the boss?"

The curtain rung down on the first act and the newly-found city friend led his unsophisticated acquaintance of the plains to a seat in the foyer for a rest during the interval.

"I'll tell you the story," said the young man. "The hunchback's name is Rigoletto. He's a kind of circus clown to the Duke. Besides, he helps the Duke to all kinds of mischief among the women and the devil is generally to pay among the husbands. At last Rigoletto gets a return clip. He has a daughter who is very beautiful and he stakes all his pile on her. He keeps her hid just like a man can hide a house afire. The Duke claps his eye on her and goes it blind. Representing himself to be a poor, love-struck student, he gets a lead-pipe

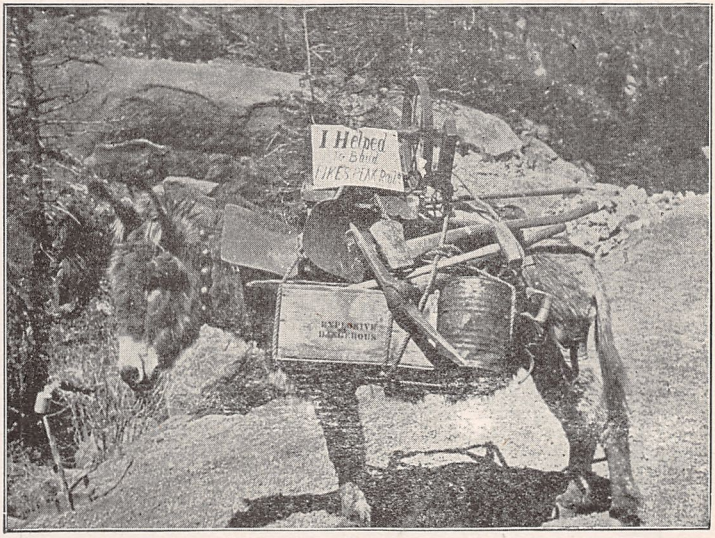
cinch on her heart. Some of the Duke's hangers-on see the lovely girl in Rigoletto's house and decide to have some sport and revenge by kidnapping her. They don't know that the hunchback is her old man, but suppose that he is her sweetheart. So they make it worse by getting him to help in the scheme of kidnapping her by telling him that they are for getting away with the wife of one of the hunchback's enemies whose house is next to Rigoletto's. He is a sure-enough fool this time and discovers too late that he has helped the Duke take in the beautiful daughter he has been keeping so pious and secluded. It knocks him all in a heap till he gets onto Sparafucile, a professional pig-sricker for so much a job. Sparafucile agrees to knife the Duke in a lonely old deserted saloon by the sea, during a thunderstorm, to the sound of slow music. But Sparafucile's sister Madelene has a few drinks with the Duke and thinks he is too nice to kill. But Sparafucile is a square man and won't break his word to the hunchback unless he can do it honorably. He sees a way out so he says, "I'll spare the Duke if you can get me a substitute."

The hunchback's daughter was snaken it around in the woods in boy's ready-made clothing and she hears the scheme.

"I'll be the substitute," she said to herself in jealous rage. "I won't let a hussey like that Madelene beat me in doing nice things for the Duke. I will go her one better. I will be the substitute."

Saying that she walks into the house like a stranger escaping from the slow music and the thunderstorm of a bad, black night in the woods by the murmuring sea.

PIKE'S PEAK RAILWAY, COLORADO.



BURRO AND LOAD, COLORADO.

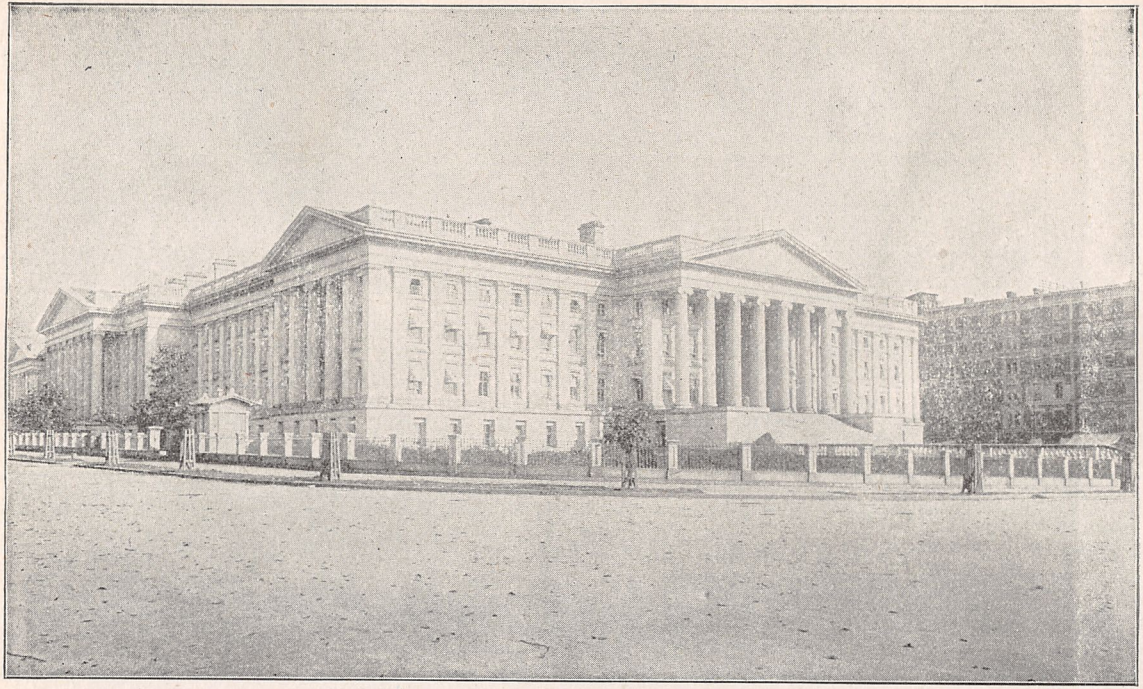
The door closes after her a minute and then she comes out on Sparafucile's shoulder in a sack. It's a dead easy guess that she has been substituted and made a point over Madelene in the score on the Duke's feelings. The old man is snooping aroud in the woods waiting for the cue to come and pay the balance due on the job. The clock strikes midnight and the thunder lets up a little. That's the cue, so the old man comes and pays up and takes the body, still breathing through a slit in the sack. He lays the load down on the ground and paws around over it for a chance to work up the sympathy of the audience. Here's the place for you to gaze on the salty tears of society as it weeps in the twenty-five and fifty dollar boxes over the terrible fate of the nice Duke. Then you ought to see them dry their eyes on their twenty-five dollar handkerchiefs when they see the nice Duke walking along the sad sea shore in the background, singing a repining love song. Rigoletto now catches on to the substitute and he nearly has a fit. The daughter in the sack and her old man then sing a swan song together, the girl croaks, and the old man tears his hair as the curtain sashays up and down a few times. That's the sign that you have your money's worth and have got to git out or go to the lock-up."

At this moment the curtain went up and the two men rushed back to their stand by one of pillars, just back of the seats. Lucky Ten Bar soon discovered that the reason he could not understand a word of any of the singers was because their singing was in a foreign language. However, by the aid of a libretto or book of the play which his companion had somehow managed to secure

without money, he could follow the English translation with tolerable accuracy. The story as told to him by his companion had considerably disinthralled him from the glamour and fancy of the scene before him. During the interval between the second and third act he gave himself up to the study of the first real so-called society that he had ever seen. The glistening and costly apparelled occupants of long tiers of boxes seemed much more intent on the charms of one another than on the music or tragedy of the licentious and blood-thursty scenes of Verdi's great opera. However there were others who evidently considered the occupants of the boxes to be as important as they were exclusive. They were separated from ordinary mortals by iron gates carefully and even fanatically guarded by liveried young men who seemed to feel an extraordinary responsibility and importance attached to their guardianship. These remarkable people were set apart from common mortals as in a cage and had a private entrance so they would not be under the necessity of mingling with the vulgar throng. Reporters were hurrying to and fro taking names and costumes for their respective newspapers showing that the dress of these people was an important matter of interest to the readers of the city's great dailies.

Whatever conclusions Lucky Ten Bar was reaching about society on the first night of an opera season, his ideas were quickly scattered by the rise of the curtain on the last act. He watched it through to its blood-curdling couclusion. Innocence perished miserably and the guilty went free.

Lucky Ten Bar observed intently the applause that



UNITED STATES TKEASURY BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

caused the curtain to seesaw up and down. He saw the woman get out of the sack and bow to the cheering audience hand in hand with the hunchback and the duke. It was puzzling and he did not awake from his trance of thought until his companion caught him by the arm and said: "Don't you see it is time to git? The curtain is a sashaying and that is the signal to go. No fooling after they have got your money. Stay another hour after they have quit and these usher boys will have orders to fling you out into the cold. If you resist you are good for a night in the lockup."

During this harangue Lucky Ten Bar's companion hurried him on to the outside.

"Say partner," he said. "Let's introduce ourselves. I'm Tony Pratt who are you?"

"Call me Ten Bar," was the reply of the young Westerner not yet out of the dreamy haze and spell of the opera. "Say," he continued as if just awakening. "That's the craziest thing in there I ever saw or heard of. Do people sing at each other when they are committing murder? No! Do people carry out a kidnapping act in a song? No! I suppose I am expected to go back to the Ten Bar ranch and sing a song at the coyote before I shoot him. May be I can stop a stampede of steers by singing the duke's love song at them. I suppose I'll have to sing a soothing-syrup song to the calves as I stick the hot branding iron on their hides. Well, I guess not! Out on the plains we take our acting and singing straight as we do our drinks."

Lucky Ten Bar now became conscious that his

companion had him by the arm and was hurrying him along rather rapidly.

"Say, Tony," he asked rather quisically, "Aint you taking me somewhere that I've not asked to go?"

"Well, yes," was the reply. "But I want you to go down to a friend and take a drink with me."

"No use," replied Lucky Ten Bar. "I don't drink."

"But I want you to meet with some new friends," persisted Tony Pratt.

"No use," repeated Lucky Ten Bar, "I've got all the friends I can do justice to."

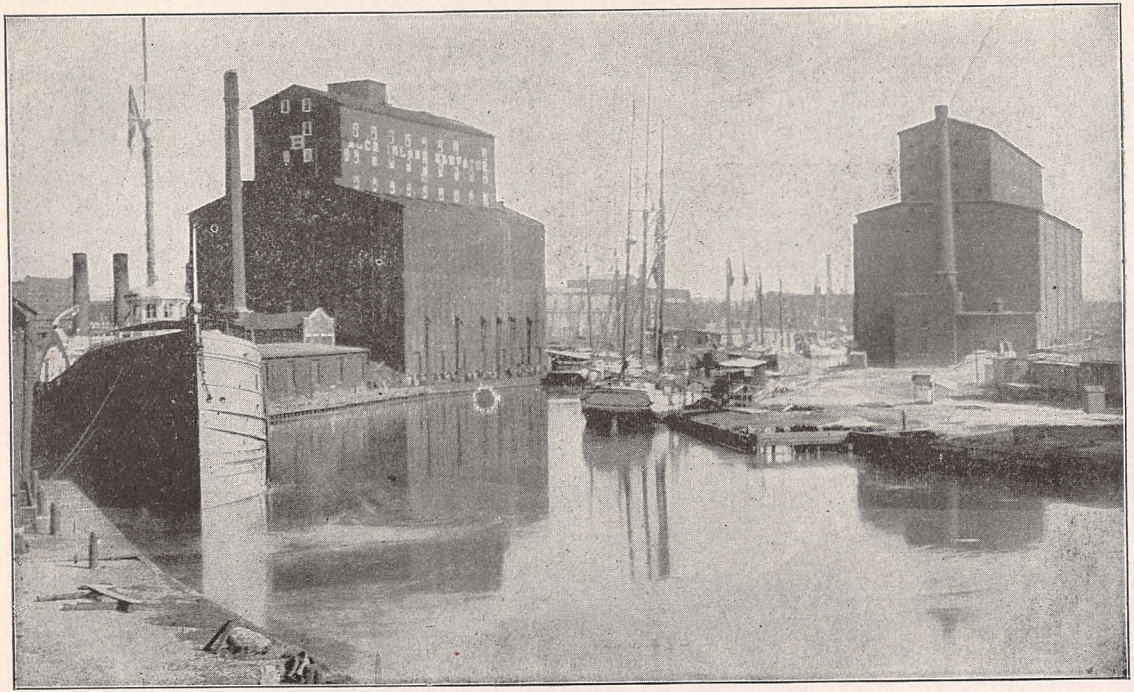
"But I want you to see some fun," continued the irrepressible Tony Pratt as he hurried the half rebellious Westrner along.

Fun!" exclaimed Lucky Ten Bar. "Why you can't show me more fun than I've run into myself without any showing. I've had fun to burn during the last twenty four hours."

"Well, here we are," replied his companion, so come in a bit anyway."

Tony Pratt opened a door into a hallway where a negro boy sat at a little table. After a few words the boy pressed an electric button and after a return signal Tony Pratt led his companion down a flight of stairs into a dimly lighted corridor where he could hear the rumble of balls in a bowling alley at one side and could see through a glass door across which was a bar into a saloon in which several women were sitting around tables drinking with men.

A man was sitting on a stool near the glass door and he motioned them to pass on. Tony Pratt opened a



ELEVATORS AND SHIPPING, CHICAGO.

door on the left and invited his companion to enter. Two men sat at a table playing cards.

"Hello, Tony," said one whose huge soltaires on his shirt front and in the heavy yellow band on his finger proclaimed him to be in the front rank of professionals, "will you and your friend join us in a little friendly game?"

"I don' play," said Lucky Ten Bar, with a quiet decision of voice that never seemed to admit of any parley over the matter, "I promised the parson that I wouldn't and so I don't."

"Then you boys can have the room," said the soltaire man arising with his companion and taking his departure.

"Take a seat," said Tony Pratt. "I'll go out to the bar and send you someting interesting."

Lucky Ten Bar noticed that about five feet from the floor there was a window-pane in the partition between his room and the adjoining one. He could hear a woman's voice persuading some one to take another drink with her. He stepped to the pane of glass and found that it was set in a frame which was on hinges and he cautiously pushed it open. He saw a bedizened creature holding a glas of wine to the lips of a half stupified man whose face was strangely familiar. Just then he heard a step in the corridor and he resumed his seat.

Lucky Ten Bar had been learning rapidly in the last twenty four hours and he concluded this time to be both circumspect and diplomatic.

A woman entered, bowed to him with a smirk that

was meant to be a smile, and placed two bottles of beer on the table. She seated herself near him.

"How much is the beer to cost me?" he asked.

"Only fifty cents a bottle," she replied somewhat plaintively.

"All right," he answered. "Here is a dollar for the beer which you may keep and here is another dollar for yourself."

She beamed her delight upon him somewhat uncertain how to act under sush generousity.

"By the way," he said. "The girl in the next room is striking it rich, aint she?"

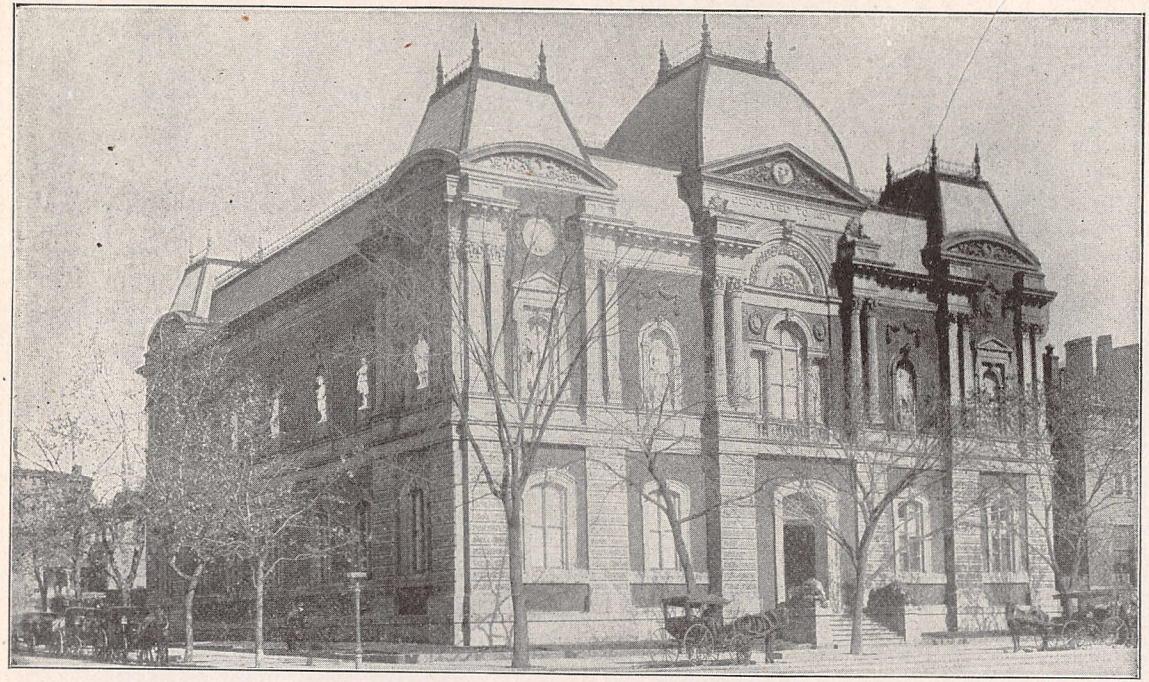
"Striking it rich, do you say," cried the woman in a burst of envy. "I should smile she is. I never saw such luck. Last night she got fifty dollars out of a country kid, and now she has already got nearly two hundred dollars out of that old fool of a cattle man."

"I never saw such luck," she repeated with a string of oaths as if beside herself with envy, "and the end of his pile aint in sight."

"I want to see a little fun," replied Lucky Ten Bar "and I would like for you to take this, taking out a five dollar bill, and make the way clear for me, by keeping between me and the man on the stool at the door for one half minute until I can have time to get into the other room. Then you go on out and don't come back."

The woman grasped the five dollar bill laid on the table and went out of the room. She walked up to the man at the door and began talking to him meanwhile covering the actions of Lucky Ten Bar from view.

Lucky Ten Bar made good use of the opportunity.



CORCORAN ART GALLERY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

He stepped out of his room, opened the door of the adjoining room, stepped inside and closed the door.

"Pardon me," he said politely, "I must have got into the wrong pew."

"Guess you did," cried the woman angrily, "so get out quicker than you got in or I'll make it mighty hot for you."

She made a move toward the door.

"Sit down in the corner there," he commanded suddenly pressing the cold muzzle of a six shooter against her temple "and don't move or make a sound untill I tell you."

The woman collapsed as if the six shots had gone through her.

Lucky Ten Bar took the maudlin wretch of a man by the collar and shook him till his bones seemed to rattle.

"Good Lord, what'er you doing to me" he waked up enough to ejaculate.

Then lucky Ten Bar lifted him from the chair and shook him again till his teeth rattled and his heels knocked together.

"I am trying to shake into working shape some of your scattered philosophy," he replied.

Then he shook the old man again till he could stand up and walk straight across the floor.

"In the name of Zeno, Diodorus Chronus, Diogones, Aristole, and all the saints, who are you?" cried the now thoroughly aroused cattleman.

Lucky Ten Bar set him down with a sudded jerk into the chair with a force that smashed that bit of furniture into smitherines and left the convivial gentle-

man sprawling on the floor by the side of the terror-stricken wench. He got to his feet like a sober man and backed into a corner with his hands extended before him in depreciation of playing the rat any longer to such an annimated bull-terrier.

"There now," exclaimed Lucky Ten Bar, "are you still of the opinion with Diodorus Chronus that there is no such thing as motion? Perhaps you think it is easier to get rid of your horns than of your jag. May be you would like to prove to me that two men are not here and we are it. Are you of the opinion that it is a sunshiny day because there is a thunder storm?"

The ranchman stood in the corner looking at the animated speaker much as an overgrown bull pup looks when expecting another dash from the overwhelming playfulness of his corpulent canine uncle. As Lucky Ten Bar mentioned the last of the Western philosopher's favorite dilemmas, a sudden light seemed to dawn on him.

"Say," said he "dew tell me, air you Skinny of Chadron on your way to to Deadwood by way of Hiram Tinsley's ranch?"

"Guess I am," he replied "and don't you take it as mighty lucky for you that I got here in time to shake your brains into working order? Another hour or two and you would have to telegraph C. O. D. to Phil Morris to send you a railroad ticket to get home on."

The ranchman slapped his hands on his pocket and then drew out a roll of bills. He counted them.

"Gosh!" he axclaimed, "I am a hundred and ninety dollars short!"

A friend brought me here at ten o'clock to meet some

HAYMARKET SQUARE, CHICAGO.

of his society friends. Of course I had to be friendly and fashionable with the ladies. I wonder where he has gone. I guess I'd better hunt him up and get him to see about the missing money. Some mistake has been made in changing the big bills."

Hiram Tinsley started for the door, but Lucky Ten Bar stopped him.

"No you wait. I'll tend to that. You've struck the civilized way of being robbed. It's slower than a hold up but generally safer. I got into it but I got out. So let's begin to get out. First, the woman."

"Here," he said touching her on the bare shoulder with the cold muzzle of his six-shooter so that she shook as if she had a sudden attack of the ague, "shell out your stolen goods."

She produced a roll of bills from the folds of her abbreviated skirts.

"It's all I've got," she said collapsing into a heap in the corner from the terrible blow to her fortunes. "It's my half. Dimond Jack has the rest."

The old man counted the bills.

"Just ninety-five dollars," he announced. "Exactly half of my absentees."

"All right," said Lucky Ten Bar. "Now as we are honest people we must settle square."

"What have you been drinking all the time?" he asked.

"Beer, nothing but bottle beer."

"Are these the bottles?" indicating with a thump of his fist a pile of half-filled bottles on the little table in the corner.

"Yes."

Lucky Ten Bar counted them.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "Just nineteen bottles. Now we can arrive at the bill. Pretty steep old man, ten dollars a bottle."

"Let me see he continued. "Beer is worth about fifteen cents a bottle when you leave the bottles. Now we will leave the bottles, so that would make your bill two dollars and eighty-five cents. According to the lady's testemony she gets an equal amount for waiting on you. That would raise your legitimate expenses here to five dollars and seventy cents."

"Here lady," he continued counting out to the woman her share to the amount of two dollars and eighty-five cents. "Now we will go out and settle likewise with Dimond Jack."

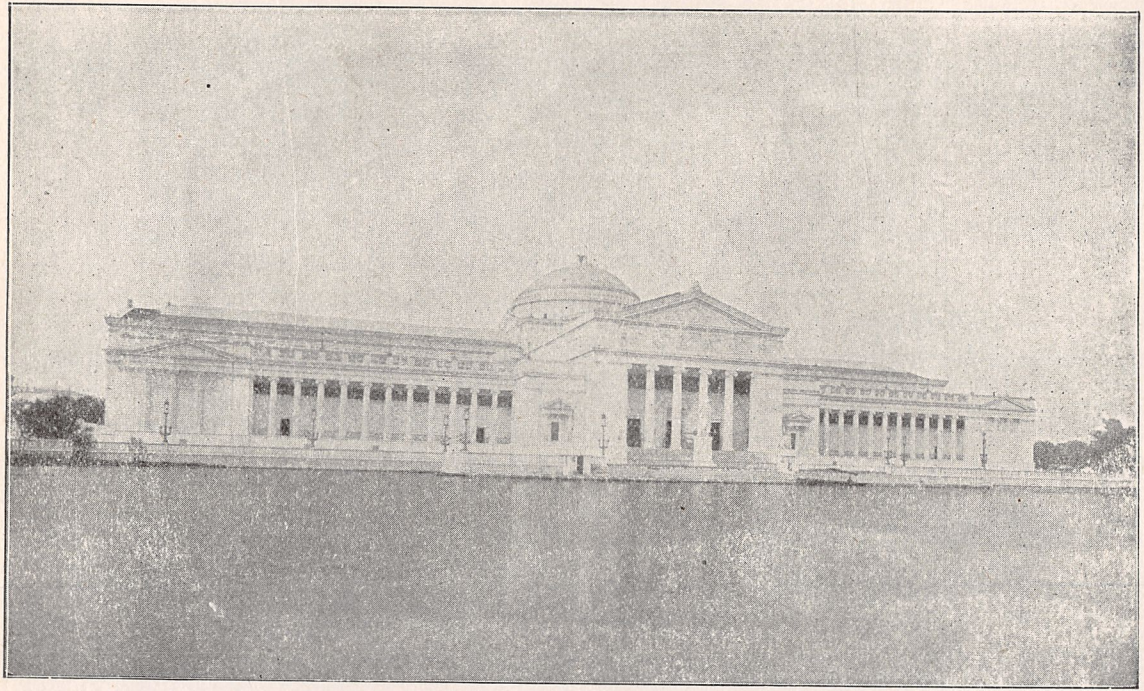
"Now, lady," he admonished tapping her gently again on the bare shoulder with the cold steel, "don't you stir till you are sure we have vamoosed this ranch."

From the looks of the lady it did not appear that there was any probability of her making any attempt to stir.

The keeper of the barred door appeared to be much perplexed when he saw the two men issue together from the end room. He arose as they approached and laid his hand on the bar across the door.

"We are hunting the exit," explained Lucky Ten Bar.

"Not on your tintype," replied the watch dog of the dive. "Yer don't git dis way till I knows yer square wid de house."



FIELD COLUMBIAN MUSEUM, WORLD'S FAIR GROUNDS, CHICAGO.

"That's what we are hunting the exit for," explained Lucky Ten Bar. "We are honorable men and we want to get square with the house."

The door-keeper raised his hand to rap a signal on the glass when something took him under the ear with such sudden force as to pile him backward in a heap on the floor like a saw-dust dummy.

Lucky Ten Bar opened the door and the two men passed into the saloon. He took the situation in at a glance. It was now past midnight and the score of men and women drinking at the tables were in too maudlin and stupified a condition to take much interest in what was going on around them. The diamond-bedecked gentleman who had invited Lucky Ten Bar to a little game an hour previous, was standing just back of the bar at the front end, complacently contemplating the occupants of his den. His bar-tender was leaning over the rear end of the bar chatting with some woozy customers.

The proprietor looked a little startled as the two men approached.

"Are you known as Diamond Jack?" asked Lucky Ten Bar leaning familiarly over the end of the bar.

"Yes," was the gruff reply. "What do you duffers want?"

"We want to settle our bill," replied Lucky Ten Bar, "but you mustn't move tongue or finger exept as I tell you if you don't want a hole through your rib-thumper. Cast your gaze under the corner of the bar and observe something looking just to the left of your third vest button."

Diamond Jack's nose did not move a hair's breadth but his eyes were rivited as if fascinated on a blue hole peeping from the under edge of the corner of the bar.

"There has been a mistake in making change for my friend here to the amount of ninety-two dollars and fifteen cents. The woman has refunded her share and we know that you are no less a gentleman than she. Nineteen bottles of beer at fifteen cents each makes two dollars and eighty-five cents. That sum taken out of ninety-five leaves the ninety-two fifteen. So be so kind as to count it out to this gentleman. Don't be too rapid but it is also very advisable not to be too slow. It wont be healthy to disturb the dreams of your customers." "There now you needn't go to the cash drawer" continued Lucky Ten Bar as the man cast a look that way. "You have it in your pocket. Don't make any moves but what I know to be necessary in the process. I am a very suspicious man and the gun is liable to bore a hole through the first suspicion."

"There that is a good fellow," he added as the proprietor counted out the money and the ranchman put it in his pocket, "I knew you would be glad to make good any mistakes. We will bid you good-bye now. But don't loose sight of the fact that if you make an unfriendly move before we are out of range, you will be an immediate candidate for a shroud."

Lucky Ten Bar put his argument-settler back into his packet and threw a bit of silver on the bar.

"Let us for acquaitance sake have a smoke apiece out of your three-for-a-quarter cigars. I suppose they are the best you have."

CHEYENNE CAMP, INDIAN TERRITORY.

Diamond Jack's tongue seemed paralyzed but he got the cigars.

Then with a friendly salute the two Westerners left the place.

CHAPTER XIV.

SOUTH BOUND WITH A MEXICAN.

After the escape from Diamond Jack's unsavory den, the two men walked rapidly down the street in silence. Presently Hiram Tinsley stopped before a clock in a window.

"Half an hour past midnight," he exclaimed, "and I am to board my train for home at one o'clock! By the holy school of Peripatetic philosophy," he continued. "I want to get there. I havent been so anxious to see Mary Jane since our courting days. Thrash my cats, if Chicago society has any more inducements for me. Come along with me to the station. It's only about half a mile over yonder."

He caught Lucky Ten Bar by the arm and hurried him rapidly along as if the one object of his life was to get back to the Tinsley ranch. In due time he found his train but he refused to let his companion leave him until the car began to move. With a loving word to Mary Jane, Minnie, Phil, and the three grandchildren, Lucky Ten Bar bade adieu to the prairie philosopher and returned to the hotel which the policeman had directed

him to the foregoing afternoon. Before getting to sleep he pondered deeply over his experience since entering civilization. Plainly he had come into society at the bottom of thing. His awakening was rapid and his comprehension of the relation of affairs very clear. As a stranger in the midst of such a strange life he felt lost.

The next day he found himself admiring one of the big stores in a crowd that ignored his existence even more than if he were a yearling in a vast herd of cattle on the plains. He imagined that his condition was incomparably more lonesome and friendless.

Presently some jewelry attracted his attention and he found that an accomodating clerk was bestowing upon him a marked solicitude. It gave him genuine pleasure to find some one who thought him worthy of attention. He noticed that another man dressed in a garb much more familiar to his eyes than that of the crowd was standing near him also attracted by the same show of diamonds and gold. The stranger appeared to be as lonesome and friendless as himself. It is said that misery loves company and he ventured to open conversation with the man who was evidently as far from home as himself.

The stranger's accent was as marked as his peculiarities of dress.

"Are you from the mountains?" inquired Lucky Ten Bar.

"Yes," answered the stranger, "but not from your mountains. I am Mexican. I see the city to day and then return home by way of New Orleans "

"I am seeing the city too," replied Lucky Ten Bar

TRAPPING THE BEAVER.

and I guess this day will satisfy me for the present. Suppose we do the rest of our seeing together. It's more social like and interesting not to go it alone.

"All right," replied the stranger carefully examening his new friend and appearing to be perfectly satisfied with the inspection. I have seen everything but the parks. If you have not yet seen them, suppose we take the cable car near here and go first out to Washington park."

One place was as good as another as far as Lucky Ten Bar's knowlege of sightseeing went and the two were soon on their way, growing more and more companionable.

Lucky Ten Bar's information about Greasers was not very complimentary to the people of Mexico, but if all were as congenial as this one, he was ready to change his opinion.

They left the car near the conservatory of flowers and passed admiringly through it. After passing out of the Southern entrance, the Mexican led the way into the bit of waste grounds used as a garden for the growth of shrubs and large plants. It looked more like the caricature of a jungle than a section of a city park.

Here they came upon the prostrate figure of a colossal stone man. One arm was pointing to the sky and another was held out as in depreciation of his treatment. The face looked upward and the eyes were filled with the mud from accumulated dust and dew.

"What is it!" exclaimed Lucky Ten Bar in some trepidation not knowing but that it was a monster from some prehistoric age, similar in origien to some of the

colossal bones he had seen picked up in the Bad Lands and the Black Hills.

"This is evidently a discarded stutue of Chistopher Columbus the discoverer of America," said the Mexican. "I think I have seen it before when it was more honored."

The park policeman observing their curiosity came up.

"Wasn't this the most comspicuous object on your lake front during your fair?" he asked.

The policeman admitted it.

"Didn't it cost a pile of money?"

The amiable blue coat admitted the indefinite amoun

The visitor then walked around the head of the statue and examined it critically.

"What is the cause of such an ignominious downfall to so illustrious a body?" he asked.

"Some one questioned the art of the thing," replied the policeman as thoughtfully as he knew, "and Chicago is such a stickler for its reputation as the art center of the world that the park commissioners immediatly ordered it to be taken down and the place leveled where it had stood. We couldn't allow the public taste to be vitiated by a single imperfect line in any of the city's statues."

The visitor looked relieved.

"I am glad to find," he replied, "that this treatment of the great discoverer's image is not from causes similar to a case that came to my notice down in Colombia. Plainly Chicago has a more esthetic conscience in art than Colon."

"You see it was this way," continued the visitor as

THE OLD TRAPPER

the three men took a seat on the stomach of the great discoverer. "The Empress Eugenie of France disired very much to show her good will to the Spanish American republics, in order to counteract the ill feeling aroused by her husbond's disastrous friendship for Maxmillion who thought he was the man to give Mexico a more stable government. Being a descendant of the Kings of Arragon, she decided that the most appropriate thing she could do was to present one of the sea-port cities of Spanish America, with a colossal statue of Columbus. As the town of Colon on the gulf and in the province and republic of Colombia seemed to be in the center of patriotic remembrances of the great admiral, she naturally concluded that the people there would have the highest appreciation of her gift. Accordingly she set the best talent in France at work on the statue without limitations as to cost. In due time it was placed on a merchant vessel bound for Colon accompanied by an autograph letter to the governor of the province.

"When the captain arrived with his precious cargo, he promptly sent the letter of the Empress to the governor and notified the alcalde of the town that the statue of the beloved Admiral was ready for them whenever they paid the freight. Whatever enthusiasm they may have had vanished with the latter suggestion.

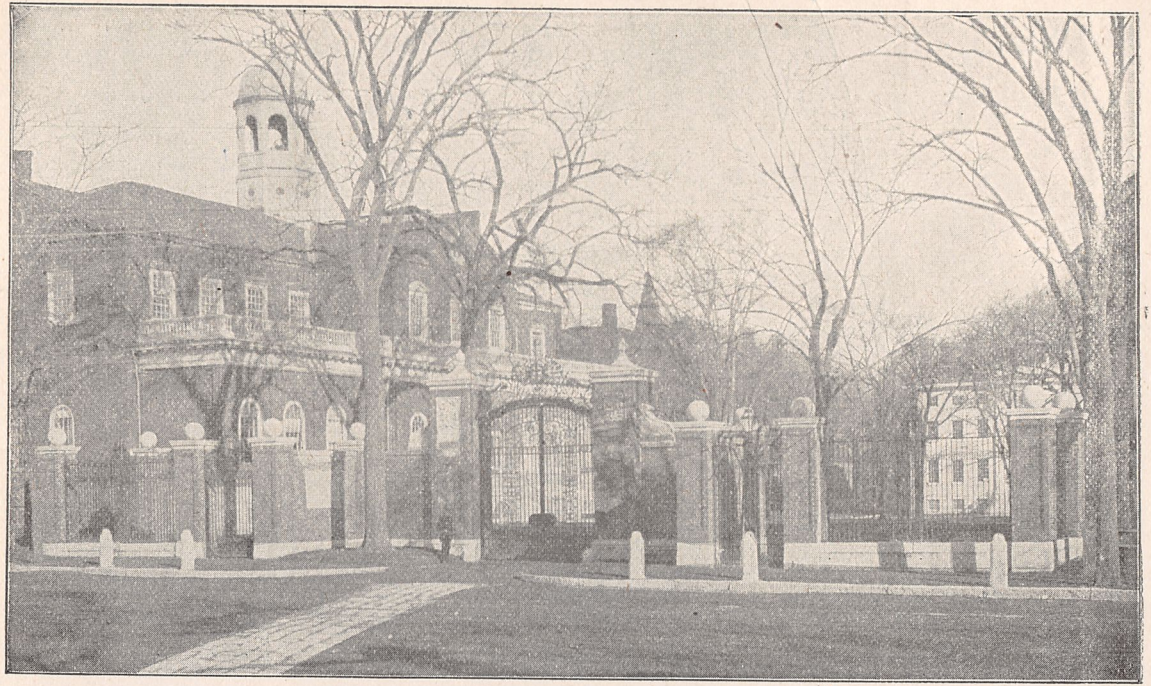
"The captain of the ship heard nothing from the governor or alcalde. The gigantic figure of the Admiral sheltering under his arm the republic of Colombia represented as a timorous Indian maiden lay across the deck on the port side until the time arrived for him to sail,

and still no notice whatever had been taken of the captain or his charge.

"Exasperated at such treatment he ran his vessel as far as he could into the marshy bay and dumped Columbus and the maiden Colon into the surf.

"Several years later when the Panama and Aspinwall railroad was completed, the manager of the company conceived the brilliant idea that the surf-beaten statue would enhance the impressiveness of the pageantry which was to pass by in parade during the inauguration ceremonies celebrating the opening of the railroad to travel. After several days of hard labor the statue was rescued from its miry grave and mounted on a specially constructed car drawn by a dozen yoke of oxen. When the inaugural ceremonies and festivities were over there was no longer any use for it, and no longer any interest in it. So it was set up in the market place without basement or pedestal. The depression it made in the ground was filled with the first rain and the patriotic figure soon became the favorite rendezvous for all the town geese and swine. When I was there last, Columbus was wading knee deep through a goose pond and the Indian maiden's body was pretty well buried under the clay contributions rubbed from the backs of the friendly swine.

"Chicago has a better appreciation of art and the Admiral than the town of Colon, or the republic of Colombia, for this city is willing to pay the bills, charm the visitors with the awe-inspiring figure for a while, and then dump the gentleman into an out of the way place where he can gaze on the sky till the judgment day,



HARVARD COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

when his art detractors will receive their reward and cry for the mountains to fall on them."

"Ah! friend Ten Bar," he continued, "having seen art thus honored let us visit the stockyards."

The policeman gave them directions and within half an hour they passed under the arch of the imposing way which led to the city of dark, massive, and mysterious buildings, that compose the chief slaughter house of the world.

Lucky Ten Bar found his companion to be a man of fine observation and interesting opinion. The Westerner was rapidly achieving such a comprehension that he could decide correctly on the appearances of things in the city, as well as on the plains. Besides, the stories of the Mexican gave an interest to travel, and inspired Lucky Ten Bar with an ambition to see the world.

The live-stock in the yards were the first thing he had seen that seemed natural. He felt a special friendliness for an old steer which he saw bearing a brand with which he was familiar. He patted the old brute on the back and the animal seemed pleased that he had met one friendly man since he had been driven from the plains.

It was now late in the afternoon and the Mexican's train started South at half past eleven. He urged his companion to go home with him but Lucky Ten Bar had promised to be at a certain graduation exercise in the college town of Sunset on the Susquehanna, in Pennsylvania on the first of June and that time was now less than two weeks distant.

Then go with me as far as New Orleans," urged the

Mexican. "It's the most interesting town in the United States."

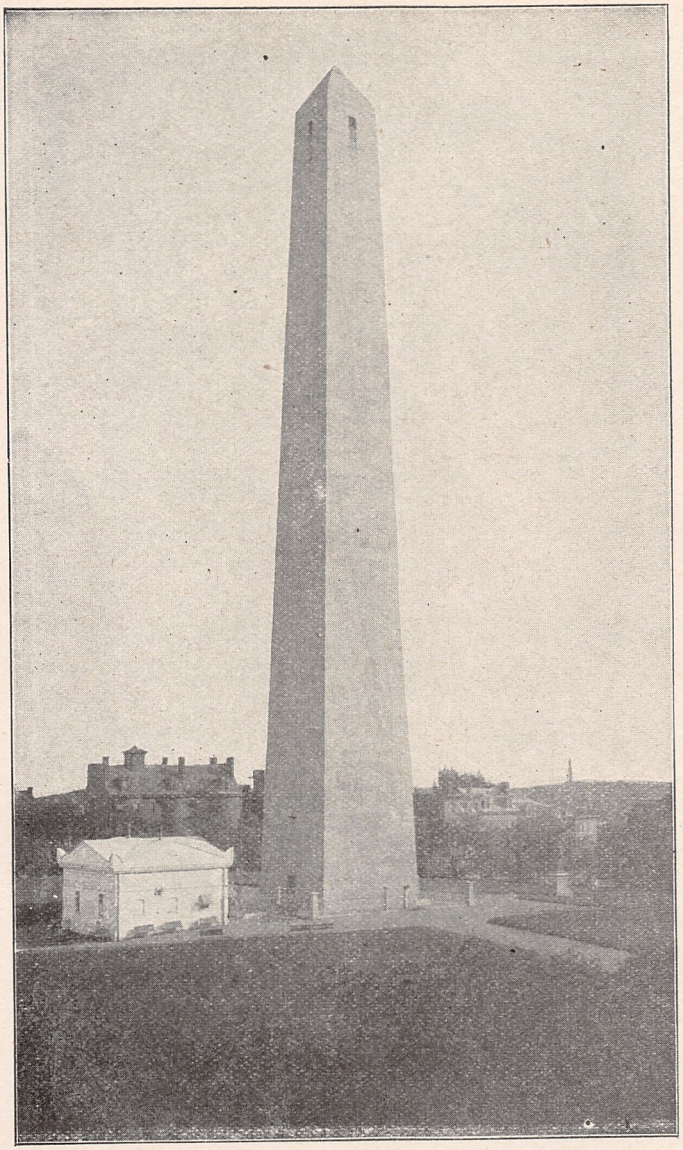
It took but little urging and half past ten found them aboard the train for the Southern city.

Pedro Santillo, the Mexican, was a man who had travelled extensively and he had a fund of stories that not only beguiled the way but added much to Lucky Ten Bar's desire to see the world. Incidentally the Mexican drew many stories from his companion and came to know quite thoroughly his unsophisticated nature as well as his unusual good humor and quickness of perception and action.

Pedro Santillo enjoyed a broad kind of exaggeration, and when he heard of Lucky Ten Bar's experience in Chicago, he decided that there was a good opportunity for amusement at the Westerner's expense in New Orleans.

In the train boy's storehouse of merchandise, the Mexican found a guide-book to New Orleans which contained a short history of the city. In illustraition of the lawless condition of the early days a stirring episode was told. This served the Mexican's purpose to impress Lucky Ten Bar with the conviction that if Chicago was bad, he could expect New Orleans to be very much worse and he must accordingly be on his guard ready to shoot before the other man could draw.

He showed Lucky Ten Bar the guide book and explained that it was furnished by the railroad for the purpose of warning and directing the passengers, as the name implied. There were the names of all the streets, public places and points of special interest. Especially



BUNKER HILL MONUMENT, CHARLESTOWN, MASS.

it was to warn strangers of danger and show them how to avoid difficulties, a thoughtfull consideration that raised much higher in his estimation the railroad that was taking him into New Orleans, than the one that took him into Chicago.

Lucky Ten Bar's experience in Chicago made him especially sensitive on this point. Therefore he was a ready listener when Pedro Santillo read a story to him illustrating the danger and warning the visitors of the pitfalls for strangers in New Orleans. The warning story was substantially as follows.

"Old mother Colby," so the story went, "was sole proprietor of the "Sure Enough" tavern, in which there was a saloon with a gambling attachment. The elder Contreras brother ran the saloon and the younger one the gambling den. Bill Sedley a man from somewhere away up in Arkansas, lost there in gambling at "old sledge-hammer seven up" the bulk of the money he had received from the sale of his cargo, which he had brought many hundred miles through almost incredible difficulties and hardships.

"I'll be danged if I'm not a yaller bantam pullet if Rabe Contreras didn't just now deel a keerd from his sleeve," remarked the man from Arkansas as he saw his money going with the luck of the deals invariably against him.

Drinks were called for by his friends, with the hopes of promoting a more friendly feeling, but Sedley ordered a "cocktail, stiff, you bet!" with a great deal of emphasis.

This was the usual note of defiance used when men were looking for trouble. The Contreras brothers were

noted as quick and deadly shots. They rarly permitted an insult or defiance of any kind to pass without an immediate apology or the offender usually went out soon after feet foremost preparatory to burial. Sedley's friends thought it advisable to take him away and they secured his promise to leave the city with them at once.

The boys went out of the house, expecting Sedley to follow them, but they soon heard him yell in a loud voice, "I'm a child of the snappin' turtle, and I was raised with painters."

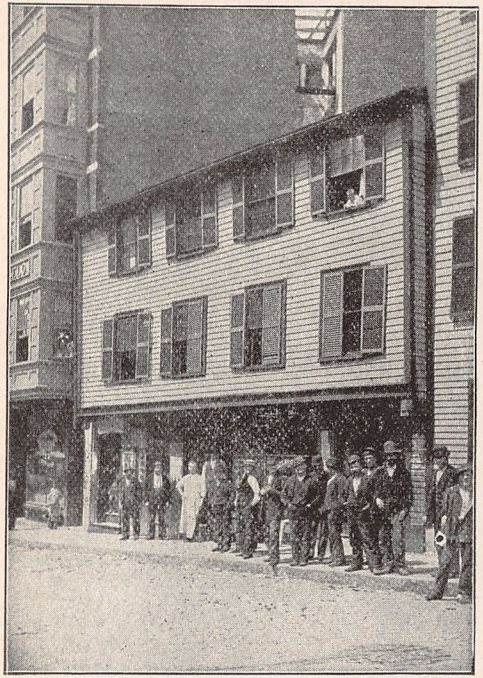
That exclamation was used by Bill Sedley only when he had decided that there should be a funeral. Several pistol shots were heard, and immediately Juan Contreras, who attended the bar, closed and bolted the door.

"Fair play! Fair play!" yelled several of the men outside, trying to get into the saloon. Bang! Bang! went two or three more shots, followed by the crash of glasses and a pandemonium of tables overturning, smashing chairs, yells and curses. Above all could be heard, "I am the child of the snappin' turtle, I am. By the Lord Hokey Pokey come at me some more."

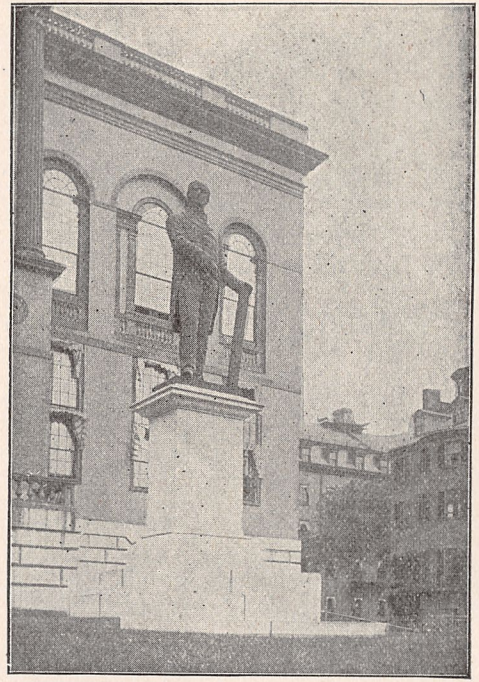
The bang of revolver shots had ceased but the sounds plainly indicated the continuance of a deadly struggle. That the Arkansan was still in the fight was indicated by his incessant talk.

"There take that, you son of a sea cook," they heard him say, "and that you awkward skullion."

A mighty crash followed, indicating that the bar with all its contents of bottles and glasses, had been overturned.



PAUL REVERE'S HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS.



DANIEL WEBSTER'S STATUE, BOSTON, MASS.

Crow bars were brought, and the work of breaking in the heavy doors began.

"I'm the ragen eagle of the peaks," was heard from lungs that showed no weakening of physical power, "and when I flop my wings the avalanche rolls down the slope."

A few moments more and the frenzied listeners heard the struggles grow fainter and fainter, and then came some fearful groans. All sounds seased and some one was unbarring the door.

There stood the doughty Arkansan, covered with blood but smiling blandly.

"Walk in, gentlemen, walk in. I'm tendin' bar now, and it's free drinks to you all. I'm the child of the snappin' turtle, and the American Eagle has lit on the Rockies."

His left arm hung by his side, the flesh shredded almost to the bone from the strokes of a knife. There was a frightful gash in his left temple, and his shirt was slashed and bloody.

"Gentlemen," he cried, "jist help yourselves! the proprietors has went on a sudden journey. Drink to their health, gentlemen, drink to their health!"

The seven-up card-sharp was streched out under an overturned table, his dirk grasped tightly in one hand, but a gaping bowie-knife wound in his left side told the ghastly story of his fate. The bar tender lay in death agonies across the overturned bar, a useless knife and pistol lying near him on the floor.

"Them fellers along the levee think they are quick and tough, was the only explanation ever vouchsafed by

Bill Sedley, but they aren't a circumstance in doing anything to fellers that's fought wildcats and Injins all their lives."

Pedro Santillo concluded the story with an impressive shake of his head. He was careful to conceal the date of this occurence and still more careful to impress Lucky Ten Bar with the idea that such conflicts were to be expected at almost any time and place.

"Ive seen most of the fighting men of the Northern rockies," said Lucky Ten Bar, deprecatingly, as he balanced the story in his mind, and I never knew any of them to yelp and boast as they fought."

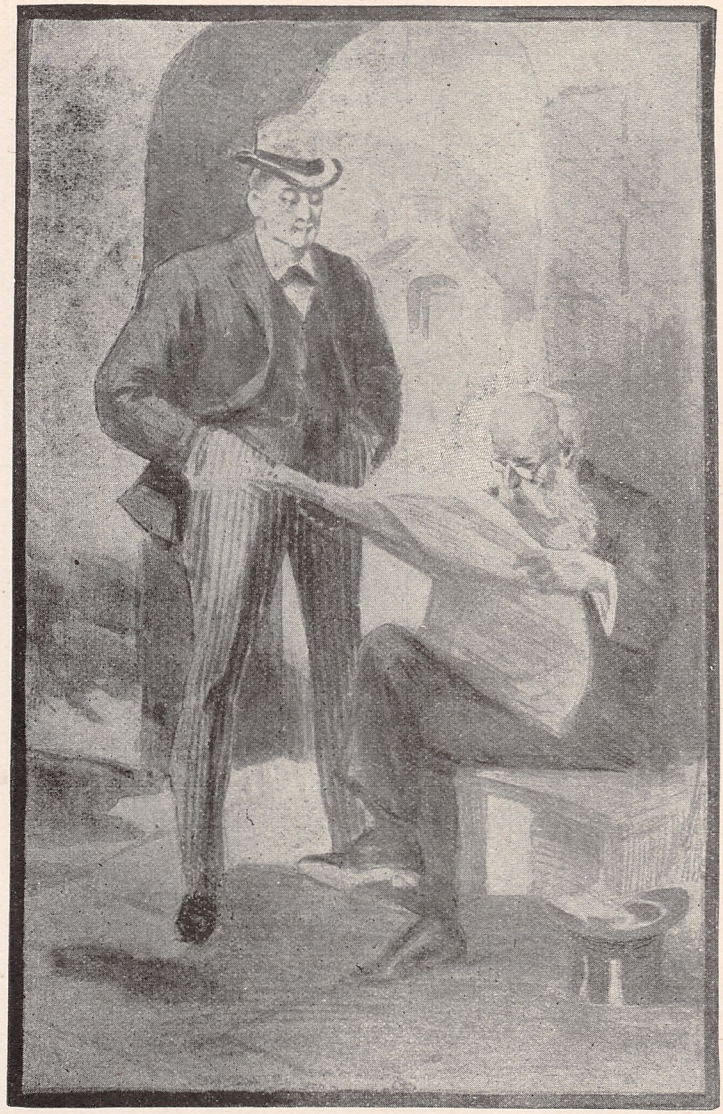
"But," he added meditatively, "the world outside of the plains has some queer creatures.

It was with considerable satisfaction that the Mexican saw his companion buckle a belt under his vest, containing two six shooters, as they came into the station at New Orleans.

CHAPTER XV.

LUCKY TEN BAR IN NEW ORLEANS.

Lucky Ten Bar knew that in such a city as New Orleans was represented to be by the railroad, there were unquestionally many trying and perhaps thrilling experiences awaiting him. He set his teeth to see them through like a hero.



BEFORE THE ARCHED ENTRANCE SAT A GRIZZLED OLD MAN. Page 140

On leaving the depot, they were assailed, by an unrestrained mob of colored boys, desiring to be of assistance to them.

"Heah boss, dis way to de bes' hotel in de city, gemmen."

"Ah, gway yo' fool-niggah an' let de gemmen go wid me!"

"Tak' you' baggage, Mistah?"

"Does yo' want a boy to carry yo' grip around?"

"Show yo' there sah."

It was not uutil they arrived at a cross street that they were able to shake loose from the crazed rabble of importuning piccaninnies, like a hunter fleeing from hordes of mosquitoes, and go on in peace to their hotel. But there the truce ended. Boys of all ages and in all conditions of prosperity and poverty assailed them from every side. Some desired to shine the stranger's boots, others were eager to brush their coats, about half a dozen would be pleased to sell them a morning paper, while a few asked to be allowed to go after their luggage, for any reward from a penny to a nickle.

The Mexican knew how to mange the importuning horde but Lucky Ten Bar became thoroughly disgusted.

"Git out, the whole jabbering crowd of you," he shouted.

"I know the way to the clerk's desk, and when I want help, I'll ask you."

Nevertheless, several ambitious youths nearly knocked one another down in their efforts to lead the strangers to the hotel register. Then they escorted him to the elevator, and one succeeded in following the porter who was

showing the way to the room. A few moments later Lucky Ten Bar was immersed in soap and water. Then there came a knock at the door. Seizing a towel and clearing his soapy eyes, he turned the knob, and before his astonished gaze stood two of his attentive friends.

"Ef yo' wants anything, sah," said one of them, "jes' let Roxey, heah, know 'bout it. I goes off at ten and doan cum back till night."

"Clear out!" cried the exasperated traveler, hastily closing the door. "I'm in the habit of attending to my wants myself."

As he turned to his bathing he muttered somesthing about the blamed Southern hotel that had such hangers-on in the place of properly paid attendants.

They had little enough to eat on the way South and were very hungry. Although it was not too late for breakfast at the hotel, Pedro Santillo preferred to amuse himself with his genial and inexperienced friend. He led the way to the Italian quarters and they took seats at the table in an elegantly equipped restaurant.

A bill of fare in Lucky Ten Bar's hands was incomprehensible enough in English but in Italian it was impenetrable. The Mexican spoke Italian well enough to tell the waiter to take the American's order first and make the food as hot as the law allowed. He went to Lucky Ten Bar and bent over him in the listening attitude of an enraptured waiter looking forward to a healty tip.

Lucky Ten Bar was scanning the bill of fare with hungry desperation. A sudden inspiration came to him.

FANEUIL HALL SQUARE AND MARKET, BOSTON, MASS.

"The same," he ejaculated, jerking his head toward the Mexican.

Pedro Santillo saw the mistake and profited thereby.

"Start us in with a hot tomale," he ordered in Italian, "and follow it up with deviled crabs. You know what you can get up on an order for a late breakfast that will go the farthest toward killing an American. Get it up hot and I will pay the bill."

In due time the hot tomale arrived and Lucky Ten Bar started in on it with all the confidence of a stomach that had long been grievously empty. In accordance with the bigness of Rocky Mountain ideas he took half of the tomale in his mouth at once, gave a bite and a swallow after which there was a sensation. He gave a wild look at his companion and then the conflagration began. Years ago he had been struck with the buck-ague when he drew down on the first Rocky Mountain sheep he had killed, he had felt the sensation of going to pieces when first coming on to a desperado he had set out to run down, he had been run over by a stampeding cattle herd, he had been frozen in blizzards and smothered in hot winds, but this was the first time he had been overwhelmed with all these sensations at once. It took bravery and nerve to be calm. He had both. The eyes of the Mexican were upon him. There was a moment of space in which the half of the hot tomale was the only active object within speaking distance. It seemed to be beating his head in with a tomahawk while bastinadoing the soles of his feet with the flipper of a whale, but the pause was only for a moment. He took

a fresh grip on himself and calmly swallowed the remaining half of the tomale.

He thought he heard the Mexican speak to him once or twice before the rest of the meal was served, but as his tongue seemed to be as large and as long as his arm, he refrained from attempting any reply.

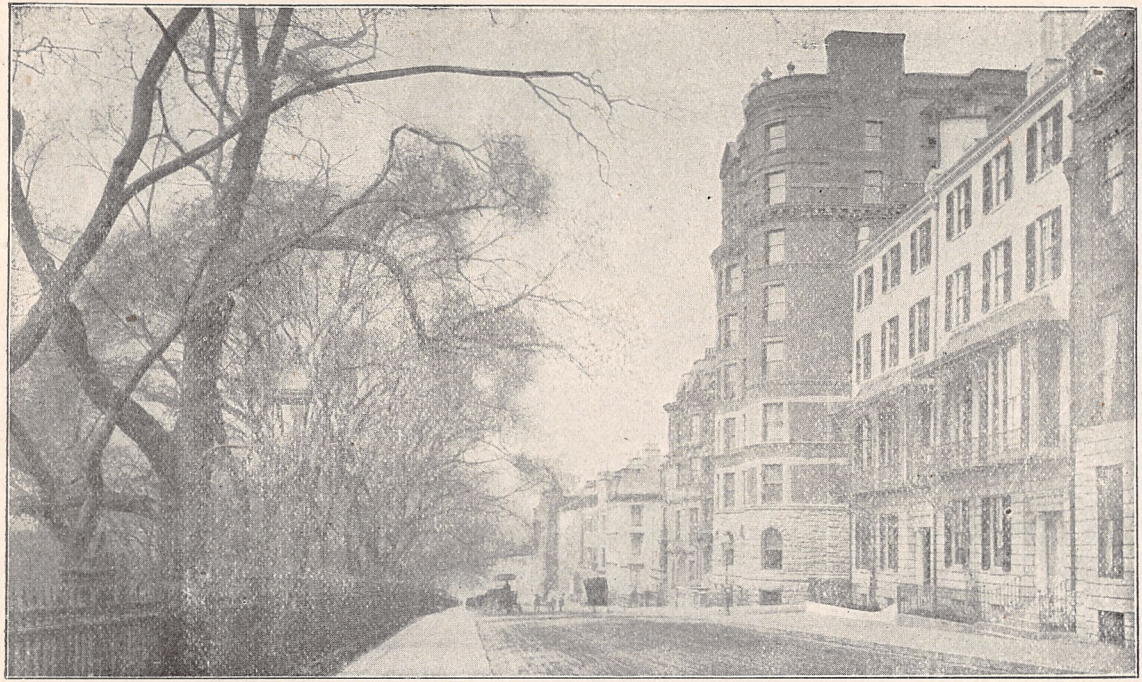
The second course consisted chiefly of oil, garlic and spice. He picked at it daintily for a while and then ate it ravenously when he found that it had absolutely no taste. In due time he found the use of his tongue but it was late in the afternoon before he could fully convince himself whether he was seeing the sights of New Orleans on his head or on his feet. Meanwhile he had been to Jackson Square, the old market, and had taken in all the processes of the United States mint.

The time for the noon luncheon came and the Mexican steered him into the French quarter and set him down in a French restaurant, but as this meal was of small proportion, it cut little figure in the general result. To his gratification he found that the French viands were as tasteless as old straw and he ate like the Mexican.

To be sure the rest of the day was spent in rather a dazed way, and he never knew just where he went, although he realized that he was seeing the city as rapidly as he could be whirled about by carriage or car.

When dark came he was in the Spanish section of the city and of all the vile concoctions called food, his evening dinner was supreme. Then somehow he found himself at the railroad station bidding good-by to his Mexican friend.

"Great man!" exclaimed Pedro Santillo, in parting



BEACON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

from Lucky Ten Bar. "You are a man after my own heart, the first American I ever saw who can swallow like an Italian, relish good food like a Frenchman, and digest like a Spaniard. Come to the city of Mexico, go to the president's house and inquire for Pedro Santillo, you shall then live on the fat of the land."

Lucky Ten Bar nodded his head with an attempt at a smile but it was a feeble attempt. Then he reeled off to his hotel, shook the colored picaninny satillites off like a foundered horse, barred the door end went to bed. He was still there twenty-four hours later and strange to say he was not hungry. Luckily the big pitcher on his stand was filled with water when he went to bed, but at the end of the twenty-four hours it had all been poured down his throat upon the comflagration and still he felt like a Pensylvania coal mine afire. The next morning he felt a pang that he recognized as what once meant hunger. He found his way to the hotel dining room and astonished the waiter by ordering three beef-stakes well done a la American.

When his hunger was appeased there was nothing left on the table but the spices and sauce bottle. They had been untouched. Then he went to the bath room and rolled for an hour in a tub of cold water. Half an hour later, he was out in the fresh air, beating his chest like a horse kicking down a barn door and assuring himself that he was really once more Lucky Ten Bar.

"Only wait until I get that Mexican into a suitable place," he consoled himself with thinking. "Wont I make it hot for him?" Well the Italian, French and

Spanish stuff he tried to burn me out with wont be a circumstance to the dose I'll give him."

He walked on and on without care as to direction satisfied to see what might be seen by accident.

"A stupid town," he declared to himself after walking an hour or more and seeing nothing. "No where to compare with Chicago. The people are such blamed fraidy-cats that they build high iron fences around their houses, and put their door bells and locks on the gates. Nothing impresses me here but the garlic, oil, and conflagration peppers."

"Well here's something, a garden I suppose," he mused, stopping at the corner of a high moss covered and crumbling old brick wall.

The place was not large but it aroused his curiosity to see before him an archway entrance at which sat a grizzled old man as guardian.

"What's the price?" he asked.

"Nothing," was the reply of the old man who continued to read his newspaper without a break, "go in and stay as long as you want to."

Lucky Ten Bar gave a gasp as he stepped inside.

"I should say a garden," he exclaimed aloud. "A garden where they plant people and raise tombs. I may stay as long as I want to? Well, I think I'll set a limit, I would not be planted here for the best unmortgaged ranch in Parson Brown's better world."

"What's the name of this tarnal planting place," he inquired.

"St. Louis," was the reply without lifting his eyes from the paper.

BATTLE BETWEEN UTES AND COMANCHES,

"How old is it?"

"'Bout two hundred fifty."

"How long have you been here?"

"Thirty years."

"How long are you going to stay?"

"Till Gabriel blows his horn."

"What's behind them furnace doors in the the wall?"

"Bodies and bones."

"How many?"

"Five hundred bodies in the wall and in the under vaults two thousand five hundred times two hundred and eight bones in dust and pieces."

"That's good! Here's something. Now give us some more."

The old man felt a silver piece slip into his hand. The newspaper went down with a bang that made Lucky Ten Bar shiver as if a ghost had suddenly flung open one of the furnaces-like doors and thrown one of the withered wreaths in his face.

The old man took Lucky Ten Bar by the arm and ambled nimbly from tomb to tomb reciting the history of each with the time and precision of a song.

Some of the tombs were of beautiful marble, but many of them were of perishable stone or worse brick. Most of the vaults were gray, cracked and weather-beaten. On some there was not the slightest sign of an inscription. Once in a while there was a stray word or letter, but the rest had all been obliterated by time. The tombs were so thickly planted that they were separated only by narrow footpaths. Weeds and grasses surrounded and nearly covered them. One was shaded by a large

tree, the roots of which twined in and out of the tomb, apparently having, at one time received nurishment from the corpse itself. There were all signs of age and utter neglect. The shell walks were uneven and crooked, the gates weather-beaten and unhinged and some of the tombs in the last stages of decay and destruction.

"Is this a freak place?" inquired Lucky Ten Bar as the circuit of the narrow garden of the dead was completed and the old man took his accustomed seat, becoming once more immersed in his newspaper, utterly oblivious to the presence of living or dead.

"No," was the sententious answer.

"Are there any others?"

"Dozens."

Lucky Ten Bar gasped.

"Guess I'll leave this town," he thought, as he walked away. "I wont risk any chance of being planted here. It's most uncivilized like. I'd rather have the Indians scalp me and the coyotes eat me."

An hour later Lucky Ten Bar was aboard a train bowling eastward with a ticket in his pocket for Atlanta.

CHAPTER XVI.

A STRANGE HEROINE.

"Mercy on us," exclaimed an elderly man moving rsetlessly in his seat. "If it warn't dark I'd git out and walk for a change." Lucky Ten Bar, who had drawn

THE YOUNG MAN IN BLACK SKULL CAP SEIZED HER ABOUT THE WAIST AND SPRANG FROM THE TRACK. See Page 146

a close-fitting black skull-cap over his head, nodded approvingly and looked gloomily out of the window into the dark pine forest.

"We'll never git thar, we'll never git anywher," continued the old man despairingly. "At this speed we'll never git out of these endless Georgia woods, leastwise not in my life time Pulls as if we was going up hill and I guess these two coaches with us here and the student's base-ball nine in the front car is too big a load."

A prolonged screech of the engine almost deafened them and the train began to slacken its speed by a series of rocking jerks and bumps.

"Guess a Mobile skeeter is asleep on the track and they're afeared of wrecking the train, No, as I'm alive, it's two passengers out of the woods," exclaimed the voluble old farmer as the car stopped and a bleary old tin lantern cast its spotted shadows over two indistinct forms clambering with difficulty upon the rear steps from the ground.

The car started with a series of neck-dislocating lurches and a man and a girl managed to get the rear door open and stagger with the rolling train from seat to seat through the car to the front end.

The girl smoothed her hair and looked back. Her comely plump face proclaimed her to be about eighteen. Covering her shock of black curls was a broad-brimmed hat of the most unusual fashion.

In the front waved a stately bunch of yellow fennel, in the rear a half wilted jimson flower rested languidly upon the rim, and along the sides were a profusion of

cotton blossoms. Her neck was encircled by a strand of coarse gaudy-colored beads from which hung in front a large yellow disk of metal, that had the appearance of being a gold medal.

The front door of the car opened and one of the students in his fantastic base-ball garb entered and seated himself across the aisle from the girl and her companion. She half arose and smilingly nodded her head to him in familiar salutation. He arose and elaborately returned the bow. A series of shouts from the forward car showed that his comrades had, through the dusty, smoky windows, seen his exhibition of gallantry.

They crowded back into the car and surrounded him offering abundent advice and encouraging his effort with many exclamations of approval.

The girl looked very much puzzled at the singular hilarity of the young men, raised her eye-brows in a comical manner and sat down suddenly on the red cushioned seat with her eyes roving from one to the other.

The effervescent nature of the youths needed no further provocation. The long weary journey had at last produced an object worthy of their wit and humor. The frequent shrieks of the engine, the showers of dust and cinders, the rattling cars and monotonous forests were to be forgotten in a merry flirtation with a fantastic and uncultured girl of the woods.

She was constantly nodding to them and smiling in a most whimsical way. Her companion sat with bowed head and seemed to pay no attention to her movements.

A sudden lurch of the car threw her hat into the aisle

Apache Braves

and a boisterous uproar of youthful hilarity followed as she caught it up and crushed it in her lap.

Then they noticed that she was becoming more restless and that her courtesies and salutations were more frequent and nervous.

"Hello, little sweetheart," ventured the yellow headed youth who had first come into the car.

She answered with a smile and a toss of her pretty head that shook the black curls around in a veil over her face. Then she began to wave her hands up and down like a brakeman signaling the engineer.

"She wants you, yellow-head," cried the youths in a chorus to their red-headed companion, and then they sang, "I want yer you ma honey, yes I do" at the top of their voices.

"Mamie, come kiss your honey boy," sang the yellow-headed fellow illustrating the song with beckonings and jestures. Her arms moved more rapidly than before, she laughed as they laughed and shook her head until her eyes shone through the tangled mass of dark ringlets like those of a rabbit peering out from its burrow of grass.

"I'll not stand such insults any longer," cried the young man in the black skull cap to the old farmer, as he rose and walked rapidly down the aisle to the students. Lucky Ten Bar meant business.

"Shame," he cried to the leaders, "don't you see that this girl has all the features of a lady of refinement and all the indications of an insane women."

A roar of boisterous laughter drowned his voice to be

in turn overhelmed by the shrieking of the engine signaling another cross road station.

The girl arose and began to wave her crushed hat frantically up and down scattering the flowers about over the seats and the aisle. A wild scramble with yells like pandemonium took place to possess the mementoes and the young men fought for them like frantic lovers.

Meanwhile the car had run out on a switch and stopped. The head light of an engine in the distance showed the approach of a passing train. As the young men were scrambling over one another in the aisle at her side the girl sprang upon her seat and leaping over the back, she ran down the aisle toward the rear door.

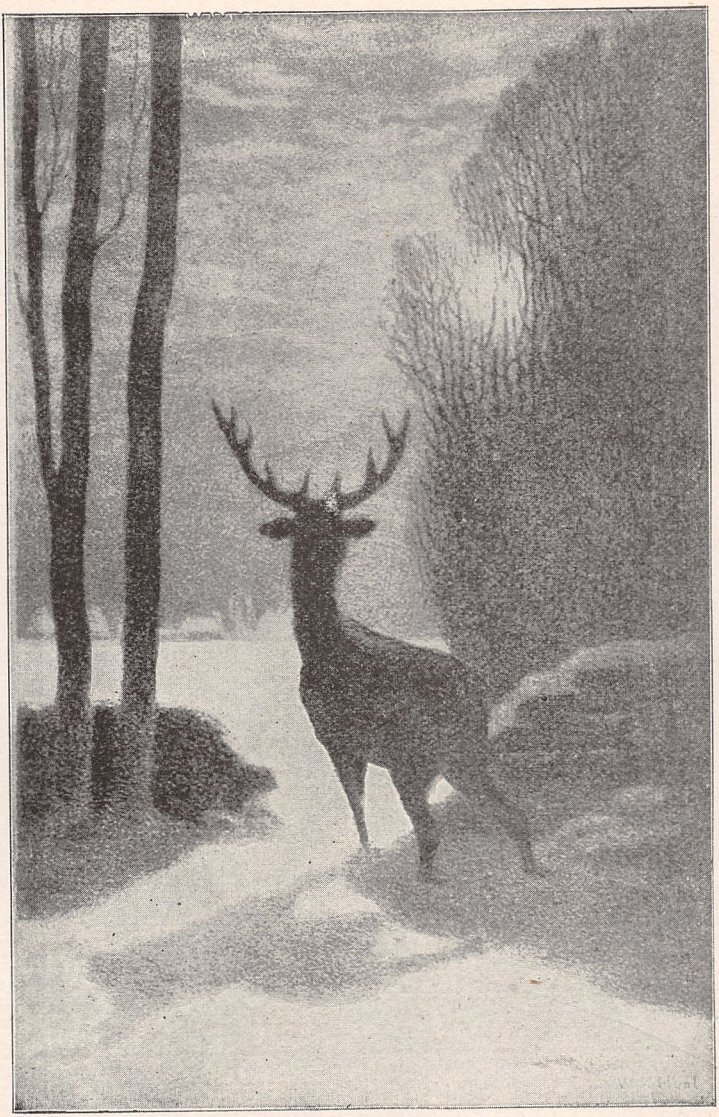
"Stop her, for God's sake, stop her," cried the man who had sat so patiently and humbly with her in the seat, as he tried to get past the mass of struggling youths.

Realizing that something appealing to their better manhood had taken place, they ceased their boisterous conduct and listened.

"Daughty, poor Daughty, my little girl, O my God, where is she," he cried in terror and despair.

The headlight of the coming engine began to stream in a great glow along the track. Suddenly a figure sprang out of the darkness directly into the roadway of brilliant light and the arms beat the air with the broad-brimmed hat as if in frenzied signalling.

The roaring engine was now only a few feet away. A groan of horror, arising in the throats of all changed to a shout of joy as the young man in the black skull cap seized her about the vaist and sprang from the track just as the train went thundering by.



DEER BY MOONLIGHT.

All were gathered around her in a moment, but she had fainted and was in a profound stupor.

The crest-fallen students carried her into the car and made a comfortable bed for her. All night she lay unconscious. When morning came she opened her eyes.

"Daughty, do you know me," asked her father tenderly and anxiously.

"Know you, daddy? why of course I do. What a foolish question."

Then she grasped his hand and asked excitedly: "The train, did I save the train?"

"Yes, a whole year ago," cried her father joyfully. "And here is the gold medal given you for your noble bravery," he said lifting the yellow disk that hung from her neck so its figures could be seen. There was plainly pictured the figure of a school girl, with her books strapped about her shoulders, fighting the fire on a bridge high over the water, with a passenger train just appearing in the distance.

The shock following her heroic deed had thrown her into brain fever and unhinged her mind for a year. The excitement through which she had just passed, acting in the mysterious ways of such things, had restored the mental balance and she began to live again from the point where her mind had become blank the year before.

There are now nine successful young business men who claim that the lesson of that night was the turning point in their lives, when they laid youthful folly aside and tried henceforth to reason justly and to bear consistantly the character of men.

CHAPTER XVII.

A NEGRO NOT BORN TO BE HANGED.—AN INTERRUPTED LYNCHING.

The first evening after his arrival in Atlanta, Lucky Ten Bar accepted an invitation from the keeper of a Summer resort hotel in the mountains of Southern Virginia. Here he felt more at home than at any place he had seen since the train took him out of the station at Harrison, Nebraska. On the third day of his visit occured a characteristic adventure in which the Western training of Lucky Ten Bar came in good play, but of which his friends never heard until they read in an Ohio paper the story, as written by a philanthropic old gentleman named Johnson who found himself unexpectedly one of the central figures in the impending tragedy.

Lucky Ten Bar never liked to tell of any episode in which he had a prominent part. Therefore this experience would have gone into oblivion if it had not been for the admiration of the fussy old gentleman who was involved.

In this case, he was enjoying the scenery about the solitary hotel in the mountains and incidentally recuperating from the unusual mental and physical disturbances of the last few days.

The old gentleman in question with his wife was there for the period of Winter months and had become greatly interested in the stories of a negro school just over a near ridge of the mountains. There was some

A MOMENT MORE AND A DOZEN HORSEMEN CAME INTO VIEW. Page 153

kind of a feud between the white people of the region and the negroes who were friends of the school. One day the old man determined to visit the school, although against the protestations of the landlord of the hotel.

A character of the place, who was known as John Roberts, offered to take him on the proposed visit. Roberts had just finished building a house for himself near the hotel and was waiting for his family to come up from Tennessee.

The guide led the old man a toilsome journey over the ridge and when they came in sight of the school building there was yet an almost impossible chasm to be crossed.

The guide looked across and declared that the school building was deserted. Plainly the school had a vacation or for some reason was closed. He offerered to go and see for sure while the old man rested.

He was gone nearly an hour and then came back saying that there was a notice posted on the door to the effect that the two week's Spring vacation was then being taken.

The old man sorrowfully returned to the hotel having taken his exhausting walk for nothing.

What follows is the story as the old man wrote it to his home paper and is perhaps more interesting in his own quaint description.

"The next morning," so the story ran, "I was in my room absorded in the news of the daily paper when there was a series of sharp raps upon my door. Startled at such an intrusion I bade the impatient visitor to come in. To my astonishment half a dozen excited men entered.

"Were you at the nigger school yesterday?" the leader inquired bluntly.

"No, sir," I replied. "I got no nearer than half a mile."

"Did your guide, Mr. John Roberts, go there?"

"I do not know," I said angry at their abrupt catechizing. I could be induced to believe that when he left me to go to the sable institution of erudition, which you mention, that he merely ambled down into one of the shady gulches took a nip at bis bottle and after half an hour's sleep came back with a report collated from one of his dreams."

"You say you do not know," interrupted my persistent questioner. "Do you hear, gentlemen, he says he does not know. Remember Mr. Johnson we have wittnesses to what you have said, and at the same time just recollect that we don't relish having outsiders making any interference in the administration of justce among our own people."

They went out before I could again get my tongue under control it was twisted into so many whip-cracking words struggling for utterance. I remained speechless until my wife came in and shook me together. When I told her what had happened she said that neither of us ever had an ancestor so degenerate as to bequeath us an inheritance of hereditary timidity and we forthwith became furious. She wanted to know what it was all about. Then it occured to me that I did not know, that I had not thought to find out. My wife disappeared through the door and I was contented to leave the matter with her and go back to my news-paper.

Ta-her-ye-qua-hip, or Horse Back's Camp

In a little while she returned with the information that the white people were in great wrath and excitement over the audacity of one of the nigger teachers in having John Roberts arrested on the charge of having set fire to their school house the afternoon before, from which cause it had been reduced to ashes. Such a display of impudence against the white population had never been heard of until the nigger teacher had begun to teach them anarchy. I now saw where I was interested and my wife said, that, if necessary, she would furnish all the money needed to prosecute the criminal who would do so inexcusable a dead as to burn down a school house. My wife is a very determined and patriotic woman, but some how she cannot rise in politics and philosophy above school houses and homes.

The day passed peacefully. The next morning my wife went down to breakfast earlier than I, thus leaving me subject to the intrusion of any ribald interloper. She had scarcely left the room when the manager of the hotel knocked on my door. I found him in a very disturbed state of mind.

"Do you know," said he, "that Mr. Robert's house was burned down last night."

I confessed ignorance.

"Fearing trouble, Mr. Roberts sent his family that had just arrived from Tennessee to stay all night at a neighbor's, while he slept in the new house.

In the night he was awakened by some sound. He smelled fire and rushing outside saw his house in flames, and the negro who caused his arrest yesterday, just

disappearing in the darkness. Some men headed by Mr. Roberts are out after him and if he is caught,"—

The hotel manager stopped and smiled.

I shuddered.

My wife had returned in time to hear the last words. I was mute, not so my wife. She is a woman of opinions. She had been investigating.

"Mr. Roberts would have made a fine politician if he had been brought up under favorable conditions," she began. "His house is insured for more than it is worth, but he will never be able to collect the insurance; he is after the young man who swore to having seen from a neighboring cliff the negro-hating gentleman set fire to the negro's school house, but I think the witness will not be hanged to-day."

The hotel manager protested a little against such sentiments and left the room. My wife is a very correct woman. She is a prophet.

All day I was nervous, restless and miserable. In the afternoon my wife advised me to take my gun and Uno our little dog and go out along one of the near mountain ridges where I could find some exhilirating amusement in correcting the sights of my gun on some convenient target. I consented and Uno was transported with delight to see me go out alone. He performed acrobatic feats enough to have given him international fame at a metropolitan vaudeville.

The day was beautiful and I walked a long distance up the ravine. I was looking around for a target wide enough to correct the errors of my gun, when Uno began to whine and run between my feet. The sounds I had

Apache, Black Hawk's Camp

interpeted as the fall of water beyond me now resolved itself into the tramp of horses feet. A moment more and a dozen horsemen came into view. One of the horses was carrying a young negro.

John Roberts was riding at the front and when he saw me he gave a yell that caused the men to stop their horses.

"There's the jaded old cuss who thinks niggers better than white men," he cried. "Let's give him an object lesson in good government. His companions gave vent to their approval and enthusiasm by yelling and firing rifle shots in the air.

"What are you going to do with that boy?" I asked boldly walking forward on the elevation where I stood to a point near them and nearly on a level with their heads.

"Hang him, hang him," they yelled vociferously over and over again.

Such blood as I had was up and pouring around through me like a thousand cataracts.

"You lawless, God-forsaken men," I cried. "I will go the boy's bail for any sum your magistrate may name. Otherwise, put him in jail like decent civilized men and I will give a ten thousand dollar bond to see that he is punished if convicted by any lawful decision of any legally constituted jury."

Such a howl of prolonged laughter I never before heard. One would have thought that the skirmish line of two contending armies had suddenly met from the rapid reports of fire arms that followed their yells, all fired in the air in celebration of my speech.

"Here's a tree with a limb made for the purpose," cried John Roberts. "Bring the nigger and the rope and let the gouty old cuss get a good view of the best free show he ever saw."

A rope was thrown over the limb near me and the horse carrying the boy was being led to it. Then I was startled by the sudden appearance of a man at my side.

"Hold," he cried in a powerful voice and with uplifted hand. The men stopped in sheer astonishment at being so boldly interrupted.

"Who is the accuser of this boy?" added the man in the same voice of authority.

"I am," said John Roberts stepping out from the rest.

"Of what do you accuse him?"

"Burning my house."

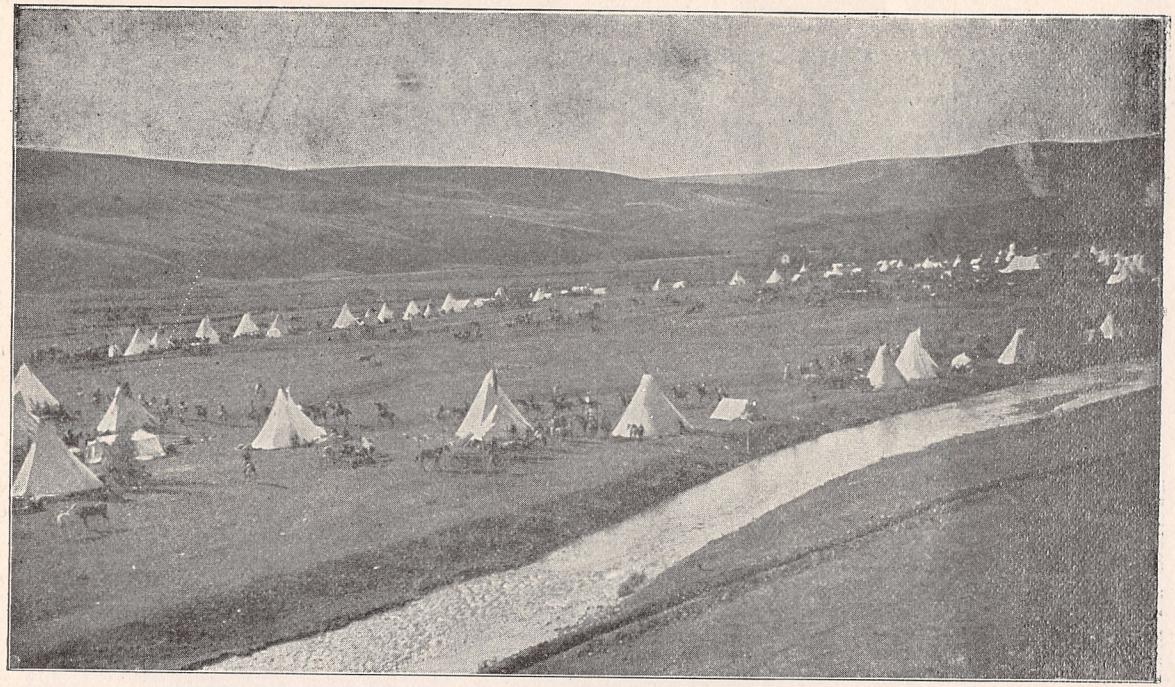
"When?"

"One o'clock last night."

"Let not one of you dare to damn your soul with the awful crime you are about to commit," continued the man whom I now saw to be the Westerner who had caused us to stare so at the hotel.

"That boy is guiltless, I saw the negro preacher an hour ago who says that this boy left his house last night in the company of others who came to tell him the result of a meeting held a few hours before to consider the rebuilding of their school house. And that man's word goes, see."

"It would have been impossible," continued the Westerner, "for him to have reached Mr. Roberts house till it was in ashes, even if there were not abundant



Indian Camp on the Nez Perce Reservation.

evidence to prove that he did not cross the mountain all night."

"He's lying for the nigger," cried John Roberts in a rage. Up with the fire-bug and let all meddlesome outsiders take warning."

A rush was made for the tree.

"Stop," cried the man at my side in a voice that echoed through the ravines.

"Stop" he repeated, snatching the gun from my hands, "I will prevent this atrocious murder at any cost. Loose the prisoner or the first unlawful movement of any of you shall mean death to the man that does the moving, see."

"Come here," he commanded beckoning to the colored boy.

The boy jumped from the horse and climbed the rock to our side.

"This boy is not under lawful arrest," he continued, "therefore you are justfied in letting him go. If you go home and do some investigating, you will find that Mr. Roberts house was set on fire from the inside, and yet, his windows and doors went through the fire locked. The incendiary carried a key."

"Lies! Lies!" screamed John Roberts jerking his shot gun to his shoulders. The sharp note of my rifle was heard followed like a magnified echo by the report of the shot gun held smoking in the hands of John Roberts. That worthy advocate of summary justice was dancing about shaking a bleeding hand and one of the horses was roaring and snorting almost throwing his rider at every plunge. Blood was flowing from the poor

animal's side where a charge of buck shot had entered. Then the enraged owner began to curse the unfortunate Roberts, whose shot gun had been discharged so prematurely, with a torrent of oaths that brought the sympathy of all the men to the poor horse. To hang an accused negro was commendable justice but to kill a horse was evidently in their eyes an unpardonable crime.

The poor animal was soon killed to make an end of its misery, and thoroughly demoralized, the men filed along the ravine after John Roberts, who had hurried away to dress the wound made by my rifle, which proved itself unerring in the cause of human rights.

"I thank you very much for the use of your gun," said the interesting young man. "A very excellent gun, sir, a very accurate one. I hope you will consider the catridge as one having expended its force in a good cause."

While I was standing around trying to thank him, he got away and I have never seen him since.

My wife would have done better.

She got enough facts into the hands of the insurance company so that the scoundrel could not collect a cent on the house he had burnt, but I have never heard that he ever had any other punishment.

AT THE DEPOT IN SUNSET HE WAS MET BY HELEN WISNER AND HER MOTHER, See Page 169

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE LONG WAY THROUGH DIXIE.

"Atlanta! how do I like Atlanta!" repeated Lucky Ten Bar. "Well I'd rather die there than in New Orleans. It's more elevated and people are put away there like Christians. That's the first thing I inquired about when I got off of the train. When I found she was civilized on that count I was willing to put up for a stay all night."

Lucky Ten Bar's seatmate in the car, that was taking them Northward from Richmond, smiled at the peculiar conceit of his companion but saw clearly that he was in earnest.

"Did they have anything there that struck you as being as interesting as what you saw in New Orleans or Chicago?" inquired the traveling man who had become interested in the Westerner.

"Did they!" exclaimed Lucky Ten Bar. "Well I should say they did. I believe they have the greatest theater there on earth. I paid a dollar to stand up at the Grand Opera Show in Chicago and heard a lot of people singing their raging quarrels and bloody murder at one another, but in Atlanta they put it through according to Hoyle. Besides it only cost half as much for a seat in the front row as it did for the stand-up at the singing-show. The nigger band they had put it all over the

Grand Opera orchestra or whatever you call it. They played natural. Only one thing dashed me a little as I was leading the usher down to my seat. I was very much surprised to hear an awful noise, a continual buzz, buzz, so loud that you couldn't hear yourself think. But when I got to my seat and turned around and looked up at the gallery I knew where the noise came from. The gallery was one mass of pickaninnies. Nearly every face was slashed with an extensive grin, the few boys that weren't laughing were taking part in excited arguments over seats and standing room, Well you never heard such a din or saw such an amusing sight in your whole life. When the first musician came out and unfolded a music rack the black-faced crowd exploded completely, and the howls and hoots and whistles and squeals were indescribable. The howl kept up during the whole time the string band was see-sawing and continued throughout the first act. Every few moments the hero or the funny man or the old servent would march to the front of the stage and implore the mob to cease their shrieks, but they were waiting for the pickaninny band, and when the talented pickaninnies appeared on the stage you could hear a pin drop. The colored performers on all kinds of knock-out instruments were called back as long as the gallery lungs held out."

"O it was a great show," reasserted Lucky Ten Bar as he saw his companion smiling.

"There were two good villains that hissed 'fo—oiled' and 'cu—u—rssse him,' and tried to slay the hero three times in every act, but they couldn't do it, because little Georgia, the heroine, always arrived in time to save him.

NAVAJO CHURCH, NEAR FORT WINGATE, NEW MEXICO.

There was an old negro who told about Jonah getting into trouble with a whale, and an old mammy who did a jig. Everybody got married in the last act, except the two villains who were hustled off to jail. That show was as good as a circus, and I tell you I know what a good circus is for I won a broncho at one once, as good a broncho as ever bucked a meddlesome tenderfoot off his back or kicked the daylights out of a horse-thief."

"How do I like Richmond?" he continued as his inquisitive friend drew out in conversation the unique observations of the Westerner. "O, I like Richmond the best of any place I have struck yet and if I could not live in Paradise Valley I believe I should like next best to live in Richmond. About where Jeff Davis' mansion stands would be the site I should select for my home, and the mansion itself would do very well for me. It is a very handsome building especially as it has been done over by the ladies of the Confedercy for their museum. It has a fine view of the James river and all the country across the river, and I believe that house would suit me to a "T".

"The floors are all marble and the stairs are stone; it looks as though it would stand for ages. I had remorkable good luck in Richmond for I took a letter of introduction to Mr. A. C. Becker, who was untiring in his courtesies to me and insisted on showing me every spot of historical interest. He did me the honor to bring his wife and two charming daughters to dine with me at the hotel one evening.

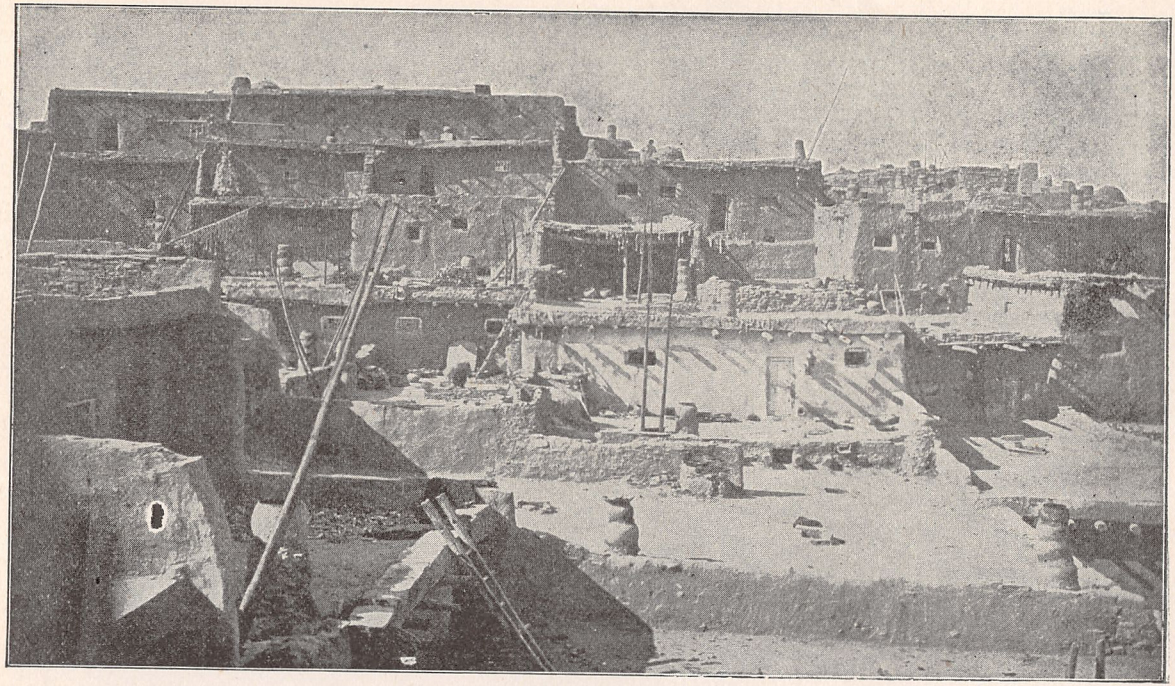
"He showed me the old St. John's church, where a fellow they called Patrick Henry once stood up and sassed

the British, he showed me Gen. Lee's residence and St. Paul's church where Jeff Davis received the news of the surrender of Gen. Lee. He showed me also the statue of Washington in the Capital, and presented me with several thousand dollars of Confederate money. I told him I would rather have "Green Backs" instead but he did not seem inclined to make the exchange.

He showed me Chief Justice Marshall's residence, Gen. A. P. Hill's statue, Gen. Robt. E. Lee's monument, the Monumental church, the statue of Henry Clay in the Capitol grounds, Tomb of President Monroe, statue of Stonewall Jackson and the stone house where Washington's headquarters used to be.

"He took me out to Richmond College and to the battlefields, and I tell you what he made my stay in Richmond one I shall never forget. I notice they have decent cemeteries there and that goes a great way with me, but the air is so good and the location so high, I think it would be a long time before a cemetery would be needed if a person lived there, they might dry up and blow away, but never die.

"O, say, did you go through the State House Grounds and see those large tame squirrels? When I first saw them, I was about to draw my revolver and shoot, but Mr. Becker caught my arm and told me they were tame, so we stopped and you would be surprised to see how tame they were, they jumped on my back and on my arms and would sit on their haunches and eat anything I would give them. They came out of holes in the trees, down the trees, out of the ground and from every direction and if one stopped there a little while they would be all



Pueblo, New Mexico

around and all over him, especially if he had something to feed them as we had."

"I went to the Chamber of Commerce and found it pretty noisy but the noise they made was not to be compared with the noise they make on the Chicago Board of Trade."

"Yes, Richmond is all right, but to see it right you must have someone to show it to you, who is acquainted."

The commercial traveller was thus beguilding the way in an unusually interesting manner, but presently the questions were turned on him. Lucky Ten Bar could ask as well as answer.

"So you once started with your new wife to ride on a tandem from Richmond to Washington," persisted Lucky Ten Bar after he had turned interviewer. "You don't mean to say that you rode over these hills."

"All right, I'll tell you all about it if you are interested," said the commercial traveller. "It's perhaps my time anyhow and my experience may do you good. You may get married yourself sometime."

Lucky Ten Bar shook his head reflectively. "I have never seen but three girls that would suit me. The second got married when I was a boy the third is engaged to be married in a year and the first I was separated from in New York when I was eight or nine years old. I may be able to use your story as a warning to my friends."

"Should you be a stranger riding a tandem with your new wife through Virginia," the commercial traveller began "and should any of the natives tell you that you can ride a wheel from Richmond to Washington, doubt

them on the spot and so save yourself and precious companion from heaps of trouble. I know for it happened so to me. Like many another enterprise this one began in promising conditions and ended in total bankruptcy."

"It was Sunday morning and we were an animated couple spinning with unusual energy on the first tandem that ever ran along the delightful but deceiving toll-road leading north out of Richmond. Our ardor was undiminished even when we plunged into the impassible sand at the end of the turnpike. Not till we had pushed our wheel through two or three negro picnics, comparable to nothing more closely than to disturbed ant hills, did the exhuberance of our spirits begin to wane and the heat of a Summer Sunday begin to tell on our youthful energy.

"Then we struck spiral trails over sandy billows that seemed mountain high. My wife had thoughtfully provided a luncheon but her thoughtfulness had not gone far enough to include something to wash it down our parched throats. Water was becoming the most painfully desirable thing in the world.

"O for a glass of water! Our tandem for a glass of water!" I exclaimed as we began the ascent of a seemingly endless hill.

"Never!" cried my wife as she mopped the perspiration from her face and the dust from her eyes. "It will be longer between drinks than this before I sanction such an offer."

My wife is a matter-of-fact woman unable to distinguish between an exclamation made to the winds and a legal proposition that can not be retracted. A king, in

VIEW OF BROADWAY NEAR CITY HALL, NEW YORK CITY.

the excitement of war, might offer his kingdom for a horse but that tandem was non-negotiable.

We reached the top of the hill, dropped the bicycle in the middle of the road and sat down in the shade of a thorn tree to rest in silence and misery. We wondered if anybody really lived in those interminable clay hills and if they ever had any use for wells or water. Presently our revery was cut short by the clear notes of a song rising from the foot of the long hill.

"Halle, hallelujah
He whom I fixed my hopes upon,
Glory in my soul."

Evidently a happy darky was toiling after us up the hill. The tandem was saved, he would lead us to water without the costly sacrifice of our beloved wheel. We strained our eyes through the overhanging trees down the winding road to catch a glimpse of our welcome visitor. The song came on swelling in volume and we caught sight of an enormous yellow umbrella moving slowly up the hill. A pair of big dust-covered, much dilapidated shoes were plying back and forth just under its lower edge. Not knowing just what might be behind the tent-like structure we said nothing till one of the shuffling shoes struck the rear wheel of our tandem, the umbrella went down and the song and its singer collapsed in its folds.

"O Lawd, have mercy!" roared the black mass struggling between the ribs of the yellow sunshade and the bars of the bicycle.

"Tank de good Lawd," he exclaimed fervently as he

extracted himself, lifted his umbrella clear of the obstruction and stood erect with his back to us. He surveyed in amazement the obstacle that had caused his downfall.

"In the Lawd's name and for the Lawd's sake, what am dat," he exclaimed stepping backwards till his heels struck the bank and he sat down suddenly between us.

"My good man," I said, "Where can we get a drink? We are painfully thirsty."

"Yes, sir we will be everlastingly oblidged to you for a drink of water" added my wife as he rolled his eyes from me to her.

He was speechless and we both repeated our earnest request.

"Wattah! Yes, sah wattah. De sweets' wattah in all de lan. De wattah ob life flowen freely. Whosoever will may come an' drink. I'se jes coming to de belobbed spring fo' de las' time in dis yeah world. Mistah, dat wattah am the healin of de saints."

"Where is it?" cried my wife and I rising in eager expectation.

"De good Lawd hab preserbed dat spring where it am ebber since I was a chile. But I hab been out Wes' an' I am bad. I am a bad nigger, sah. Mo' 'an a hundred miles hab I been out Wes' an I is dangerous."

"But, where is the spring, where is the water? We are dying of thirst."

"Dat's what I allus say, in de mids' of life we am in death. So I'se a trabblin de journey of death. I'se a mountain nigger, I'se a Hoosier and I'se bad."

Zuni Cooking Place, New Mexico.

In desperation I thrust my hands into my pocket and drew out some nickles and dimes. "Take this," I cried, "and show us where we can get a drink."

"Fo' de Lawds sake, Mistah, wherefor should I take yo' money when I'se to be burnt to-night and dere is to be wailin' gnashin' of teeth at the railroad bank yander. I'se a gwine to see if de stuck-up 'spress train, dat doan stop up here for nobody but stuck-up folks at Richmon' and Washington, kin massacre my flesh an' blood wid' impunity. I'se gwine ter see if de stuck-up yengineer kin see a rock in de road as big as ma boy's body. Jes hang around' till de moon cum up in the big brack sky an' den yo see de fires wat am roastin' dis yere niggah. An' yo'll heah de yellen an de hooten mix up wid the groanen of de dyin' when dis niggah am a burnen'. I'se gwyen to try a 'speriment. I'se gwyen to see if de eyes in de engine knows a rock from a niggah boy sleepin' on de track. If dey does know de difference den bang I shoot hees head off when de train stop, 'cause it prove he murdes ma boy. If he kain't see de rock no more'n ma boy, den he go down de bank to de judgement seat."

"What!" I cried in alarm forgetting my thirst, "would you kill a train load of innocent people for revenge on the engineer?"

He looked at me pityingly.

"De good Lawd takes care of his lambs and de folks dat git on dat train is in the hollow of his han."

He rolled his eyes heavenward in speechless reverence. My parched tongue rasped against the sides of my mouth and reminded me of my burning rage for water.

"In the name of the Lord," I implored, "where can we get a drink?"

"Fo de Lawd's sake just behin' yo," he replied pointing through a clump of bushes. I stepped with alacrity to the place indicated and there not more than half a dozen yards away arose a delicious spring of pure water from a nest of pebbles and flowed away under the leaves.

When we had refreshed ourselves, we turned to thank our dangercus benefactor but he was gone.

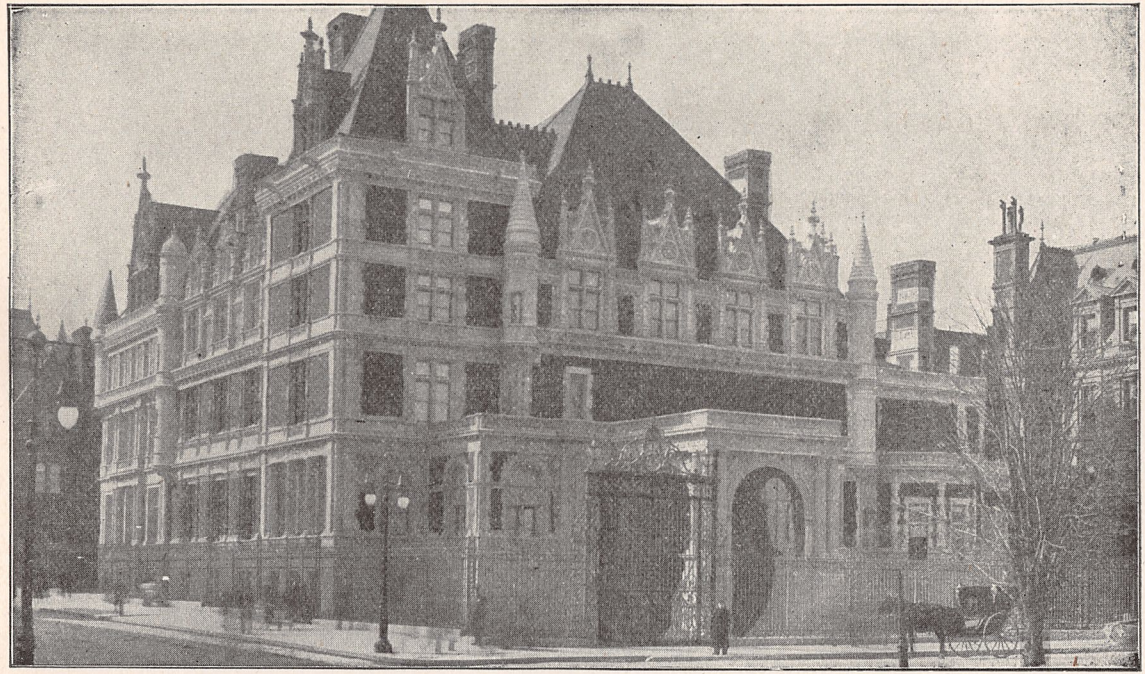
Half a mile farther on, we came to a deserted field across which ran a railroad over a high grade. Near the track, we discovered the big yellow umbrella moving about. It forcefully recalled the horrifying threats of the negro. We saw the umbrella climb the grade and stop on the track, then it came down and rested near an old dead tree? We were too far away to see if any obstacle had been left on the tracks but my wife believed that she could see a dark object like a rock near one of the rails. We heard the roar of an approaching train and saw the rising smoke of the engine just behind the bend.

"Great heavens!" I ejaculated as the perspiration broke out anew on my face, "are we to witness a terrible catastrophe and be powerless to prevent it?"

"Look! he has a gun," cried my wife in horror.

Sure enough the umbrella had been dropped and he held something in his hand like a rifle.

The train was now in sight. I sprang over the dilapidated fence and ran down the field screaming and wildly waving my arms. It was no use, the train rushed on. I



RESIDENCE CORNER OF FIFTH AVE AND FIFTY-SEVENTH ST., N. Y.

stopped and covered my face with my hands. There was no crash. I looked up and the train was speeding away while the negro was calmly digging potatoes with a long-handled hoe."

The story was done and Lucky Ten Bar slowly returned from romance to earth.

With such a genial companion the afternoon passed rapidly and it was nearing evening when a body of water became visible through the car window.

"What's that?" asked Lucky Ten Bar excitedly, "I haven't seen the sea since I was a kid."

"No," answered his companion, "that is the Potomac. We will soon be in Washington. If you want me to, I will take you to a suitable hotel and if you care to spend a few dollars I will order a carriage and guide, who will show you the sights of the National Capital so that you will appreciate them and save time."

Lucky Ten Bar looked at his companion suspiciously. The commercial traveller saw his hesitation and understood the doubt.

"Here's my card," he said. "If anything goes wrong with you while in Washington, call on me or send for me and it will be made right."

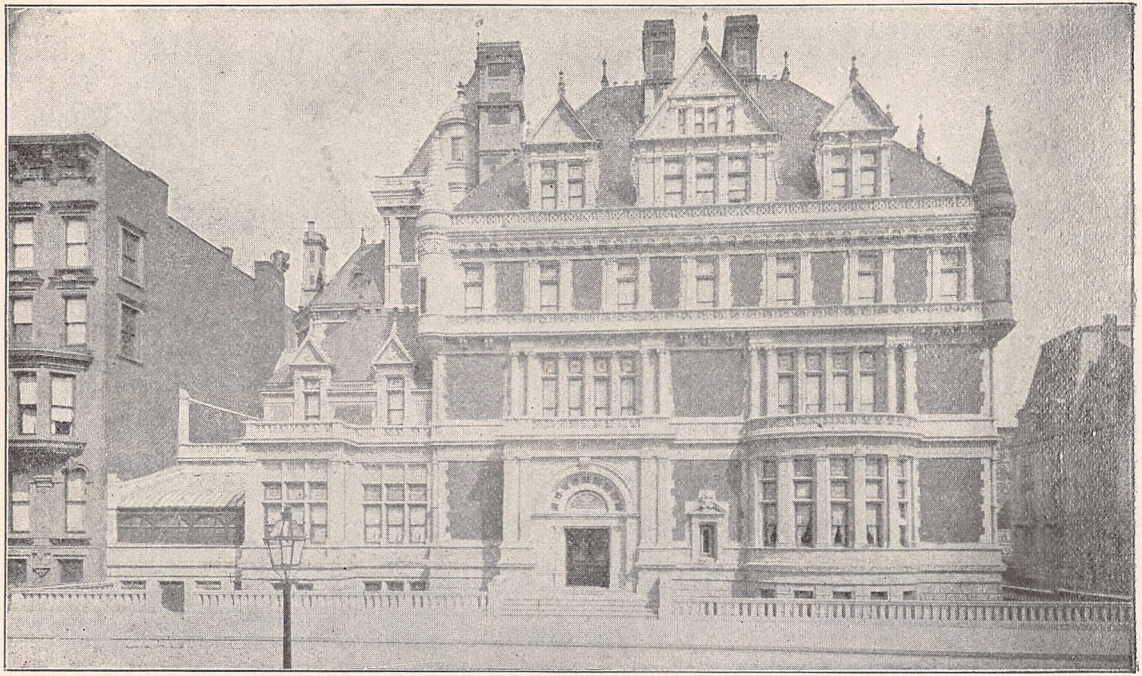
"All right," said Lucky Ten Bar," you know I have had the eye teeth skinned off of me since leaving the plains and I have at last concluded to take Parson Brown's advice and think twice before I make a jump."

The next day Lucky Ten Bar enjoyed the luxury of a carriage and a reliable guide. For the first time in his life as he began to apreciate the machinery of the govern-

ment under which he lived, he felt the pride of being an American. One day was not enough. Neither were two days nor three days. The guide had one of the best patrons he ever saw. It was a revelation and a great awakening. Truly it may be said that the national capital is not only a "city of magnificent distance," as Charles Dickens so well discribed it long ago, but it is a liberal education for every man and woman who would take time to study what it contains.

As seen from the heavy-columed porch at the Lee mansion at Arlington, from the windows that look out from the great Washington monument, from the statue of General Scott, at the soldiers home, or from the dome of the great Capital building, there is more under the eye of the beholder to encourage civilization, than from any other place in the whole world. Such a sight is well worth a pilgrimage across the continent, and the American who has traveled over all the earth, and yet not seen Washington, cannot say that he has viewed the most that has been done in the welfare and progress of mankind.

Lucky Ten Bar regarded it as fortunate that he could get out of the third large city he had been in without a single mishap. Clearly he was becoming wise. As he rode north toward the tittle collage town of Sunset an the Susquehanna, where he was going to be present at the graduation of Helen Wisner, he thought over the events that had occured since he left the plains and he decided that it had in every case required the exercise of as much courage to come out victorious as any of his most dangerous encounters in the West. He also realized



RESIDENCE CORNER OF FIFTH AVE. AND FIFTY-SEVENTH ST., N. Y.

that before he became master of circumstances and conditions in the East, he would require the exercise of still as much more self possession and courage.

At the depot in Sunset, he was met by Helen Wisner and her mother. It was the same genial and admirable girl that he had seen from the gate of the mountain crevice after his hours of horror in the Bad Land, the same beautiful woman he first saw picking flowers in the garden of Paradise Valley. And yet, how changed! More stately, more firm, better poise and stronger confidence. He mentally envied Bradley Van Dusen. There was a man who was fortunate and making no mistake.

As long as Helen Wisner was near, Lucky Ten Bar feared neither the manners and customs of the table nor of the parlor. Her tact made him feel as polished, refined and polite as the best of them. Only one dreadful void was always present. The atmosphere of college talk was new to him and he neither understood nor appreciated the conversation about him.

"My mind needs filling up a bit," he said to Bradley Van Dusen after the graduating exercises. "And I guess I can get hold of the stuff right here to fill up the vacant place."

"You are right," said Bradley Van Dusen giving him a familiar tap on the shoulder. "You just sit around under the gentle showers of knowlege falling periodically in each of the college class rooms and it will be the making of you. But watch out that yon are not dead easy game for the Susquehanna girls."

CHAPTER XIX.

LUCKY TEN BAR AT COLLEGE.

Bradley Van Dusen's advice that his friend spend a year at an obscure though select Methodist college as a midway polishing course preparatory to entering New York society appeared to Lucky Ten Bar to be a reasonable proposition. It would give him a chance to get some idea of history and literature, polish a little both his language and his manners, and at the same time accustom himself somewhat to the society of ladies having Eastern ideas of propriety.

With little difficulty an arrangement was made whereby Lucky Ten Bar could become an irregular student having the priviledge to be a listener in any class that he found most enjoyable and profitable.

The institution was located in a picturesque place among the Pennsylvanian's hills and Bradley Van Dusen was thoroughly familiar with both teachers and students, the little college having been endowed by his father, any friend he brought there was sure of a royal welcome.

"I have only one bit of advice to press upon you," said Bradley Van Dusen as Lucky Ten Bar wrote the name William Brown on the register. "Bask all you please under the tender influences of femininity but don't

SHE CAME TRIPPING ALONG THE PATH. See Page 172.

be susceptible to any of them. I will take you next year into a more profitable field in New York."

Without this advice, Lucky Ten Bar's experience might have been fatal.

Chaos and confusion fill the opening days of the college year, but yield quickly to system and order. Such a process of change from vacation to study produces feeling in those concerned like the first swirl of snow that indicates the change of life from Autumn to Winter.

The haughty certainty of those students who know their places is everywhere evident over the humble uncertainty of the ones who have, for the first time, registered their names on the college books. Older pupils find keen pleasure in showing the new ones how gratifying it is to be familiar and confident, able with ease and assurance to go into places where the novice fears to venture.

A crowd of students, anxiously alert to all that passed about them, stood on the broad steps that lead to the front entrance of the principal building. Their quality as new arrivals, was briefly commented on by the two young men who were strolling leisurely by, arm in arm, as if conscious of a superior standing in that temple of learning. Both were neatly dressed and by their judicial demeanor the observer would decide that but little of their time was spent in the usual frivolities of college life. Some distance beyond them their path through the cedar trees crossed another which lead to the front of the building.

"Look!" exclaimed the young man of the Teutonic cast of countenance. "Yonder comes her Ladyship.

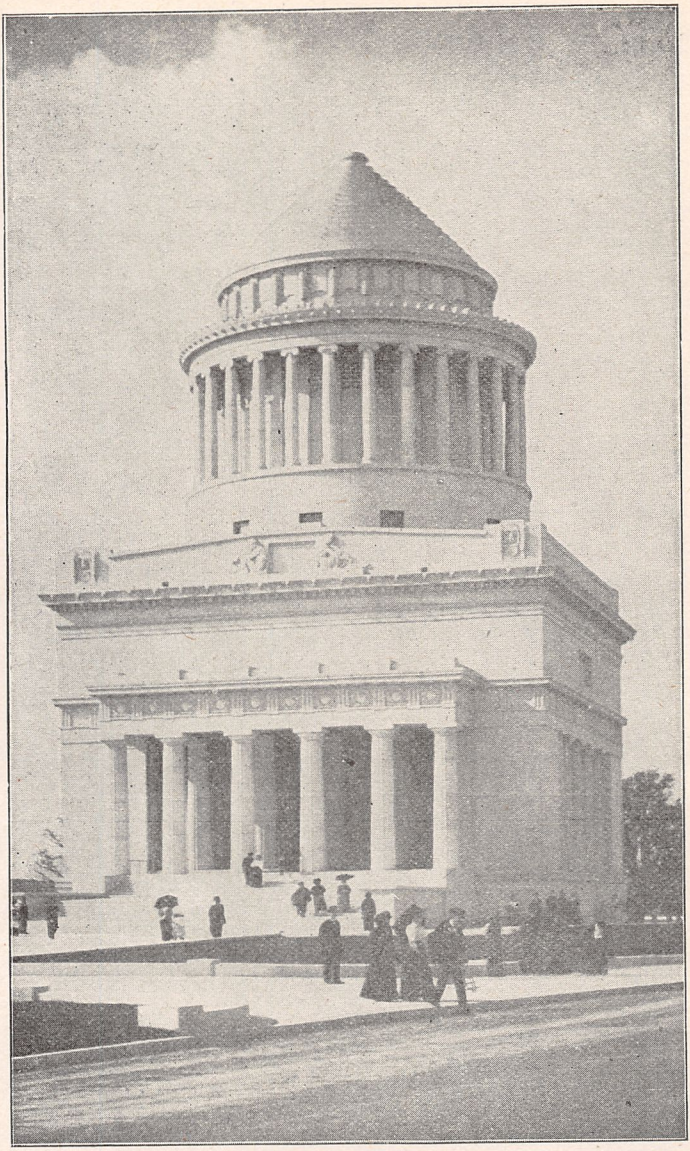
The Summer vacation has made her a trifle stouter; but, no doubt, she is the same interesting Nana and will continue to furnish such observing mortals as you and I with plenty of material for reflection."

His companion, upon catching sight of the girl, stopped short and then moved slowly on, keeping a low-spreading cedar between her and them. She came tripping along the path with the air of a dainty Dresden shepherdess walking out of its world of porcelain. With every step the broad brim of her hat flapped against the half-circle of brown curls that fell thick and tangled about her shoulders.

"You're not so anxious to see her as I would expect," continued the speaker, as he observed with curiosity and amusement the efforts of the other to keep well hidden behind the cedar tree.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the one thus spoken to. "I wish you would walk faster, Otto. She will be sure to see us. I wouldn't meet her just now under any circumstances. Last year you were something of a philosopher and prophet for me. Since that time I have become considerably disenthralled. My awakening may not be due either to your prophesies or your philosophy, but I must admit that it is partly to your credit. My abnormal fraternal interest in trying to enhance the value of her genius has waned. Until I have a more satisfying understanding of affairs, I have decided to be neutral."

"Brave boy! Wise boy!" Otto Hubbard answered, patronizingly patting his friend's shoulder, "I've always had faith in the ultimate triumph of fact over fancy. A



GRANT'S MONUMENT, N. Y.

man is safe whenever he can see the real through the artificial make-up of the ideal."

They turned about and looked after the retreating figure of the girl, now safely beyond them. She was but a short distance from the corner of the building when she suddenly stood still near a bunch of shrubs which surrounded a rustic seat, and then shrank back into the shelter of the thick foilage. After pulling her curls out fluffier around her ears, she began very leisurely to pluck the flowers from the nearest branches of the bushes. The cause of this carefully planned maneuver was soon apparant. A young man of studious appearance and grave demeanor was approaching. He walked slowly, his hands behind him and his eyes upon the ground. As he reached the bushes, the girl plunged her face into the handful of huge blossoms which she had gathered, and stood there as cleverly posed as the greatest actress that ever graced a stage. With an illsuppressed cry of delight he grasped her hands, causing the burden of flowers to fall around them both in a pinkish shower. Seeing the mischief that had been wrought, he as quickly let her hands fall and, dropping on his knees, hastened to restore the flowers he had so abruptly scattered. She thanked him with a pretty courtesy, worthy indeed of a Dresden shepherdess, and raised her eyes to his as if in childish admiration.

"Sidney, my boy," said Otto Hubbard, "are you letting your young eyes gaze upon that exhibition of sweetness, beauty and truth? It's not necessary to hear her words to know that her tongue is delivering many a studied phrase which goes to make up her little speech

about the pleasure and satisfaction she feels at being again privileged to listen to his inspiring instruction. Look close now, my boy, and tell me what you think you see."

"Infatuation and its priestess," was the reply, "I'm at an utter loss to decide which is greater, the man's mental derangement or the woman's social treason."

A crowd of students hurrying down the path interrupted the greeting of the clever pupil and her infatuated teacher. The later, lifting his hat, walked rapidly across the campus away from the view of the observing college chums. He was soon hidden from them behind the intervening trees and shrubbery. The two observers of the little scene, so prettily played by the adept heroine, once more clasped arms and resumed their walk. But the departing audience did not go far uninterrupted. They heard a shrill trill, that inimitable call so much used by children; and, looking back toward the clump of bushes they saw the girl standing on tip-toe, waving her handkerchief to someone in the street. The flowers, like all stage accessories which have served their purpose and become useless, were lying crushed under her feet. A faultlessly dressed youth who was lounging indolently along the walk, hastily threw away his cigar, so as not to interfere with the college rules, vaulted lightly over the fence and hastened to her side.

"What a versatile genius," remarked Hubbard with mock admiration, "to play a symphony and a fandango on the same string—"

"And with no intermission or change of scene," added his companion.

ANGEL FOUNTAIN, CENTRAL PARK, NEW YOKK CITY.

Musing and silent they walked on to their room. There Hubbard continued with the thread of thought which evidently had not been laid aside.

"So you have concluded," said he, "to give up your philanthropic guardianship over the ward who found your practical wisdom such a help to her genius. I told you it would not pay. What girl knows so well as she, how to touch the strings that make the music for the lover's dance—be he a jumping-jack or a devoted instructor of Christian ethics? Let the music play and the lover dance. If you are not charmed it is no concern of yours how she disposes of herself or them."

Sidney Brooks, being in that impulsive period of youth when feelings often burst their bounds, turned with no little fierceness upon his complacent friend, and replied hotly, "I am not charmed, neither do I dance, but I am concerned. If such a thing is possible I mean to learn the reason why Nana Boatmore is so devotedly admired and so thoroughly despised! If I question her excellence, I find I am offending someone; if I praise her skill, I am no less likely to be considered a pitiable dupe."

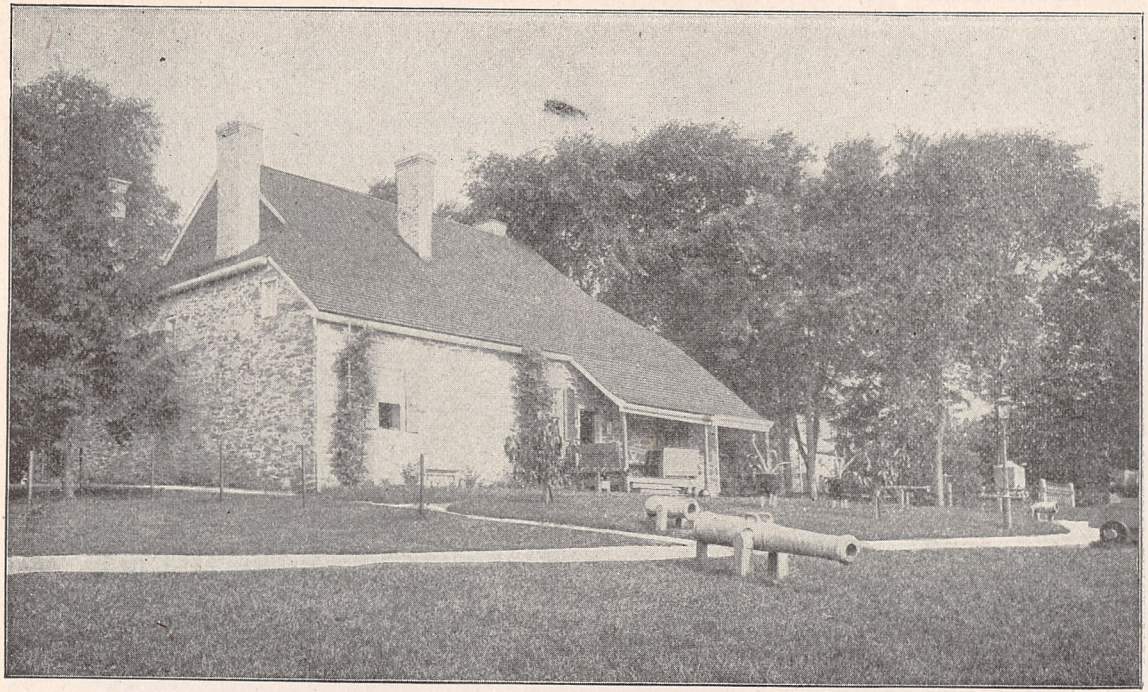
"My dear Sidney," responded Hubbard with irritating calmness, "do not ruffle your plummage for so slight a cause. Your eyes are not properly focused or adjusted. I neither admire nor dispise her, because I see her as she is. She was my most practical and valuable study last year in the honor and virtue of women. I am now able to distinguish the true gems of womanhood at a glance, and I cannot be deceived by imitations, however artfully they may be polished and set. I am man-wise through

Professor Vinne, woman-wise through her Ladyship, and world-wise through a careful respect for the shades and perspectives of human nature."

The young philosopher settled back in his chair, complacently drew a cigar from his pocket and proceeded slowly to light it, shrouding the act in that meditative coolness which is often assumed when an interesting morsel of information is about to be bestowed upon an anxious listener.

"Do you know why the lamb loved Mary so?" he queried in continuation. "Well Miss Boatmore has a special fondness for lambs. You remember what our great statesman, John Randolph of Roanoke said about sheep. He said that he never saw a sheep that he did not feel an impulse to go out of his way to kick it. She likes to fondle the lambs and kick the sheep. She has no other personal fondness or social inspiration. Her art is her only pleasure, her one ambition in life; and, as long as she can find those who like to have their souls tattoed with her figures of love-making folly; what matters it to you or me? By the way, my boy, I am inclined to believe that you have had some tender confidences with this girl, you are so interested in her disposition. It takes a ton of faith to produce an ounce of doubt."

Sidney Brooks looked upon his friend Hubbard as a man more eccentric in his philosophy than in his friendship, therefore he felt no reserve in exchanging facts and opinions. Drawing his chair farther away from the cloud of smoke, in whose swarthy fog Otto Hubbard's figure was gradually becoming less and less distinct, Sidney Brooks proceeded to state his case.



WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS AT NEWBURGH ON THE HUDSON RIVER, N. Y.

"It did not take me long to discover that Miss Nana Boatmore has a talent, I may even call it a genius, for insinuating herself sweetly and inoffensively into friendly relationship with nearly every desirable young man around this part of the country. And stranger still, she accomplishes this long before half the other girls know her victim's name.

One afternoon, during my first week in school, I remained in the class-room after the others had gone. As I was talking to Professor Vinne, I noticed that his eyes were continually roving over my right shoulder. At the first opportunity I looked around and saw a girl standing at the blackboard, amusing herself by sketching rude caricatures. She would chalk a few lines and then stand back and review her work, her face puckered up into a quizzical grimace and her head bent to one side in a mimic pose of study and criticism. Like a flash it came over my dense intellect that she was waiting for me to leave the room, and I was about to go when Professor Vinne called her to his desk and introduced us. That is the story of my first aquantance with Miss Boatmore. A few minutes after that I passed the door on the way to my room. As I looked in I saw that her face was upturned to his and aglow with the most radiant and childlike simplicity that I ever saw spread over the face of a nineteen-year-old girl. Of course such a girl is excusable in her love-intrigues in the minds of most people because of her immature age, although it is at the same time acknowledged that she is two or three years older than a man of the same age."

Sidney Brooks arose and went to the window as if

his spirit was greatly perturbed through this reminiscence.

"Come here," he exclaimed to his companion, "and see the exhibition of a story I was about to tell you."

Otto Hubbard was at his side in a moment. At the point where the path led out of the corner of the campus two figures could be seen searching for something in the grass.

"Our interesting heroine has the cow-boy in tow. Watch them and see if he does not soon find her bracelet."

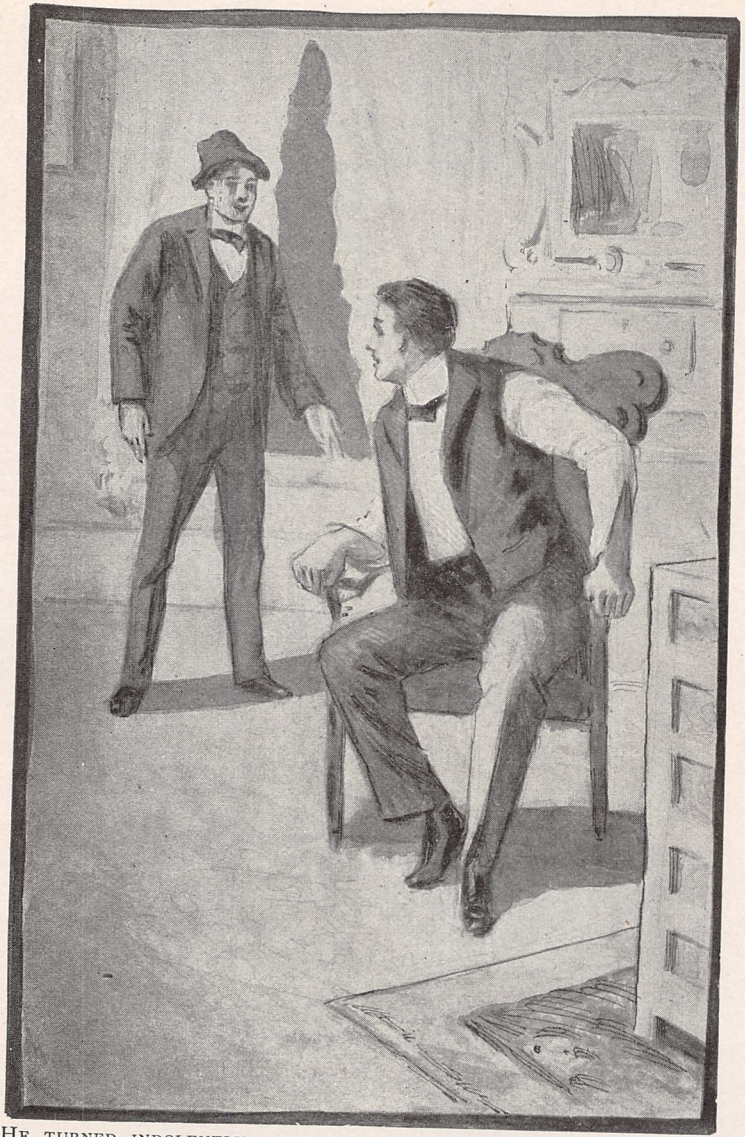
Nana Boatmore and Lucky Ten Bar were close together looking diligently through a small space in the thick campus grass. Her brown curls were sweeping his face and her right hand now and then rested on his shoulder.

"Last Spring," continued Sidney Brooks, "while I was at the height of my reverence, I chanced to be walking jealously not far behind her and a new man, when I saw her slip the bracelet from her wrist and drop it to the grass. Instantly she missed it and there began just such a search as we now see. I soon came up and having seen it fall I was able to pick it at once from the grass and hand it to her to the great discomfiture of them both. She thanked me sweetly and I walked on with the pupils of both my eyes considerably enlarged."

"There he has found it," exclaimed Brooks. "Am I not a shrewd prophet?"

The two young men resumed their seats as the objects of their observation passed on out of view.

"They say," said Otto Hubbard puffing a series of smoke-rings upward, "that the cow-boy has lots o



HE TURNED INDOLENTLY. LUCKY TEN BAR STOOD IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM A SORRY SIGHT INDEED. See Page 182

money and that he is in partnership out West with Bradley Van Dusen. That is enough to make him a great catch as well as to give Nana Boatmore new experience in material."

"Good enough!" exclaimed Sidney Brooks, "we will have in them a fine intellectual diversion in the social economies of erotic cupidity.

CHAPTER XX.

A COMEDY IN COAL DUST.

Lucky Ten Bar enjoyed college life hugely. He was literally passing through college, that is in at one door and out at the other. He did nothing more than listen or ask questions. Nothing more was expected of him. He was a constant and priviledged visitor through the class rooms.

The holidays passed and the students were returning from their few days of recreative home life, happy to be again in such animating surrounding and absorbed in the work that was fitting them for usefulness among their fellow-men. Flakes of snow hung lightly from oak, evergreen and shrub and the sun was gathering in toward sunset its first genial rays vouchsafed since several dark and dismal days. The paths of the campus were overrun with busy feet, hurrying to and fro to prepare for the

evening reception which was to herald the beginning of the season's work.

Inside the main building all was confusion. The committee of girls were here, there and everywhere, lugging vases and glass jars, carrying big armfuls of roses and lilies, moving the chairs about; or, perched on tottering step-ladders, they entwined ribbons of evergreens among the pictures.

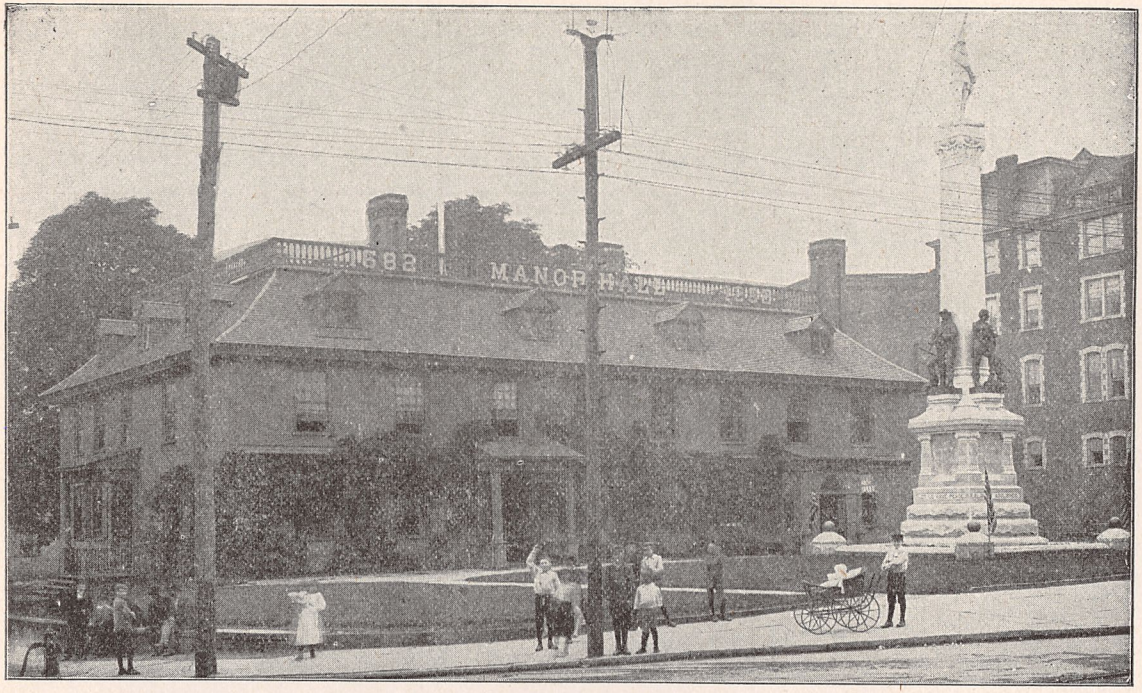
That evening the reception rooms of the University were bright with lights, gorgeous flowers, and the beaming faces of pretty girls and manly youths. The students, with parents and friends, greeted the professors as they appeared, and comfortably chatted with the freedom which the formalities of the class room do not permit. At intervalls the buzz of conversation ceased and they listened to the short speeches in praise of the work done or of the tasks to be accomplished before the close of the college year. The professors and most of the visitors departed early, leaving the vivacious students to seek their affinities at will and to pass the remainder of the evening in a more subdued but none the less interesting way.

"Nana has our severe friend, Otto Hubbard, the stoic in charge this evening," whispered Lucky Ten Bar to his companion as, about to depart, they took seats in a deserted corner of the hall, to observe a little longer the roomful of animated young men and women.

"That signifies that he is still practicing," replied Sidney Brooks.

"Practicing what?" questioned Lucky Ten Bar.

"Self-control, the most valuable acquisition in the



OLD MANOR HALL ON THE HUDSON RIVER, YONKERS, N. Y.

progress of life. He understands her and so takes advantage of the opportunity to steele himself against the pleasing dalliance so much fostered as a feminine grace and virtue."

As they neared the end of the hall, Sidney Brooks remembered that he had left a book in one of the class-rooms on the upper floor; and, desiring to use it next morning at his room, he asked Lucky Ten Bar to wait for him while he went for it. He hurried up the broad stairway and in a few minutes came bounding back two steps at a time, but Lucky Ten Bar had disappeared. He looked anxiously into the different rooms which opened into the halway, but his room-mate could not be found. In no very excellent temper Brooks went on to their rooms alone.

For half an hour he sat, enveloped in a cloud of smoke and sullenly contemplating the speech with which he would greet his unreliable friend. He was busy studying the wisdom of locking the door and causing Lucky Ten Bar to make his entrance through the transom, when there was a loud slam of the front door below and he heard the hurrying footsteps of that dilatory young gentleman as he came up the stairs.

Sidney Brooks, recollecting the greeting he meant to deliver, sat stolidly by the window, his feet propped up on the bureau and his back turned coldly toward the tardy Ten Bar. As his companion came in, Brooks did not look around, but said stiffly, "Lucky Ten Bar, I have a mighty poor opinion of a man—"

A choking, gasping chuckle behind him was an un-

looked for interruption. He turned indolently. Lucky Ten Bar stood in the middle of the room, a sorry sight indeed His face was streaked with a coating of black which made him almost unrecognizable; his soiled clothing was torn and disordered and his hat but a crushed remnant of former uprightness. Brooks, for once, was too astonished to speak.

"That's all right, my friend, that's all right," said Lucky Ten Bar hastily. "Don't say a word. Don't heap any more coals on my head; I've had about all I can stand."

"I must say," ejaculaded Brooks, eyeing his roommate with amazement, "that you are the toughest looking coal-heaver it has ever been my fortune to meet. For heaven's sake go and put yourself to soak. What happened to you anyway? Did you fall down a chimney or have you been using yourself for a smoke-consumer?"

"If you will wait a moment, I'll tell you" answered Lucky Ten Bar who, grinning broadly, was diving for soap and towels and distributing his sooty garments over the floor. "You've noticed, haven t you, that narrow door at the foot of the stairs where you left me to go after your book? Well, I saw that it was partly open; and, not knowing how long you would be gone, I slid inside and sat down on an old stool that was there. The place is in a deep shadow and, as no-one could see me, I was rather enjoying the novelty of the thing—observing the students passing by—when who should stroll up to the closet door but our stoical friend, Otto Hubbard, freed it seems from the severe training of the evening. As softly as I could, I left my seet and stepped back a

RESIDENCE OF WASHINGTON IRVING ON THE HUDSON RIVER, TARRYTOWN, N. Y.

pace or two, not caring to arouse his curiosity at my being there, and expecting him to leave soon.

"I discovered that the closet was quite a large one, half of it being a bin of soft coal and the rest well filled with discarded furniture. You can imagine my surprise when our severe friend, appearing perfectly familiar with the place, came inside and sat down on the stool I had just vacated. I was certain for awhile that he knew I was there and had done all this for a joke on me, but at last I concluded otherwise. I stood there as quiet as a statue, but in a torment of fear lest I should move and start the coal to sliding or some of the piled-up furniture into an avalanche. My companion in the closet left the door open a trifle, and, being directly behind him, I could see the people that went by in the hall. Of course I saw you go by hunting for me but I was powerless to notify you of my predicament. It was quite amusing, I can assure you, to watch the spoony ones, tickling one another's heartstrings with their honeyed tones and silly smiles. It was truly an interesting point from which to observe the platonic friendships engendered where the social is mingled with the scientific, as you call it, but I was not in a position to enjoy it as well as the subject deserved.

"Except for a few disapproving grunts," Lucky Ten Bar continued, "Otto Hubbard was silent. Quite suddenly he became very attentive. By stretching my neck a trifle farther I saw the cause of the change. Nana Boatmore was strolling down the hall, arm in arm with that new yellow-headed swell whose high collars tickles his ears and cut holes in his chin. Evidently they were

going up to the floor above. Just before the door and not four feet away from my prison-cell, they stopped. He bent his head close to hers and swept his smartly-curled mustache over her cheek. She glanced up with a look of feigned injury which soon turned to one of childish confidence and baby trustfulness. At that he said: "Really, aren't you angry? I expected you to be, don't you know! You're too sweet and bright a girl not to rebel against make-believes." I heard them both laugh as they went on up the stairs.

Suddenly remembering Otto Hubbard, I looked and found that he had buried his face in his hands. His body was swaying to and fro and I heard him mutter bitterly: "Who is this that cometh out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke, perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, with all the powders ot the merchant?" Presently Nana Boatmore came back. This time she was with a girl friend, and her head was crowned with Mr. Grant Wolfer's high silk hat. Otto Hubbard was once more all attention, but I was too cramped in my small space and was so angry over my absurd situation, that I had not the energy to look at them. By the giggles and shuffling of feet I knew that Nana was doing her favorite skirt-dance. That soon ceased, however, and I heard her say, in a fervent voice which was an excellent imitation of the talk of the swell youth who had been with her a few moments before. 'Oh you angel girl! I adore the very ground your precious little feet walk upon!' The silk hat was perched upon the back of her bead, and, in a mimic pose of love-making, she pressed the other girl's hand to her heart. The next instant she had tipped the hat

CADET'S CAMP, WEST POINT, N. Y.

over her forhead, and, in dismal tones that were painfully like the voice of Otto Hubbard she said severely. 'My friend, my dear friend, life is short; time is precious. Seize the golden moments as they fly.' The other girl exclaimed, laughingly: 'Oh, Nana, Nana, what a splendid actress you are!"

"That was the last straw. My companion in misery raised his eyes heavenward, opened his mouth and sighed dismally. The girls, silenced with fright at the moan from the closet, looked at each other in dismay. Nana whispered hoarsely. 'Mercy, what was that? It sounded like a death groan!' They listened intently and hearing nothing more grew braver. They started cautiously toward the closet door. As my amusing friend saw them coming to investigate, he tried to move farther back into the shadow, but he failed to lift the stool sufficiently from the floor; and, as it moved, it let out the most unearthly shriek it has ever been my lot to hear. Brooks, I wish you could have seen those two girls run and heard them yell! Girls from the other rooms swarmed out into the hall, but Nana cried. 'Run, run, there's a horrible robber in the closet!' so back they all went pellmell, screaming seven ways for Sunday, and tumbling over themselves and one another like a lot of ninepins. At the first chance Hubbard slipped out unseen, but I did not have time. The crowd, re-enforced by all the young men around, came tearing down the hall. I can tell you that matters were getting rather uncomfortable for me. I tried to go farther back into the closet but at every move something creaked or fell and I finally tumbled headlong into the coal-bin, making a terrific racket. The

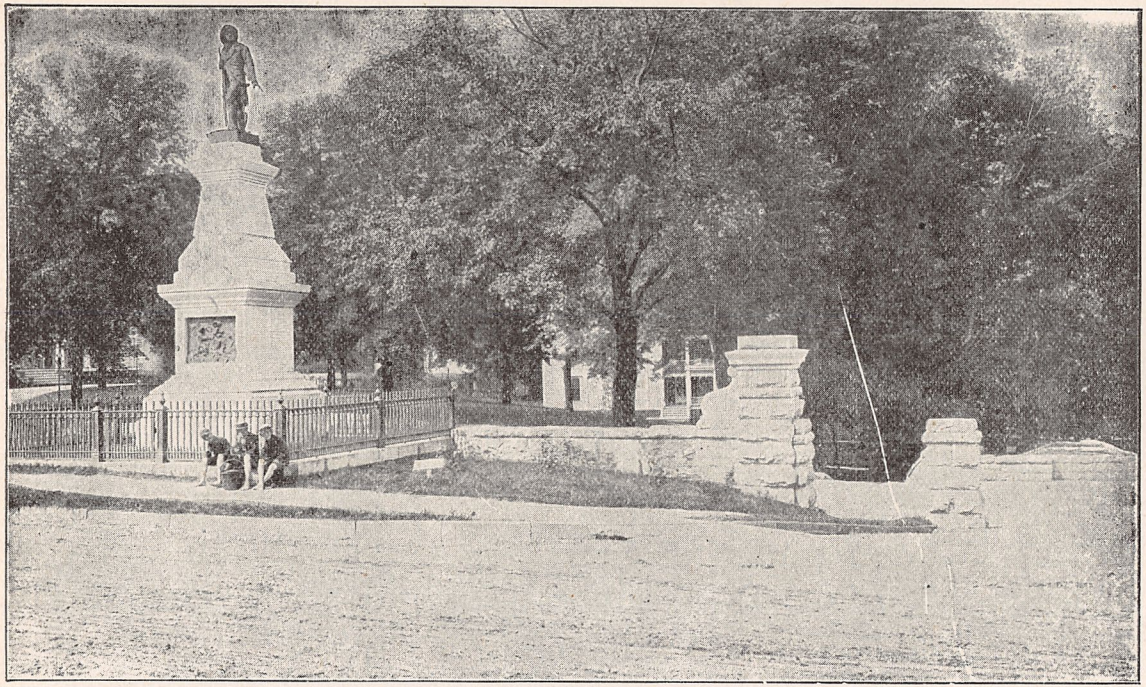
door flew open and half a dozen young fellows rushed in and grabbed my feet. I kicked and squirmed with such success that they were soon all in a heap with me in the bin. If you think I look bad you ought to see them. In the general hubbub that followed, I managed to escape—a sooty but unrecognizable fugitive."

"That explanation satisfys me,' said Sidney Brooks, "both as to your disappearance and your appearance, but it only teaches us how deceithful are appearances. Now who could believe that the cynical Hubbard, knowing her as he does and analyzing her treacherous character as he has, should at the same time be groaningly gone on her? It is astounding."

Sidney Brooks pushed his fingers through his hair till it stood up like porcupine quills and then enshrouded his head in the fumes of a new cigar.

Meanwhile Lucky Ten Bar labored with the ebony complexion imparted to him by the coal dust.

"My friend, love is like sorrow," continued Sidney Brooks in a burst of philosophy. "It is killing if it is not told; and like sorrow it is often eased in the telling. Several of the young woman's admirers have made me their confidante and I have been a wholesome sympathizer without expressing my sentiments. But I have often inwardly exclaimed: 'Oh, Innocence, Innocence! How many lovers are endungeoned in Thy name.' One victim has botany for a fad and she is enraptured with his descriptions of flowers. Another delights in astronomy: she is entranced with the glory of the stars. A third is a bookworm who lives for the study of history:



MONUMENT TO ANDRE'S CAPTURE, TARRYTOWN, N. Y. ON THE HUDSON RIVER.

she is thrilled with the achievements of man. Still another has such faith in her that he believes her help as his wife would make him a bishop in his church. I remember thinking one time what an inspiration she would be to me when I should get control of my father's bicycle business. She has often sung very sweetly to me the song of the bicycle built for two."

Lucky Ten Bar smiled through his soapsuds. Sidney Brooks saw his smile and was nettled.

"I'll bet," he continued ironically, "that she has gone into ecstacies over your description of ranch life and has taken a great interest in your little lambs and calves."

Lucky Ten Bar was too busy in the battle between suds and coal-dust to reply.

"How did you feel last fall," continued Sidney Brooks rather desperately, "when you were helping her find her bracelet lost in the grass at the corner of the campus?"

"Feel," exclaimed Lucky Ten Bar," I didn't feel at all. I just swished around to gratify her. I knew where it was all the time for I saw her drop it"

Sidney Brooks collapsed into the dismal silence of retrospection.

CHAPTER XXI.

LUCKY TEN BAR'S EDUCATION.

"Am I educated?" exclaimed Lucky Ten Bar grasping his friends hand as Bradley Van Dusen came at the close of the college year to take the unsophisticated Westerner into the broader fields of New York society. "Well, I should say that I am."

"In what branch of learning have you made the greatest progress?" inquired his friend. "I suppose you have taken the most interest in history or literature.

"Yes," replied Lucky Ten Bar looking thoughtfully, "I believe I did learn about Cromwell knocking out the pilgrims and that Jonah wrote a great book about Sinbad the sailor, but I think I have really been spending most of my time on the arts."

"Arts!" exclaimed Van Dusen in astonishment. "You interested in arts? What arts?"

Lucky Ten Bar hesitated.

"Out with it," said his friend, "what arts?"

"I don't know any name for it," he answered sheepishly. "Perhaps you might call it the feminine arts."

"Oh!" exclaimed Van Dusen laughing, "that's different. "Did you find the study difficult?"

"I'd like to stay here another year and complete the entire course," said Lucky Ten Bar enthusiastically.

Van Dusen appeciated his enthusiasm. "Was the

SHE WOULD TAKE HIM INTO THE OFFICE, CLOSE THE DOOR, WHERE UNDISTURBED SHE COULD TALK TO HIM ABOUT HIS WELFARE—See Page 191

class in which you studied large, and were your experiments very extensive?" he asked.

"Only two of us in the class," answered Lucky Ten Bar, "and it was conducted mostly on the principles of self culture."

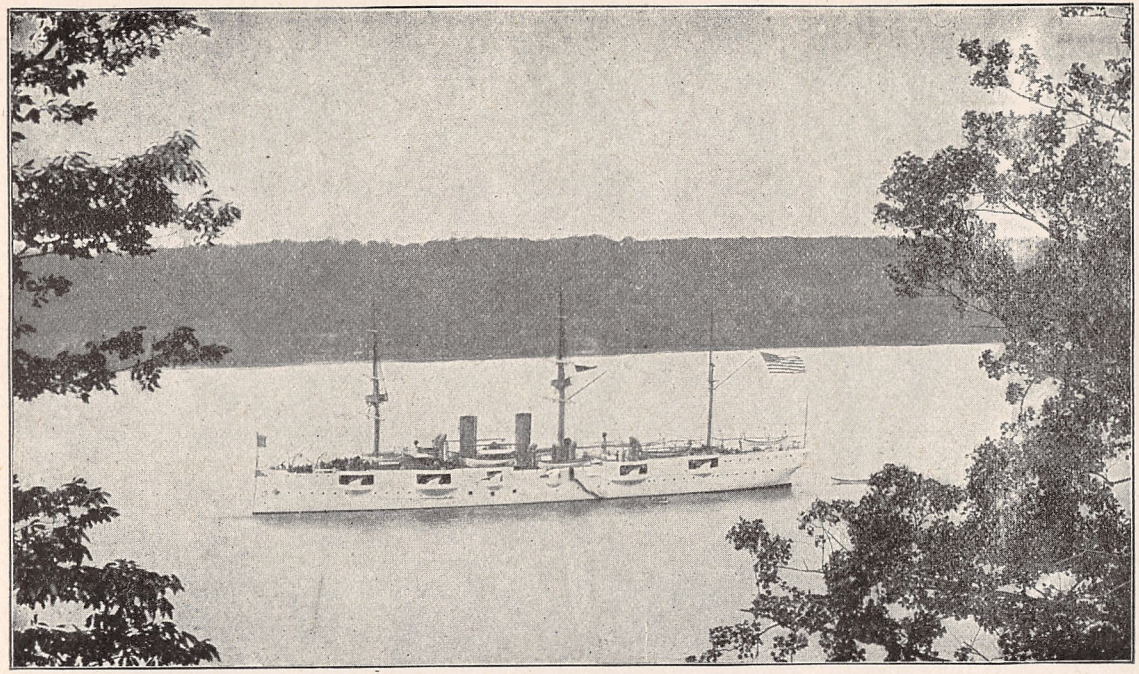
"You see it was this way," he continued. "I met a dudish young fellow named Grant Wolfer soon after you went away, who was also an irregular student. He was having all kinds of experiences and so in mutual sympathy we formed a class which met alternately in each other's rooms to compare notes and give mutual instruction. I froze to him the first time he called on me."

"Do you know, Mr. Brown," he said soon after we became acquainted, "that this is an abominably dull institution. Just look at how much I have to stand from the sisters. I wish to the devil I could be good just to please them but I swear it is the first thing I ever tried to do and could not. Once I rode five miles with a Bishop. He had come to stay over night with us in the hope of getting a few thousand out of father for some endowment fund but the old man was too foxy to buy grace at such figures. As I was saying, I drove him five miles to the station and when I took leave of him he said, God bless you my noble young man. I see that you are pious and studious. Some day you will be a shining light in the church. Now, I call that a fine piece of work on my part. If I could be so pious and studious during that five miles, why can't I be so here for a few months. I tell you this place is worse than a farm. To be cooped up here so long with so many

piously interested girls is straining my nerves to exhaustion. They are not half so charming in their frolicsome ways as the innocent glossy calves and the pretty little pigs at home. The farm innocents frisk for themselves because it is their nature to, but these girls frisk for others for the same reason I suppose. I am a great lover of nature."

"Mr. Brown," he continued, "what is the use of geometry, geology and chemistry? I am heartily sick of them. They are no good on a farm or in a parlor. The farm is my business and the parlor is my pleasure, therefore three of my present studies are time wasted. I have concluded to drop them and take up only History, English and music. You see the fitness of them. History in order to understand the newspapers, English to be more expressive to the ladies, and music to entertain them. The farm can take care of itself."

"Look at that old codger who teaches the ancient languages. He is as out of date as the people whose lingo he is trying to teach. That dried up specimen who teaches the sciences never had an idea higher than the stench of his chemicals. The wheezy broken down preacher who drills the mathematics cannot think outside of a circle, his mind never crossed a line or struck a tangent with anything practical. What benefit are they all to me? I had some respect for education when I came here but where is it now. I can make money faster than any man in this college, except yourself of course, and I know more about women than this entire institution. What more does a man want. I can get no benefit here. I have a notion to go home next week.



ACROSS THE HUDSON FROM GEN. GRANT'S TOMB, N. Y.

"What would Ida do?" I asked with an insinuating smile. Ida was about ten years older than he and was incessant in her efforts to have him attend prayer meeting and be good.

She watched him carefully so that he could do no wrong, she would take him into the office, close the door, where undisturbed she could talk to him about his welfare, and there was so much occuring wrong. When he did not wish to go to church, she stayed at home with him that she might direct his mind heavenwards. She knelt by his side as he lay on the sofa and talked to him so wisely about his future. She laid her head on his bosom and prayed for his soul. They were earnest prayers. She was successfull with him only for the time being and so her devoted labors continued.

He looked at me searchingly and suspiciously a moment when I sprang the question about Ida and then smiled.

"O she knows where I live. She spends a week at our house every once in a while."

"But the other girls?" I asked with quizical humor.

"Sure," he replied brightening, "there you interest me. There are some sweet girls here whose congenial association I shall sadly miss. But such is life," he added with a sigh. "We live and love and lose and die. That is why there is no sense in any pursuit but that of money and affection. Ida is all right but she is so confoundely religious. If she did not apply it to me so sweetly I would soon run away to get out of it. But it is all right," he said reflectively.

"There is Meta and Fanny and Julia, but I have

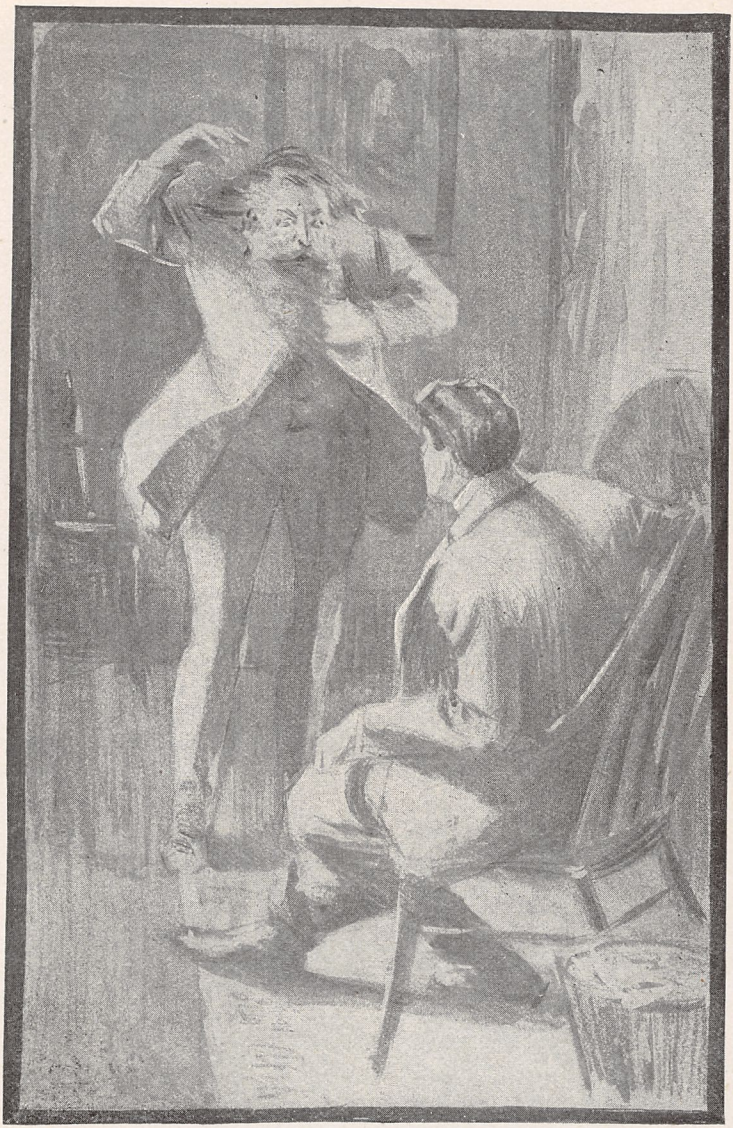
exhausted their art, and in the language of Job, to quote our reverend doctor, they make me weary."

I was surprised to notice that he had not mentioned Nana, the pearl and pink of them all. So I said, 'and Nana, what of her?'

He put out his left hand with a gesture of fine depreciation, shrugged his shoulders like a Mexican I met last year, screwed up his face like a ferret scenting a rat, and said. "Suppose we avoid wicked thoughts by keeping her out of our minds as much as possible. You know that some preacher's daughters are spoiled under the family training necessary for attaining and holding the appreciation of the flock. I have done some class and laboratory work in the school of experience and I have also had the scarlet fever in my early youth. Therefore you can see why I take only a passing interest in the woman."

That gave me an idea and I suggested at once that we form a self-culture class devoted to the department of self-defence in the feminine arts, and we did."

"It has been a success" added Lucky Ten Bar in all seriousness, "and I am sure that if I could stay here another year I would be qualified to take any position you could show me in the society of New York. To be sure I was compelled to buy a good many tubs of ice cream and pay out considerable more for cake and candy, but they were only what you call incidentals. Several times we had some excitement in helping the girls out of difficulties with the faculty, and they nearly sent the matron of the dormatory to the insane asylum, but just think of the education. It was glorious."



HE PICTURED IN DRAMATIC FRENZY THE MESMERIZING OF THE CZAR.

See Page 198

Bradley Van Dusen rubbed his temples a moment and then he exclaimed. "So you found all this experience in a staid, strict, old church school! Well, that is refreshing information. I think you need removing to a healthier atmosphere."

"For the past year," he continued after a moment's pause, "I have been doing some hustling around for an uncle of of mine who is publishing books in New York. Here is his card. Suppose you arrive there next Monday morning and I will see if I can't arrange for a desirable change in the experience that is making up your education preparatory to your graduation in New York society.

CHAPTER XXII.

LUCKY TEN BAR'S EXPERIENCE AS EDITOR.

Lucky Ten Bar at the appointed time, appeared at the publishiug house of Bradley Van Dusen's uncle and was ushered into the office.

"William, my boy," said his friend, "my uncle has gone away on his vacation, I've got to stay here till he returns and be his manuscript rejecter, as well as attend to a lot of other business. I can't get out with you into society until my uncle returns. Perhaps you are willing to turn editor and relieve me of some of the work. You can reject manuscript and turn away authors doubtless just as pleasantly and serenly as I."

Lucky Ten Bar was delighted and took his place at the editor's desk.

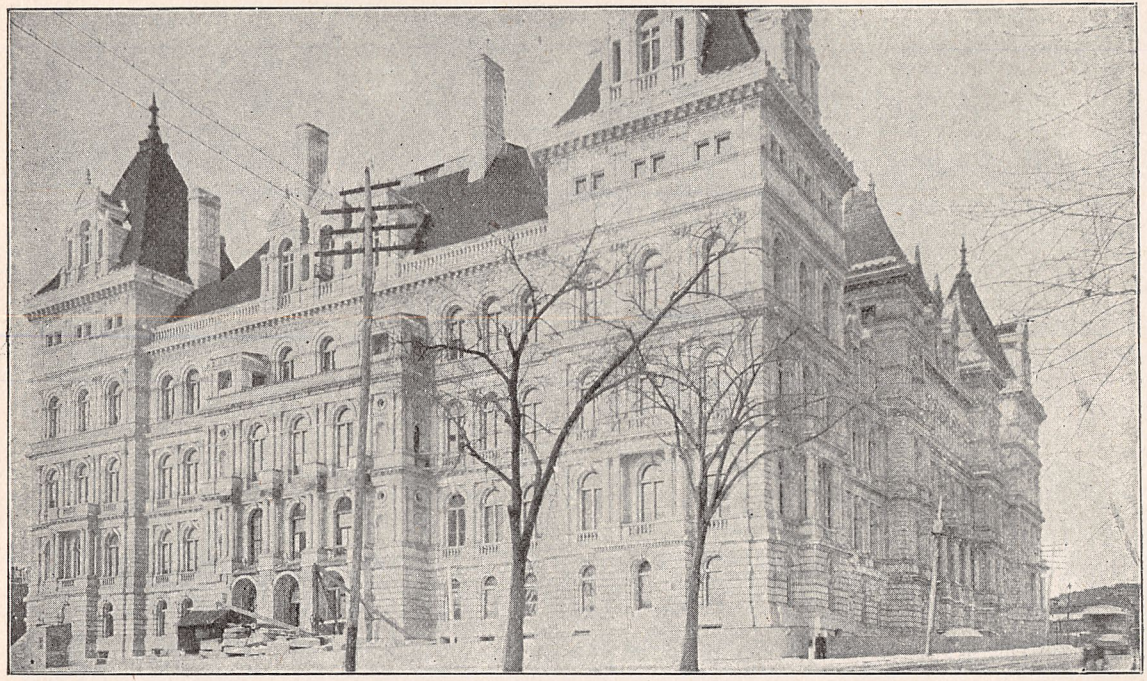
"Here is a manuscript from a country school girl," said Van Dusen handing him a bulky package. "She wants to raise the mortgage on her father's house and she may be an undiscovered genius. Read it and tell me if you think we should invest a thousand dallars in getting out an edition. I may not see you for several days, I will be so busy, but just use good broncho-sense, turn down the authors gently, reject manuscripts sadly but heroically, and I guess you will come out all right. If you get too hard pressed, of course call on me, otherwise when we get out of this, I want you to tell me what kind of a time you have had."

So Lucky Ten Bar was editor. He took up the school girl's manuscript. It was entitled "Ups and Downs". The first chapter was called "Sweet surprise".

He began to read.

"The soft rays of the setting sun melted in tender threads through the creeping foliage upon a lovely scene. Marguerite Gwendolin looked slily out from under her long brown lashes. Cyril Montpelier bent lovingly over her and dropped the roses in her lap which he had got for her with such bravery from the mountain side. 'Sweet' he began slowly and painfully, 'have I not earned a little reward from those witching lips and smiling eyes?' 'You have she cried in an ecstasy of delight.' The next instant she was folded in his arms. A little bird twittered in the bough over their heads and a leaf rustled softly at their feet."

Lucky Ten Bar shuddered. I can't recommend that



CAPITOL BUILDING, ALBANY, N. Y.

he exclaimed emphatically. It's too realistic. I believe in romance Whew! if only some of these authoresses would just drop in to see me!

But perhaps his editorial experience can be better appreciated as he afterward told the story to Mr. Van Dusen.

"That first manuscript you gave me," he exclaimed to his friend on the inquiry as to how he had fared, "gave me a considerable hankering to see one of the lovely creatures who could write so heavenly. But my first real flutter came when a call boy opened my door and said, "Two ladies to see you, sir."

My politest demeanor brightened the room as they entered. But the shine was taken out of my suaveness when an uncouth, one-eyed dame and her unsightly daughter took the chair I offered.

"What can I do for you," I said in a tone of lost confidence and utter discouragement.

In answer the mother took from her daughter's hand a package and holding it tightly said, "daughter has written a novel and we didn't know whether to give you the first chance at it or not. But if you can advertise it the way we want it done we will leave it with you on a contract for salary "

"Our friends in Clay County will buy two hundred c pies at least. We are known from one end of the state-road to the other, and the plot and characters of the story is laid right there where everybody knows about it and is interested in it. Expectation is running high there already. If you bring it out with the right kind of pictures it will be the talk of the hull country."

I had laid it down as one of my principles of conduct that I would never hurt a woman's feelings, but what could I do when she said that her daughter had given up society and had done nothing else for a year. It looked downright cruel to be unkind to such sacrifice and labor.

"Has it plenty of love and marriage in it?" I asked hoping to find some excuse.

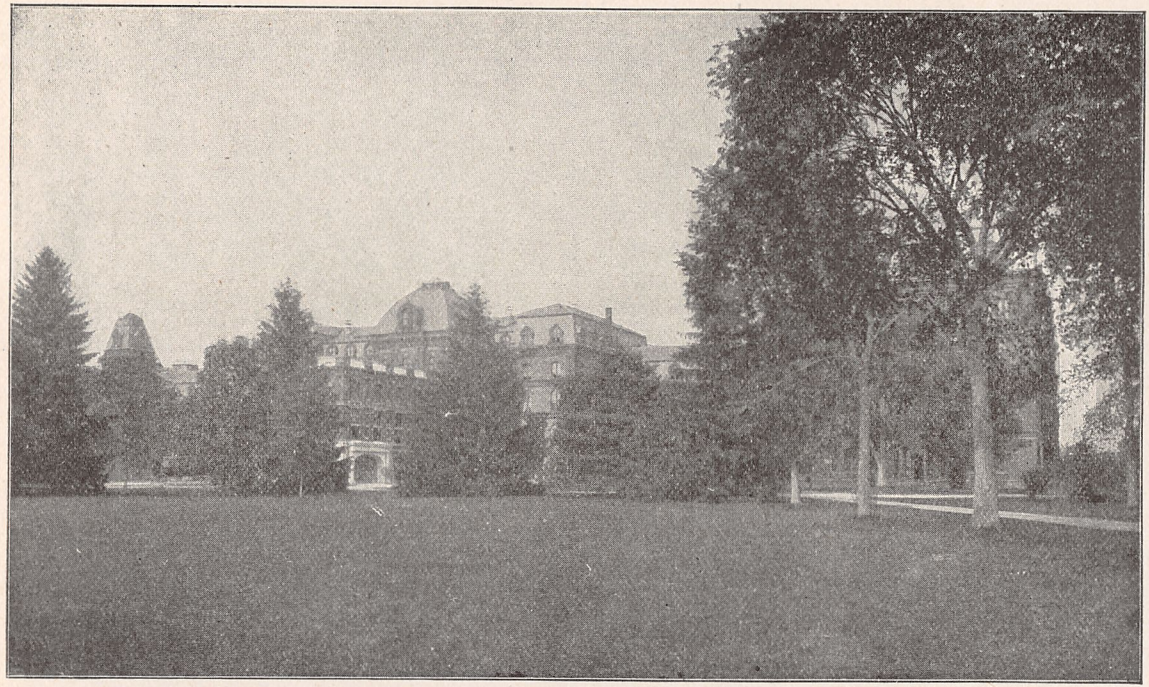
"O yes," cried the girl enthusiastically, "that is my strong point and I have a glorious scene where the baby dies."

"Ladies," I said overcome with emotion, "it would unnerve me to prepare such a touching story for the press. In due regard for my nervous system I will have to decline the great opportunity you offer. Doubtless, if you return here next week you will find that I have been discharged. If so, you will know the cause. The house can not stand many such losses as I will now be inflicting on them. I entreat you to leave me alone in my weakness."

To my great gratitude they straightway left me alone.

But hardly had I recovered when there came a brisk knock at my door. I arose to admit my visitor but the door flew open and a man like a Norse sea-king ushered himself unceremoniously in and took the nearest chair without a word.

I looked at him sharply and he laid some circulars on my desk showing that he was the author and translator of many books, a Shakesperean tragedian, a musician, lecturer and teacher. Altogether his formidable array of talent was somewhat overawing.



VASSAR COLLEGE, POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

"Are we alone so that none can hear?" were his first words in a stage whisper.

"We are," I replied.

"Then let me intrust you with an important secret."

The only thing that kept up my courage before this powerful man was that my office chair was at least six inches higher than the chair on which he sat and my head was on a level with his.

I am an anarchist," he said as his shoulders were perceptibly thrust further back and his head held so much more erect that it was necessary for me to rise and give my chair several turns in order to be equal in stature to him.

"I have a book here that points out the way for the entire earth to be made a republic and under one government before the snow flies again. I have come here from Sweden selecting this place as the basis of my promulgation. The publisher that takes this manuscript will be enriched. Of course it will be interdicted in monarchial contries but when the marvelous revolution is established and the great one-government of the world is comfirmed then you will come into your reward."

"Here was a case for my utmost tact. How could I deny him and not offend him? Brilliant ideas were at a discount. In my frantic search for some excuse I scarcely heard the outline of his story. I dimly divined that kings and queens were to be captured by a secret organization. A universal peace committee was to command the standing armies of all countries to be disbanded and the navies sunk, except one flying squadron, and such a land force in each county as was necessary

to enforce the dicision of the council of supreme arbitration, to be located in London. His book gave the secret of an explosive, one ounce of which dropped by a baloon or airship at any spot would instantly kill every living creature within the radius of a mile. An electric airship capable of traveling to any spot on earth in a few hours would convey the executive decisions of the arbitration committee to the center of disturbance and quell by force every opposition to the decision of the great peace committee, if the offorts of the small land force or the menace of the flying squadron failed to be of sufficient moral force or to reach the trouble in time.

It took two or three more upward turns of my chair to keep my courage on a level with the situation. It seemed to me that he would never finish and I became exasperated, as now and then a flake of froth from his flying tongue sped to my cheek before his powerful though suppressed enunciation. He paused a moment to note the effect on me as he pictured in dramatic frenzy the mesmerizing of the Czar of Ressia and the assumption of control over the government by the forces of the Universal Peace Committee.

I saw my only chance. In well feigned horror I cried

"My God man, the blackest revolution must reign over mankind before the dawn of such a brilliant day. Business will be paralyzed, every man, woman and child able to read will stop work at once to read and discuss your book. The paper mills can not furnish the paper, the presses cannot print the sheets fast enough, and the binderies will be unable to put them together. The

HOUSE WHERE GRANT DIED. CALLED "GRANT COTTAGE". MT. MCGREGOR. N. Y

frantic populace will loot the book stores in searches for copies of this book, they will despoil the binderies for the unbound pages; they will snatch the sheets from the presses, they will tear the forms from the machines in order to read from the types. Mad with desire for the new revelation they will rush to this office demand the original copy and dividing it into parts will give these to readers in order more quickly to convey its blessed news to the people!"

"In heavens name!" I cried growing still more excited as I saw he was about to speak in my pause for breath, "don't spring this on the world suddenly. I have not the courage to make this house the storm center of such a cataclysm of life, such a maelstrom of human impulse and passion as this sudden ushering in of universal human freedom."

Then I collapsed in my chair. He saw my courage was low. I was saved. I was not the man to share in his immortal deification of mankind. He knew that it took courage to publish his book. I had it not. He arose with a look of pity in his eyes, his tall, broad form towered above me like a colossus. I did not speak. He gathered up the circulars that lay on my desk testifying to his versatile greatness and left my presence forever. With an impatient jerk I brought my chair to its normal level and nerved myself for the next."

"I had not long to wait. There was a light tap at the door, surely this time a feminine tap."

"I opened the door expectantly and bade the visitor enter. I confess that I was surprised. This was what you call a dude. I did not know that they wrote novels.

But if a dude were to write a novel what kind of one would he write? I was interested.

"What can I do for you?" I asked.

He bent forward and looked into my eyes a moment.

"Yes, he began as he settled into his chair in a more confidential fashion, I believe I can trust you."

I was flattered. Slowly he withdrew from under his cloak a much thumb-worn, yellow covered book.

"I have something here," he said, "which is a great curiosity and will sell by the car load. I was one day looking through a mass of supposed rubbish that had been thrown from my grandfather's library by ignorant hands into a box. He was senator from South Carolina about tne time of the Mexcan War. In that box I found this book worn as it is now. I have read it and I let a few select friends read it. It is the most fascinating and absorbing book that was ever written. Its fame has spread among the boys in our county till I am compelled to lock the book in my safe in a private drawer. It has been inquired for among publishers and booksellers by the many people I know till every part of the English speaking world has been searched in vain for another copy. There are several million young men in the United States and I calculate that of them alone at least three in every five would buy a copy if he had a chance. If you will give me a contract to pay over to me every three months one half of the profits from the sale of this book, you can have it. There is no other copy of it in the world."

He took out his watch and gave a gasp.

"Great heavens," he cried. "It is impossible for me

PARADISE VALLEY, ANNETTE LAKE AND MOUNT TEMPLE.

to remain here another minue. My party is now at the train. I have less than ten minutes to get there in. They must not suspect my errand."

"Say," he said, grasping my hand and looking into my eyes, "can I trust you? Will you send the contract to me or return me the book by registered package to Clay Center?"

In the suddeness of his emotion I thoughtlessly consented, but I regretted my weakness in allowing him to leave the book the moment he passed through the door. I saw that the cover had been worn away with its freqnent handling. The edges of the leaves were crumbled and greased. Surely it was an interesting book that could so entrance the brain of a United States Senator and his dude descendant. On what universal theme could it thus treat. I turned the book over. On the title page I read: "The Loves of Cleopatria",—no author, no publisher. They were ashamed or afraid to be known."

"No I didn't read it, but being afraid to place it in the mail I retnrned it by express. I was meditating seriously on abandoning my post when I was so softly approached by a little old man whose entrance I had not heard and of whose presence I was not aware until he gently touched me on the shoulder.

Without a word he laid a manuscript before me and I read the title, "The Sybilline Book of Recipes for Miracles."

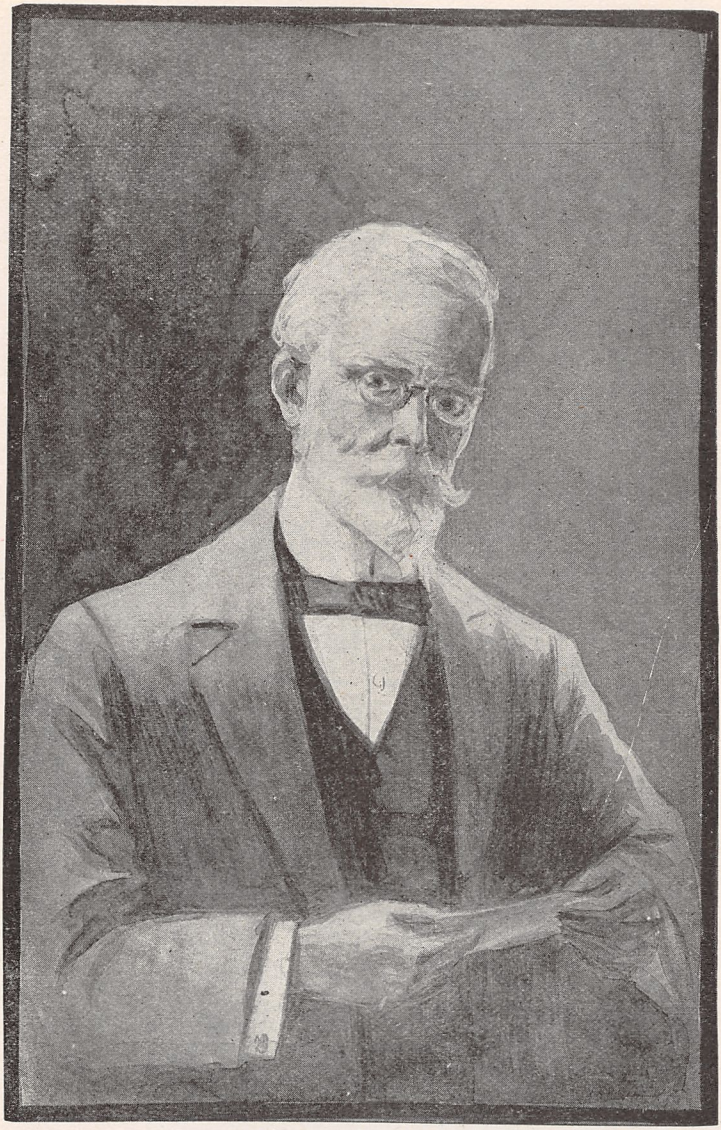
He smiled but did not speak. Perhaps he was dumb. I made a test.

"What's the scheme?" I asked.

He sat down, knitted his long white overhanging eyebrows, and I saw that he had heard.

"Happiness is in the mind," said he, "and the mind is influenced by physical processes. Note that wine excites and opium soothes."

"I have long been satisfied," he continued, "that if I could catch the beauty of sound and color and materialize it into some etherized substance so fine that it would enter the sorpuscles of the blood either through the lungs, the stomach or better through one of the five senses and thus be deposited in the brain and nerves, I could change the entire being of a man or woman into the purity and beauty of sound and color. After years of experimenting I discovered a substance sensitive to color and sound. Quantities held in a periwinkle-shell would absorb the most beautiful warbling of the birds and when inhaled by a maiden or taken in her food and drink, it would fly like wine to her head and she would straightway sing as beautifully as the birds. I can likewise infuse into it the most beautiful sentiments of song and poetry and speech. I can put the substance again into the camera and fill it with the most beautiful scenes of earth and the sky. The essence thus prepared could be unconsciously inhaled and the person would think the most splendid and sublime thoughts. His entire nature would be changed. The drunkard in an hour would become the most sober and pious citizen. It would be made to pervade the atmosphere about a howling mob of anarchy and their riots would subside into prayer-meetings of praise and hallelujahs to their creator. The fame of all this and the good it will do are reward enough



DOCTOR VARTOW. See Page 210

for me. I have embodied it all in a beautifully prophetic story which I will let you have almost at your own price."

He thought I was meditating and so continued, "if you can let me have ten dollars on it now I will leave the manuscript with you and redeem it next week, if you cannot take advantage of its supreme merits."

"And there were others," continued Lucky Ten Bar in a tone of despair. "I am paralyzed."

He threw out his hands in deprecation. "Let me loose," he cried, "I was not cut out for this job."

CHAPTER XXIII.

SPECULATION AND A LOVE AFFAIR.

"Welcome to my home," said Bradley Van Dusen as he threw open the front door of a new house newly-equipped in a fashionable neighborhood of Harlem, and motioned Lucky Ten Bar to enter. The Western visitor looked admiringly around. "When is the mistress to take possession?" he asked.

"It's hers on the last day of June, her birthday, less than a month from today," replied Bradley Van Dusen proudly. "She finishes her course in the conservatory of music this week and our marriage will be solemnized on the anniversary of her birth."

Lucky Ten Bar sighed. "I wish I could make it a double wedding."

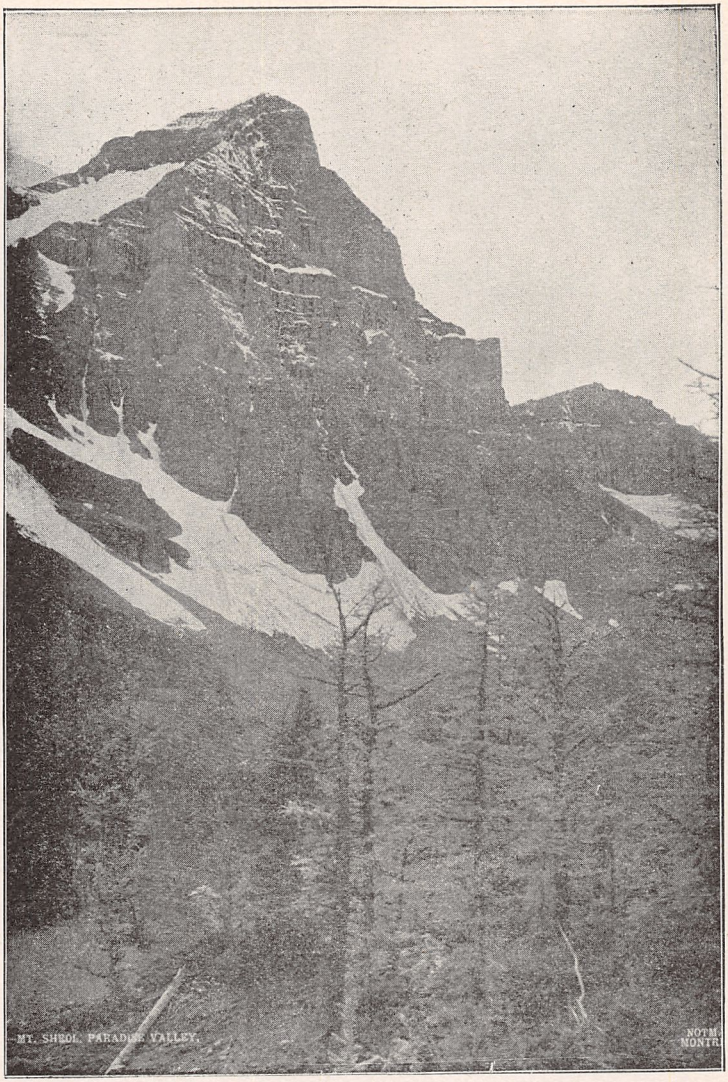
Bradley Van Dusen laughed. "You and Helen's best girl friend will stand up with us and that will be good practice but I advise you to make no haste. Do as I have done. Have a five year courtship and you will have a calmer, more certain judgement on the happy and momentous event."

"By the way," he added. "I have some business to attend to in an hour in Wall street. Perhaps you would like to go with me. We can visit the Stock Exchange and Board of Trade. As you are looking for experience perhaps you would like to invest a few hundred just to satisfy yourself how much wiser it is to be a ranchman in Paradise Valley."

An hour later Bradley Van Dusen and Lucky Ten Bar were passing through the great mart of trade and speculation known as Wall Street. Presently they passed up some steps and entered a door when a bedlam of sounds broke upon their ears, worse in pitch and variety than anything Lucky Ten Bar had ever heard, not even excepting county political conventions and county-seat fights which he had known on the thinly settled region of the plains. The door-keeper at a word from Bradley Van Dusen promptly admitted them. It was one of the best shows Lucky Ten Bar had ever seen. Copper Stocks were tumbling and in his curiosity, he got mixed up with the crowd of howling lunatics. Presently a man in uniform tapped him on the shoulder.

"Who do you want to see?" inquired the officer.

Lucky Ten Bar couldn't remember that he wanted to see anybody. He stammered out some inchoherent reply and the first thing he knew, the officer had whirled him



MT. SHEOL, PARADISE VALLEY.

around facing the entrance and was rapidly hustling him toward the door. Not being accustomed to such rough handling he began to resist, when three or four other uniformed minions joined in and rushed him past the doorkeeper. That individual came to the rescue but before any interference could be made effective, Lucky Ten Bar found himself in a very ruffled state sitting on the steps leading to the gallery.

"There is your place," indicated the officer who had run him out from among the bulls and bears of Copper Stocks, pointing upward to a place where a number of men and women could be seen looking down upon the bedlam on the floor of the Stock Exchange. He was debating what to do and trying to decide what had happened to him when Bradley Van Dusen came to his rescue. Numerous apologies were made by the officers and accepted by the victim when he was led once more into the arena where great fortunes were made and lost every minute. Bradley Van Dusen was much amused but the victim could not see the place where the laugh came in.

"Don't become discouraged" said Bradley Van Dusen as he saw the woeful face of his companion, "that is not half as rough as the fellows are getting it, who live in here. Just entrust a few hundred for the sake of some lively experience, to this fellow here."

They had arrived before the desk of a very busy man. Boys in uniform were flying about this place like winged Mercurys.

Lucky Ten Bar laid down a certified check for five hundred dollars. It was quickly whipped away and that

was the end of the transaction. Bradley Van Dusen handed the business card of a firm of brokers in Wall Street to Lucky Ten Bar with a receipt and told him to call there the next afternoon at four o'clock.

With considerable curiosity the new plunger in mining stock was at the office at the appointed time. He handed his receipt in at the cashier's window and waited a few minutes. Then the clerk shoved out a check to him. He looked at it and the figures took away his breath.

"Two thousand dollars!" he exclaimed. "Say," he cried in considerable excitement, "I guess I'll do that some more."

The clerk motioned him to another window. After a few minutes parley the two thousand dollar check went in and another receipt came out. Lucky Ten Bar came out smiling, it was so easy, this making money in Wall Street.

He sought out Bradley Van Dusen and told him that he didn't think he would ever go back to the ranch.

The next morning at eleven o'clock he received a dispatch. He read the telegram with feverish eagerness and then collapsed. It called for an imediate deposit of one thousand dollars to cover margins. He rushed over to Bradley Van Dusen for advice. That gentleman was so cruel as to laugh at the perturbation of his friend.

"Don't do it, my boy," he advised. "The experience is doubtless worth the five hundred dollars you invested. It is worth many times that amount if it causes you never again to speculate in such insecurities. When you entered the exchange you thought you had suddenly

HUNTERS CAMP NEAR PARADISE VALLEY.

entered a mad house full of lunatics. Well, it is a mad house and they are lunatics."

Lucky Ten Bar looked as dejected as an army mule. "Cheer up," said Bradley Van Dusen. "I have made a box party to hear a new topical song-star at the vaudeville. You are to be one of the number and there you will forget all your financial troubles occasioned by the little dabble you have made in Wall Street speculation."

Eight o'clock found half a dozen fashionably dressed young men gathered in the bachelor appartments of Bradley Van Dusen, but none of them surpassed Lucky Ten Bar in the stylishness of attire. Bradley Van Dusen's tailor had so transformed his appearance, that few could have recognized the cow-boy rounding up herds a year before on the border of the Bad Lands.

Half an hour later the eight young men were occupying the lower box nearest the stage of the most popular vaudeville theatre in New York.

The numbers indicated on great card-boards at each side of the stage ran along smoothly and interesting enough, but it was evident that the house was impatiently waiting for number nineteen.

As the two fantastically uniformed boys came through the corner of the curtain and pulled off the big cards revealing number nineteen, a vigorous hand-clapping began and increased in volume from the front orchestra row to the highest gallery. The young men in the box were especially enthusiastic. The curtain began to ascend upon a side-walk scene from a squalid portion of New York, and all became silent. The orchestra was playing an air from the Carnival in Venice. Suddenly

there was another vigorous outburst of hand-clapping as a figure representing a young girl in rags, carrying a basket of fruit, tripped out on the stage. To the music of the orchestra she sang:

"Apples and pears,
Apples and pears,
Who'll buy my apples and pears?"

At the close of every stanza, the applause increased. She then tripped off the stage and was called back by the continued uproar. She returned in the costume of a girl selling papers and sang a song of "The sidewalks of New York." Again she disappeared in the wings and the unappeasable applause broke forth again.

Lucky Ten Bar brought his hand across his forehead and found it wet with perspiration. The two boys reappeared from the corner of the curtain and drew off card number nineteen indicating that she was not to reappear. But the audience would not have it so. The curtain went up on another scene, and other players appeared, and still the deafening demand for encore continued. The players struggled manfully for a few moments to be heard, but were compelled to leave the stage. The uproar ceased and the manager appeared.

In the hushed silence of the house, he said, "Miss McQuinn is threatened with serious trouble to her throat and her physician will not allow her to sing more than she has already done tonight. We are hoping that the difficulty will soon be relieved. Meanwhile Miss McQuinn wishes me to express her gratitude for your appreciation."

A murmur of sympathy went through the audience, and the players reappeared.

PORTLAND AND MT. HOOD, OREGON

Two of the young men left the box to go behind the scenes, but they soon returned quite crestfallen. Lucky Ten Bar found himself listening eagerly as he heard one exclaim to Bradley Van Dusen. "It's no use! She can't be seen by any of us. I have used all kinds of expedients and never made a failure before. All the other boys are in the same fix. I have never seen any one who has ever met any one who had free entrance to the presence of her ladyship. The chappies are all in despair."

The next night Lucky Ten Bar had a seat alone in the front row and the same thing occurred.

The next night he was there again, and she sang but one song. The manager announced that the physician had limited her to one song. The next night he was there again. She sang but one song and that in such a voice that there was but an echo of the former applause. The next night her name did not appear on the bills. There was another topical songstress named at number nineteen.

Lucky Ten Bar had never had a problem before of such magnitude as this. He wanted to talk with Sarah McQuinn. He had no one to go to but Bradley Van Dusen, but only a prolonged laugh greeted him when he made his wants known the next day to his friend.

"O you are not the first one to go daft over Sarah McQuinn," said Bradley Van Dusen in a consoling tone when he saw the seriousness of his frind. "But she is inaccessible. If you must have an experience with a music-hall singer before you return to the ranch, then fall in love with some one who is easier. There are lots of them who would be glad to have you for an angel."

For the first time, Bradley Van Dusen's advice produsced no effect whatever on Lucky Ten Bar. He returned to the theatre and by a tip to one of the ushers obtained the name of the throat specialist who was treating Sarah McQuinn. He hurried away to the address given and inquired for Dr. Vartow.

The attendant went to the inner office and returned.

"Dr. Vartow is busy," she said. "You must come again."

"I will not," exclaimed Lucky Ten Bar warmly. "My business is important and I must see him."

The woman attendant went out and the doctor, a large, wholesome-looking man of scientific cast, returned with her.

"Be brief as possible," he said, "what can I do for you?"

"It is about Miss McQuinn" he said anxiously. "I am her friend and I want to know how she is and if there is anything I can do for her."

The doctor looked at him sarcastically. "O, it is, is it," he said slowly, "then the scarcer you make yourself in her affairs the better you will be in the esteem of all concerned. You are about the fifteenth up to date and more coming. There is the door."

The doctor turned on his heel.

"Doctor," he said in a voice that made the scientist turn about. "You are mistaken in me, I am not one of those chappies that hang about the theater to annoy her. I am a simple plainsman from a Western ranch. I have heard that Miss McQuinn is an unknown girl from humble ranks who has recently reached success at the first jump

MULTNOMAH FALLS. OVER 800 FEET HIGH, COLUMBIA RIVER.

and is now about to lose her voice. It is not likely that she has much money for expensive specialists. I was once in her ranks here in New York and now I have some money. If she needs help, I want to help her. The doctor seemed interested.

"Sit down a moment," he said. "You do seem different and perhaps you are worthy of some attention. You are right in the opinion that she has not had time to make much money out of her sudden popularity. She has been faithfully striving for years only to lose in the moment of success. A delicate operation might save her but it might also cost hundreds of dollars. She hasn't the money for the operation or the means of remaining absolutely voiceless, except for low conversation, during the year that her vocal organs should rest."

"How many hundred dollars, doctor," said Lucky Ten Bar drawing out his cheque book.

The doctor looked his singular visitor over carefully.

"Say five hundred for the operation," he said as if weighing the cost of the case.

Lucky Ten Bar took up a pen and filled out the blanks in the cheque book.

"There is the five hundred," he said placing the strip of paper in the doctor's hand. "Now I want to know if this operation will be promptly and effectively performed."

"It will" said the doctor.

"When?"

"To-morrow, at this hour."

"Where?"

"At Bellevue hospital."

Lucky Ten Bar gave a start. He remembered the name and there was a glimmering recollection of his having been there once with a broken arm.

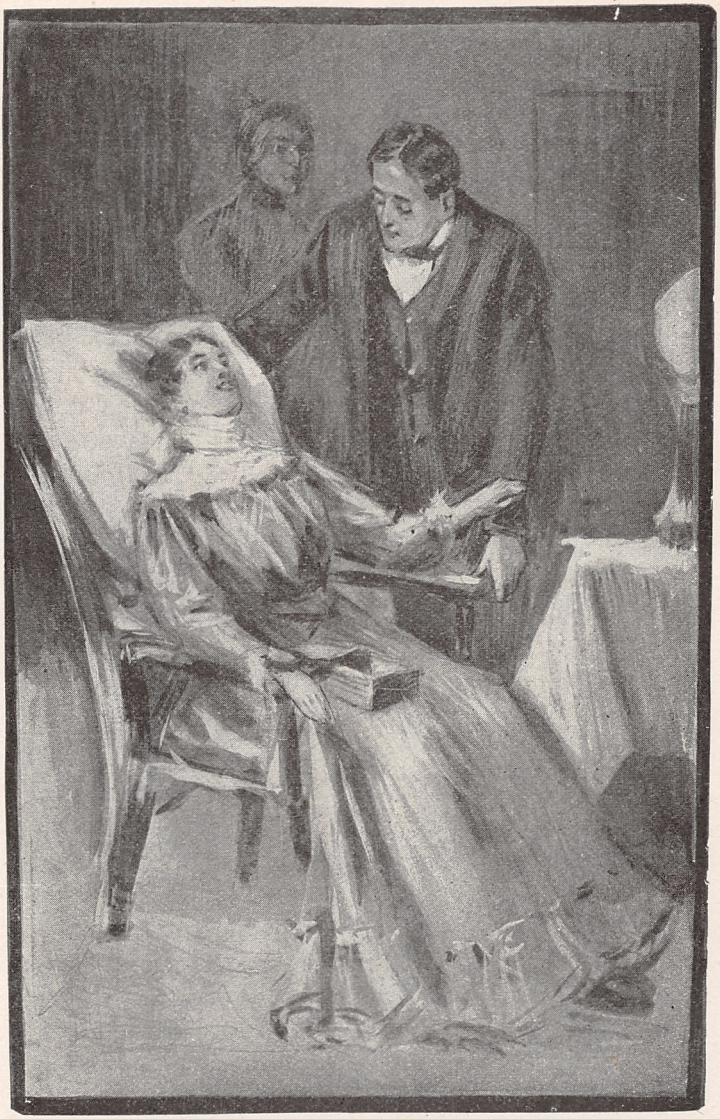
"May I be there then to know if the operation is successful?"

"Does she know you as a friend?" responded the doctor.

"No," replied Lucky Ten Bar, "and she is not to know that the operation costs the hundreds of dollars you have told me it would cost. You can name a small fee within her means as all that is necessary. You must recall in a general way what you have told her about the year of waiting. That can be a matter settled afterward. Spare nothing that will help her. I will pay all costs."

The doctor was puzzled. He thought a moment, looked his peculiar client over with studied care, and then said, "I am convinced that your interest in her is honest and genuine. She is worthy of it. You shall see the operation performed Be at the office of Bellevue promptly at two o'clock to-morrow afternoon and I will fit you out as my attendant."

Lucky Ten Bar grasped the doctor's hand and left the room radiant with the most exalted sensation of happiness that he had ever felt.



"THEN YOU ARE LITTLE SKINNY" SHE WHISPERED. See Page 216

CHAPTER XXIV.

A DOUBLE WEDDING.

At the oppointed time, the anxious and impatient philanthropist appeared in the office of the hospital and looked eagerly around to see if the doctor had preceded him. Although nearly a score of years had made many changes in the celebrated old hospital and its neighborhood, there was a familiarity about it that brought his early childhood back to mind. In all the names of persons and places there was the name of only one person that he could recall. He had not forgotten Sally. As he entered the hospital he could in his memory plainly see Sally running along by his side and being so cruelly denied entrance with him.

The impression of his thoughts were still upon him when a little old women, neatly but very plainly dressed, entered the office from the stair-way and looked inquiringly around.

"Is this the doctors attendant?" she asked coming up to Lucky Ten Bar. "He is waiting for you in the operating room on the next floor." She led the way and Lucky Ten Bar followed her.

On entering the room he saw a white figure under the influence of an opiate lying in the operating chair. The white throat was barred and three specialists were

making a critical examination. Lucky Ten Bar was told to take a seat near at hand and obey orders. Happily there were no orders for him to obey, and he sat where he could see the face of her whom he was thus enabled to befriend.

The old women who had called for him was the girl's mother and every movement she made through the course of the operation was of peculiar interest to him. He believed that he had seen her before. Three or four hours passed before the delicate work had been completed, and then he was detailed with another attendant to help carry her to a carriage and to take her to her home.

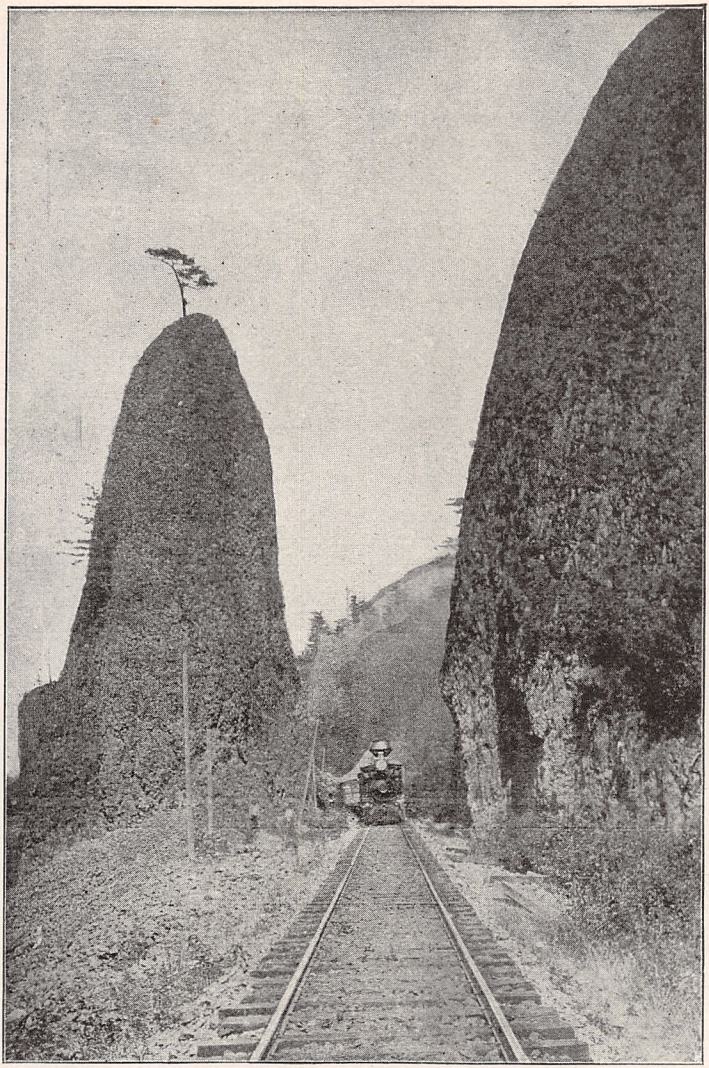
There were but three or four blocks in the distance to her home and Lucky Ten Bar everywhere saw familiar scenes that brought up visions of the time when he and Sally sold papers and begged pennies along these blocks.

He took his leave when he saw the yet half unconscious patient at ease under her mother's care in the cosy flat of an old but well-perserved apartment building.

Every day for a week afterward, he was privileged to go with the specialist to visit the patient and the doctor declared at length that professional services were no longer needed, if she would but let her throat rest a year, since a scientific miracle had been performed by which he was sure that the tone and quality of her voice had been preserved.

During these visits the physician's attendant found little to say and he ventured with considerable trepidation to return alone of his own accord the following day.

"I like this part of New York" he ventured to say



VIEW OF THE RAILROAD IN OREGON.

after an embarassing greeting at his entrance on the uninvited visit. "I can remember playing around here as a child,"

The songstress was sitting in an easy chair with her throat tightly bandaged obeying the admonition sternly given by the specialist that for at least ten days after the operation she must speak only in whispers. Lucky Ten Bar was sure that he had never seen so lovely a woman in all his life. The mother and daughter remained silent or the mother answered only in monosyllables believing that he had come only in the line of professional duties.

"I have had a very changeful experience since leaving here," he continued desperately determined to end one way or the other an anxious supposition that had grown in strength from the moment he had first seen Sarah McQuinn's face on the stage of the vaudeville. He talked on running rapidly backward over the story of his life till he came again to his childhood in New York. His listeners were interested, but wondered what such a story had to do with throat diseases.

"Where did you get your knowledge of medicine and surgery," asked Mrs. McQuinn. "I thought you were a specialist."

Lucky Ten Bar was covered with confusion. He did not know how to answer to save himself from losing their confidence.

"I had an experience in Bellevue," he stammered. "I had my arm dislocated when a child and was taken there by a policeman. I had a little girl friend who was allowed to go no nearer than the door."

The songstress raised her head with a sudden awakening of interest.

"I never saw her again."

Lucky Ten Bar's voice choked with emotion.

"I promised her I would come back to find her and I have come."

Tears came into his eyes that he could not suppress.

"I thought," he stammered, ashamed of his weakness, "that the lady I heard singing at the vaudeville last week might be my lost playmate. Of course I do not know why I should be so foolish as to think so."

The girl in the chair was all this time staring hard at him, and he could not meet her eyes. She motioned to her mother to come near and then whispered something to her. The old woman went to a bureau and brought out a little tin box. The girl looked through it and laid a piece of card-board on the arm of her chair.

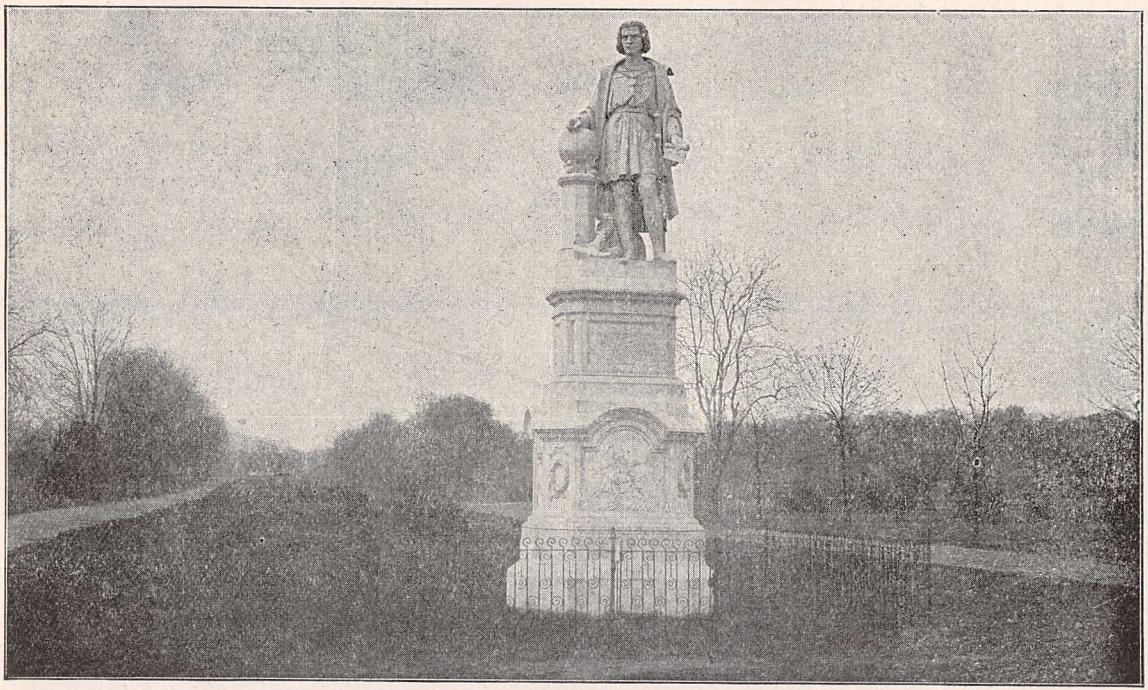
Lucky Ten Bar sprang to his feet as from an electric shock. He brought out a leather case from his pocket and laid another piece of card-board down by the side of hers. They matched perfectly.

"Then you are little Skinny," she whispered.

He fell on his knees by her chair and she laid her hand on his head, while tears filled her eyes.

"What does this mean" cried Mrs. McQuinn, greatly astonished. It did not take long to tell her.

"That man's son," said Lucky Ten Bar proudly poiting to the card "is my partner in one of the finest ranches of the Northwest. Your piece of the card represents your part of the reward that I meant for you to have. I have come to give it to you."



COLUMBUS' STATUE, FAIRMOUNT PARK, PHILADELPHIA.

That evening Lucky Ten Bar astonished Bradley Van Dusen by rushing in and grasping him by the hand as he exclaimed "I've found Sally."

"Who the duce is Sally?" he asked somewhat irreverently.

"Sally, who's Sally?" he cried hysterically? "Why she is to be my wife. I don't think I need any practice standing up with you. If I stand up with you, it can be for earnest and Sally can be the other one in a double wedding."

The mystified Bradley Van Dusen became at last enlightened, and in time there was a glorious event in the home of the Wisner's in the little college town of Sunset on the Susquehanna. There was a double wedding.

"And now?" asked Bradley Van Dusen when the ceremonies and congratulations were over. "What's your plans?"

Lucky Ten Bar's Wife answered for him.

"In due course of time," said she, "we will see the world together; but we have decided that our home shall always be in Paradise Valley."

CHAPTER XXV.

A COW BOY IN SOCIETY.

How to be less foolish than one looks, is a serious question, with a bridegroom. The task is not as easy as it seems.

Lucky Ten Bar found it more difficult than most people, but he was thoroughly in love with his wife and she with him, so there were both the blissfulness of ignorance and unconcern.

There had been no time to plan wedding journeys, and no desire to plan them, if there had been time.

Mother McQuinn was able to show her stalwart son-in-law, so marvellously different from little Skinny that had once been the playmate of Sally, by means of an old parish register that he had been baptised under the name of Robert Dugan and that was the name he preferred to have on his marriage certificate. It was the one which he hereafter placed on hotel registers and legal documents, but he was never familiarly known by his associates and friends under any name other than that of Lucky Ten Bar.

Mother McQuinn had known the parents of little Skinny who had died when he was less than five years old, and she and her daughter alone of all his intimates, persevered in calling him Robert.

Bradley Van Dusen and his wife took a tour through

THE BLISSFULL SOLITUDE IN WHICH TWO ARE ALL THE UNIVERSE. Page 219

Europe, but Sarah Dugan and Mother McQuinn longed to see Paradise Valley and escape for a year at least from the hardships and thraldom of the city.

Lucky Ten Bar believed that he had seen all he wanted to see, except the mysteries of society at the Summer resorts, and his wife decided that he should have his curiosity satisfied. She prepared to chaperone him through the intricacies of some of the most fashionable places.

All the riches of the universe seemed to open at once before the visions and ambitions of Lucky Ten Bar. For once his abilities as a story-teller were taxed to the utmost. His wife kept him talking of his experiences since she had been separated from him as a sympathetic playmate at the Bellevue door, till every day of his past life had been covered.

Lucky Ten Bar was too delighted and too little versed in the ways of hiding his emotions for society's sake to be intrusted in a honeymoon where there were many prosaic people to see and to be amused.

His wife hurried him off on a visit to the home of a secluded friend in the hills of Jersey. The first day they took a car and ran out to the line which ended abruptly in the forest where some enterprising men had fasioned a pleasure resort but had found no patrons. They spent the day wandering among the flowers and through woods, in the blissful solitude in which two are all the universe. Toward nightfall they returned tired and hungry to take the electric car back to the rural home of their convenient friend. Seated on a cross-tie they waited patiently for the car that never came. No one was to be seen whom

they might question as to the schedule time on that line until a solitary man came into view.

The steel climbers flung over his shoulder and the case of small tools in his hand indicated that he was a telegraph lineman. His large, shaggy head, intelligent face, broad shoulders and unkempt clothing were typical of the workman, who, narrowed and limited by conditions and environments, think like a Franklin and live like a boor. He viewed the distressed indviduals without the slightest expression of interest.

"Can you tell us," inquired Lucky Ten Bar anxiously, "when the next car will be here?"

The lineman stopped and began to make a mental calculation on his fingers.

"Well, I figure it out this way," he drawled. "At this time of year you can calculate on an average of one hundred and fifty marriages a day in the regions of New York. A score fly East, a score fly West, and a score fly over the cookoo's nest. That is, each point of the compass gets a score while the rest just flop around as if going somewhere but stay at home. Out of the ones that stay at home, an average of ten honeymoon at Coney Island, another ten hide in the hills up the Hudson and one a week gets out here. They usually spoon so in the car that the motorman and conductor are so overcome that they forget to tell the stricken pair that this is honeymoon paradise and the car only comes out here by appointment. It's the car-mens's joke if they are not told when to come out to the end of the line. Up to nine o'clock you can get a car somewhat over a mile below."

HOME OF WILLIAM PENN, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"But isn't there a house around here where we can stay all night?" asked Lucky Ten Bar in dismay.

"Naw," was the sententious reply.

"But who owns the turnips and the corn in the old garden over there?" persisted Lucky Ten Bar. "I should think that there ought to be a house near by."

"Your deductions are consistent and perfectly logical, young man," remarked the lineman, looking at the questioner from under the shadow of his large slouch hat, and shaggy eyebrows. "Paley with his watch had no more excellent reasons for his conclusions. Butler's analogies are not so worthy of belief, but you are wrong. I have been at work here off and on for the last two years, and I have been unable to locate your hypothetical house. I conjecture that the corn and turnips are descendants of ancient progenitors. After studying and of course tasting the fruit under present discussion, I have boldly concluded that the fostering hand of civilization has long since been withdrawn from their education and care. However, if your inner man is in any way rebellious against enforced fasting or thirst, I would advise you to repair there at once and satisfy yourselves."

"What shall we do?" inquired Lucky Ten Bar in despair turning to his wife.

"Been married just forty-four hours and twenty minutes," said the lineman in soliloquy looking at his watch.

"How do you know that?" was the unguarded question of the bridegroom.

The lineman laughed for the first time.

"Eye, ear, and memory," he replied. "An eye to

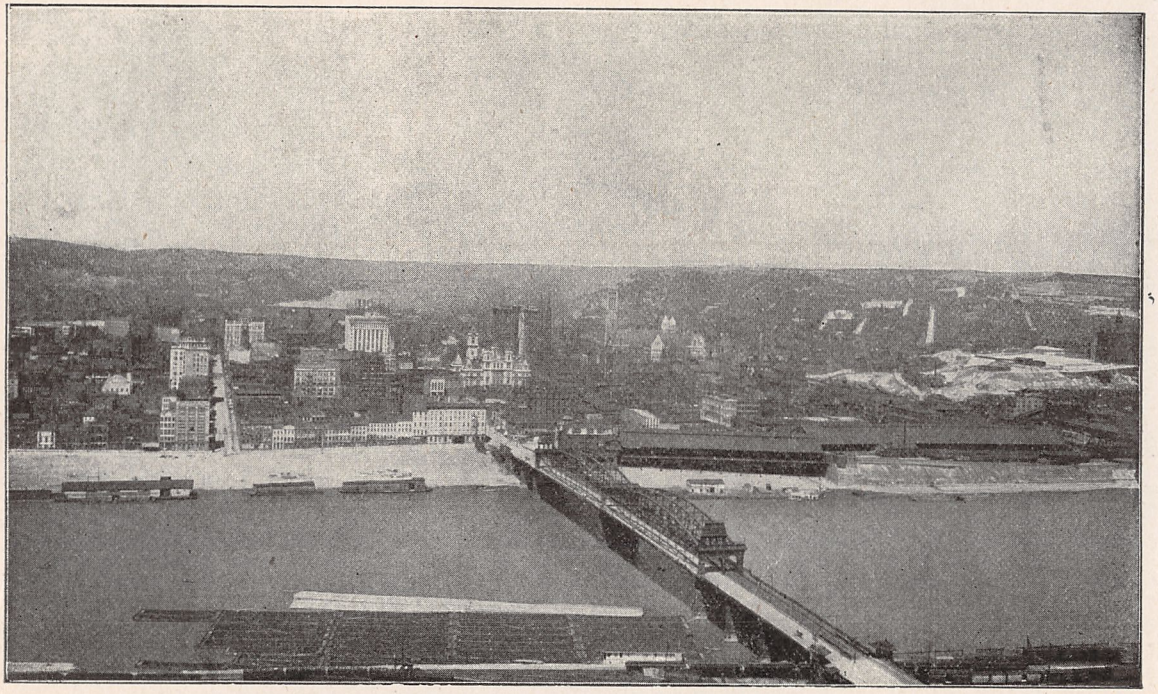
your sweet looks, exchanged so liberally; an ear to your soft tones and a true memory to their signification. Interpretation, you know, is the best and greatest of all human sciences. And besides, the car-men know their business. They never land any persons out here who have been married over forty-eight hours."

An hour later, motorman and conductor smiled significantly to each other as two individuals weary in all but their unsuppressable evidence of affection, boarded the car a mile from honeymoon paradise, and regardless of the day's adventure and the car-men's joke, rode oblivious to the presence of others to the end of their journey.

In due time Lucky Ten Bar was initiated into all the mysteries of the paradise of fakirs at Coney Island and the various places of amusement about New York. Then he took his first sail over the smooth waters of New York bay and a visit was paid to Seabright and Long Branch. Here he was duly shocked at the abbreviated costumes worn by the sea-bathers.

"Only saw an approach to such manners once before," he remarked, "and that was when I was cutting my eye teeth in the small hours of the night when I first landed in Chicago. I suppose like everything else, the old saying that extremes meet, holds good in the customs of the extremes of society."

"These social doings," he concluded in disgust, "are of no interest to me. The best entertaiment I have found since coming East is to go down on East river and eat clams from the push-carts."



GENERAL VIEW FROM ACROSS THE MONONGAHELA RIVER, PITTSBURG, PA

CHAPTER XXVI.

ALL AROUND NEW YORK.

The beech and fashionable drive at Long Branch vie with interest to the stranger. The swell occupants of the turnouts are hardly recognizable as the plungers in the surf. The social philosopher can muse to his heart's contest on the vanity of life in either case. But Lucky Ten Bar was not a philosopher and after the novelty of the first view it all became very tiresome.

It was growing dark when the two honeymooners took the steamer at Seabright back to the city. The tide was coming in and the wonderful movement of the sea was noticeable to the plainsman from the fact that the water was pouring over the breakwater which a few hours before was plainly visible above the surface. The light-houses and the brilliant electrical illumination of the shores made a vision inspiring to revery and awe. The ding-dong of a bell-buoy which the steamer passed was like a weird death knell of the ocean. When the light of the Statue of Liberty came into view, the electric lights of Staten Island and the shores of Jersey, Manhattan and Long Island, glowed with the brilliancy of fallen heavens. The illusion makes one feel that he is sailing straight into the golden ports of paradise. But with the first step ashore the delusion ends.

Lucky Ten Bar allowed his wife to leave him long enough to spend a day with her mother, who like a thrifty woman, was disposing of her household goods to the best advantage preparatory to taking up her abode in Paradise Valley. Somewhat lonesome and disconsolately he was wandering about the Battery when he saw a familiar figure looking across the bay at the Statue of Liberty on Bedloe's Island. A nearer inspection convinced him that he knew the man.

"Hello, Pedro Santillo," he exclaimed going up to the Mexican he had followed from Chicago to New Orleans, "the world after all is not so big but that friends may sometimes accidently meet."

The Mexican was delighted.

"I am married," said Lucky Ten Bar unable to suppress the wonderful news beyond the second sentence.

The Mexican was again delighted.

In the midst of their conversation a man at the gang-plank of a little steamer near them called out: "All aboard for the Statue of Liberty.

"Have you been out yet to see the big statue?" inquired Santillo.

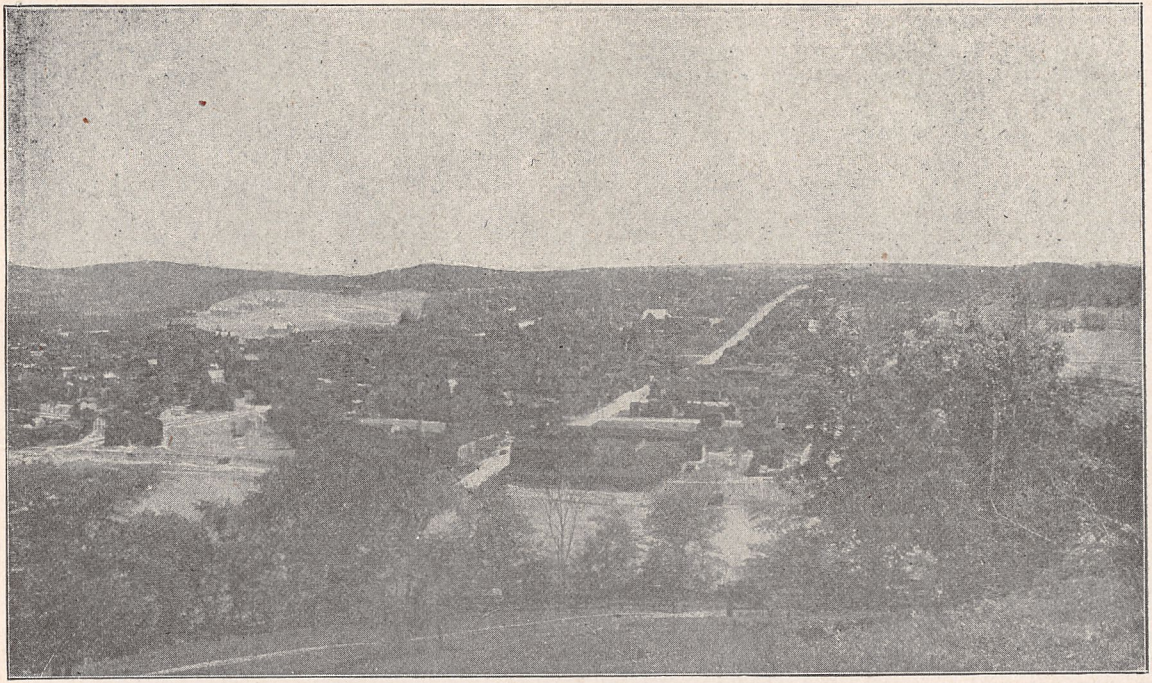
Lucky Ten Bar confessed that he had not.

"Then let us go over," suggested the Mexican.

The gang plank was taken up after them and the little steamer sped rapidly over the water.

"Pretty big woman," said Lucky Ten Bar. "Must take a good bit to get up into speaking distance of her ear."

"If there is no elevator and you've got to climb stairs,



GENERAL VIEW OF HOMESTEAD, PA.

it must take at least a hard five minutes climb," replied Santillo.

Here was an idea. Lucky Ten Bar had vowed to get even with the Mexican, if the opportunity ever offered, for the burning-up dinners that Pedro Santillo had caused him to eat in New Orleans. Lucky Ten Bar had heard of the exhausting climb up the seemingly endless winding stairs of the statue.

"I'll bet you the best dinner that the Waldorf-Astoria can put up that you can't go up into the woman's crown, wave your handkerchief out at me so I will know you are there and get back to me from the cannon on the shore in front inside of half an hour."

"I'll make it two to one," exclaimed the Mexican always ready for a wager. "If I fail, I'll make the dinner to you and your wife."

So it was agreed and the race against time began.

Lucky Ten Bar sat on the cannon and waited. He watched the little square openings in the crown until he grew dizzy. Fifteen minutes went by, then eighteen and twenty. A little white ball with fluttering wings flew out from the crown and came down to the ground just over the parapet of the foundation. Lucky Ten Bar found a handkerchief containing a pebble for a weight. Inside was a leaf from a note book.

"I have climbed the corkscrew up through midnight space and have lodged somewhere in the regions above the stars. Sometime I will start down and I hope to arrive at the Waldorf-Astoria at eight o'clock in time to enjoy with you the dinner which you must order that I

may be properly punished for the crime I have commited on my poor body."

Lucky Ten Bar went around to a dilapidated little cafe and passed the time paying three prices for ice-cream and cake. Half an hour later Santillo appeared and sank down in a chair exhausted.

Lucky Ten Bar was getting even with his amusing friend but he did not consider the hot tomales of the New Orleans resturants yet atoned for.

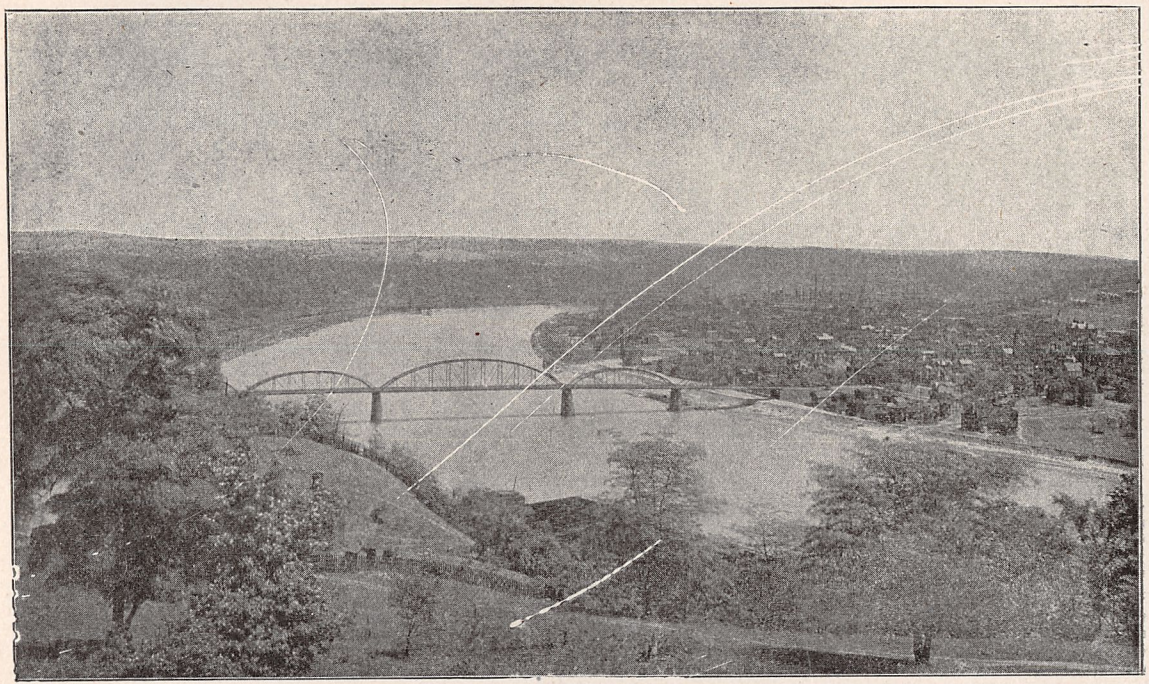
That evening Lucky Ten Bar and his wife met the genial gentleman from Mexico at the appointed hour in the noted hotel of the millionaires and an elaborate dinner for three was ordered.

"I've heard that they are a little stiff on prices here," said Lucky Ten Bar by way of discovering whether the final bill would add anything to the revenge he had scored against the dollar burn-out dinners he had swallowed at the instance of the joke-loving Mexican.

Pedro Santillo shrugged his shoulders.

"The lost wager is worth five dollars apiece," said he, "and I will never begrudge as much more for an hour in such charming company."

The great dining hall was a vision of loveliness for the gourmand as well as the idealist. This was the acme of epicurean art above the humble table of the Western ranch. Part of Lucky Ten Bar's pleasure consisted in seeing Santillo surprised at the size of the bill tor the dinner, but the look of surprise was very fleeting. Forty-one dollars went to the hotel and two dollars to the waiter. Lucky Ten Bar believed that honors were now about even.



CARNEGIE MILLS, HOMESTEAD, PA

Before parting for the evening, Pedro Santillo asked Lucky Ten Bar to meet him the next morning and go with him on a special business visit to one of the big railroad men of New York City.

At the hour appointed the next day they went to the office of the magnate but it was found that the great man was at home with a slight illness. The letter of introduction given by the Mexican procured him the politest attention. In a few minutes a carriage called for them and they were driven directly north along fifth avenue to within a few rods of Central Park. As they approached a massive residence, the wheels of the carriage suddenly ran on to a carpet of something brown and so soft that not the slightest sound of the horses hoofs could be heard. Both men looked out and found that the streets were covered with a layer of tan-bark all around the house.

"The man we are to see must be at death's door," said the Mexican.

"Look at those policemen turning the carriages of other people back to another street," added Lucky Ten Bar.

Just then they stopped before an iron fence not less than twenty feet high in front of the house. A liveried gentleman opened the great portals and let them in.

"Is Mr. Vanderbilt so very ill," asked Pedro Santillo in a hushed voice, that he must have the streets carpeted with tan-bark and all traffic turned into other streets?"

"Aw, not vewe," was the reply. "The hose-hoofs are annoying, don't you know."

A man in uniform met them at the door and took the note extended to him by Pedro Santillo. He disappeared

and a few minutes later appeared, very obsequiously inviting them to follow him.

The wide high hall was gorgeously decorated with the mail, visors, and arms of ancient heroes. Costly paintings by the masters were to be seen at every turn. Nurses and other servants of the great man flitted about like ghosts. An air of mathematical correctness and severe silence pervaded the place. It was a depressing influence on those not impressed with awe at the appearance of monetary greatness.

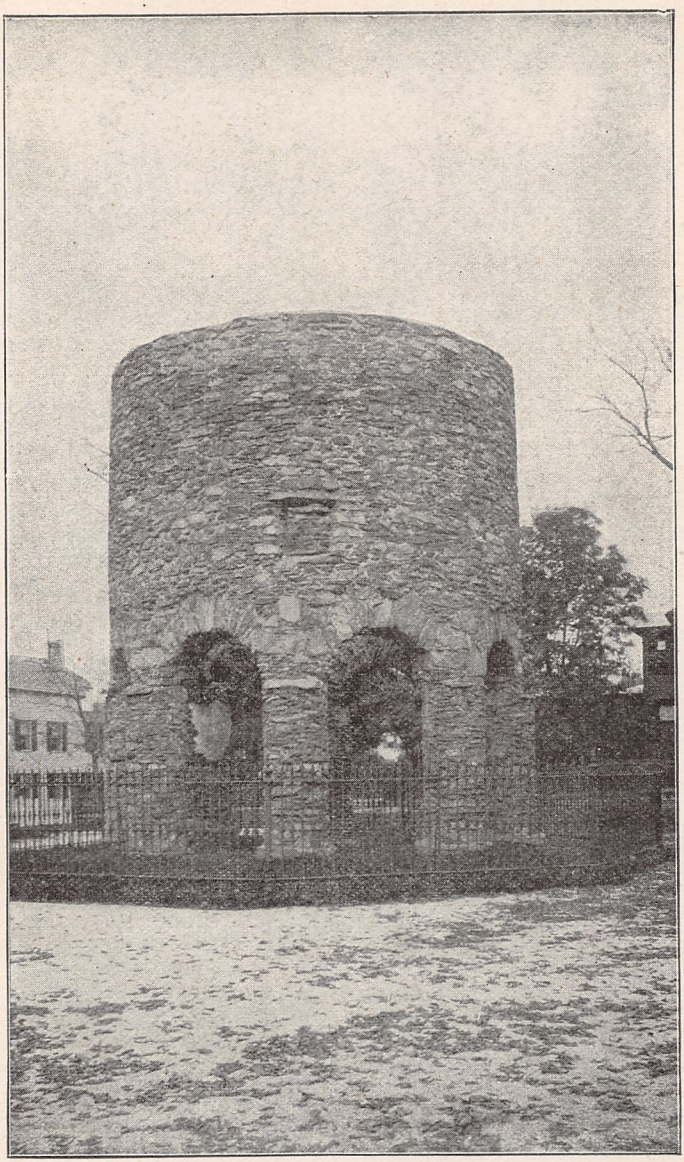
The butler led the way up the broad stairs past the balcony that overlooked the lower rooms that could be thrown together into one.

A courtly looking man sat in an easy chair by the window in an elaborate heavy gown, smoking a cigar. He greeted his visitors cordially and pushed the cigar case nearer to them. Pedro Santillo gave him a bundle of papers and he looked them through carefully.

"You have performed your errand very acceptably," said the money magnate and the request of your illustrious president Diaz has already been anticipated. Surveyors for the new road are already on their way to Mexico. Return to-morrow at this time and I will have ready the papers and documents which I wish you to take back to the president."

They arose to go and the butler, as if automatically worked by inner machinery, appeared bowing at the door and escorted them outside.

"Whew!" exclaimed Lucky Ten Bar, "it must be awfully lonesome to be so great."



OLD MILL. NEWPORT, R. I.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A CASE OF NERVE.

"Sea-sick!" exclaimed Lucky Ten Bar in disgust. "Why, I've been down the coast to Long Branch and up the river to Albany and never felt a sign of it. I guess we'd better make the trip round to Newport on a steamer instead of going by rail."

So it was arranged and the honeymooners the next afternoon at half past five o'clock went aboard the steamer for Newport. The string of splendid Summer-resort vessels bound up the coast through Long Island Sound made a magnificent pageant.

The evening was delightfull, the music enchanting and the passengers full of irrepressible good humor. But suddenly in the midst of their gaiety, the steamer encountered a heavy sea and the hilarity was changed. Lucky Ten Bar was much amused at the peculiar discomforts of his fellow passengers, especially considering their lugubrious looks and unmitgated despair over the inconsequential conditions of sea-sickness. He had never known an ache or pain in his life except his few light afflictions from accidents and he confided to his wife that the whole thing came from those people not having nerve.

"If they had only been brought up on the plains," he exclaimed, "where they had been compelled to come

up against blizzards and inverted thermometers, they would not be making such spectacles of themselves."

"Don't tell your opinions to anyone but me," advised his wife. "We're not at Newport yet."

The Westerner laughed and observed the passengers with a kind of complacent superiorty.

Presently she missed him and a hasty search located him in their room. Before making her presence known she listened and heard a groan.

"Are you sick?" she cried rushing in and throwing her arms around him.

"Sick," he managed to answer, "I'm not only sick but I'm dying. If I don't die I will be paralyzed or a cripple for life. Every joint in my body is being unhinged or thrown out of socket. No system or framework can stand it."

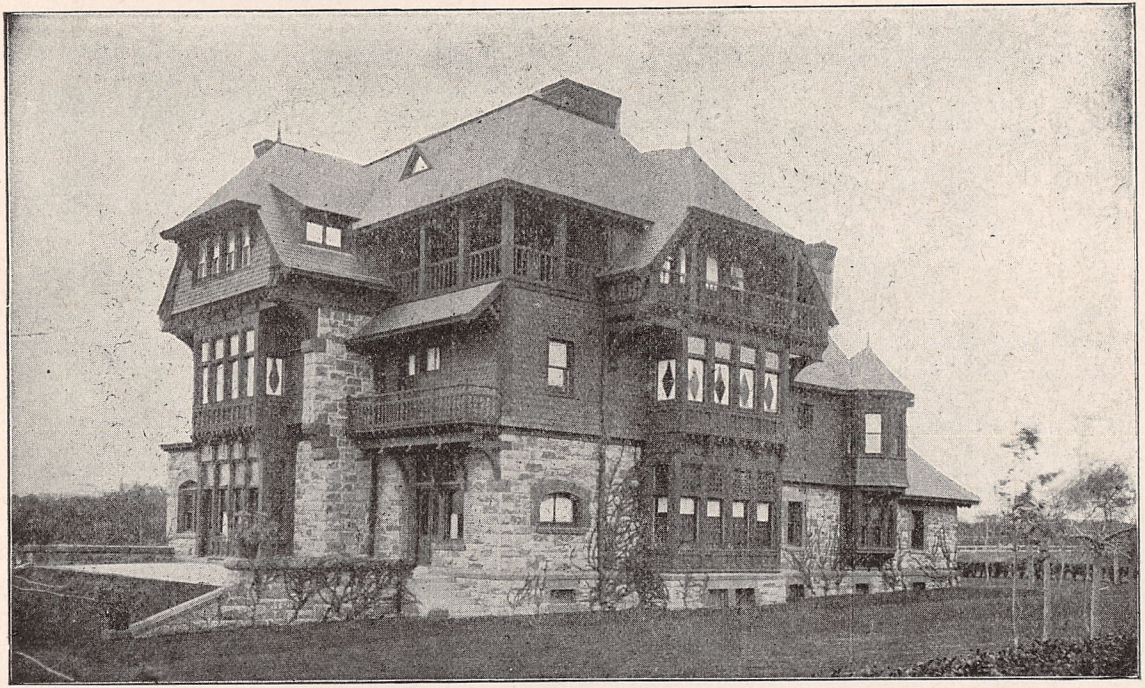
This was delivered in spasmotic and disjointed utterances that betokened the most surpassing agony.

His wife was very sympathetic and in order to assure him that his was not a special or isolated case she said, "you know it is the universal testimony that for the first hour one fears he will die, and the next hour fears that he wont."

Lucky Ten Bar sat upright.

"Do you mean to say," he cried, "that I've got to live two hours?"

"Oh, if yon feel that way about it," she said soothingly, "you have evidently jumped over the first hour into the middle of the second, all you have to do is to call upon your supply of nerve."



COTTAGE AT NEWAORT, R. I.

After an other spasmotic earthquake, he got his voice again.

"Nerve!" he exclaimed, "that s what's the matter with me, I have too much nerve, I have more nerve than this whole ship. It's playing on my nerves, it's jumping on them, it's running a line of trolly cars on every nerve I've got. If I could only throw up my nerves, I'd be all right."

Then he collapsed again.

"Say," he managed to gasp after a while, "does the captain think there is any hope of ever getting to port in such a storm? I can hear the bow of the steamer rasp against the sky and then after about seven seconds the the stern plows a mile or two through the sand at the bottom of the sea."

Lucky Ten Bar was quite feeble when the steamer reached its destination, but he was able to eat his dinner at the hotel in Newport, in fact he ate two dinners, before he arose from the table.

"I've got the money to pay for a square meal," he ejaculated to the surprised waiter. "These samples you have spread around me are all right, now bring on the stuff."

Lucky Ten Bar was usually very considerate and polite, but he illustrated the old proverb, "Scratch a Christian and you will find a savage."

It seemed to him that he hadn't eaten a mouthful for six months.

Usually he preferred to have his wife order for him, but this time he ordered for all three.

"O you don't see the third person," he said sarcastically

to the bewildered waiter. "Well my wife is one and I am two that makes three. I foot all the bills. This house will get its money and I'll give you your five per cent tip on the bill."

Lucky Ten Bar's wife had never seen him in such a humor.

"O, I have been starved out of five years growth," he explained. "I was an untamed cow-boy at the time to which this thing has set me back, that's why I act so bad. I'll get over it when my stomach gets caught up with the time-table and calendar."

"Does sea-sickness effect all people that way?" inquired his wife of a friend who had come with them.

"O yes," was the answer. "The landlord here told me last year that the hotels receiving the passengers consider it legitimate to report that they feed a thousand persons for every five hundred who sit down at their tables from the steamers."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IN THE "SWIM" AT NEWPORT.

Pedro Santillo developed an unusually warm friendship for Lucky Ten Bar. When his mission was fulfilled with his railroad magnate of New York, he came on by rail to join his friends for a few days at Newport. Incidentally he brought from his monied patron, a letter of

FRERCH MAKKET, NEW ORSEANS, LA.

introduction that proved to be an open sesame to the first "swell" function of the season. The invitation he received included his two friends and after a little persuasion he induced them to go with him.

At one of the cottages, to which the name mansion would more properly apply, there was to be a cotillion, which in less dignified Parisian style, other mortals knew as the german.

"I'd rather face a whole gang of cattle thieves, with myself mounted on a lame horse and with one of my arms in a sling," protested Lucky Ten Bar.

But it was an unusual opportunity bestowed upon those not to the manor born and the destinguished Mexican ambassador of capitalists insisted that he would not go unless his two American friends would occompany him.

In due time the three friends, though not wearing as costly gems, appeared at the appointed place appareled in costumes befitting the company and the occasion.

The cottage, almost concealed in a dainty grove, was brilliant as a gem set in the matrix of night. The lnxuries of art had made the place more delicate and refined than a Sybarite could dream.

Lucky Ten Bar drew a long breath.

"Whew!" he exclaimed. "I guess the saints would be afraid to breathe in here. They might foul the exquite aromas or tarnish the delicate tints of the walls."

In a little while they were ushered into the spacious dancing hall. A row of chairs was placed in the room in a circle, a considerable space being left in the center. Partners were then regularly chosen for the dance, and

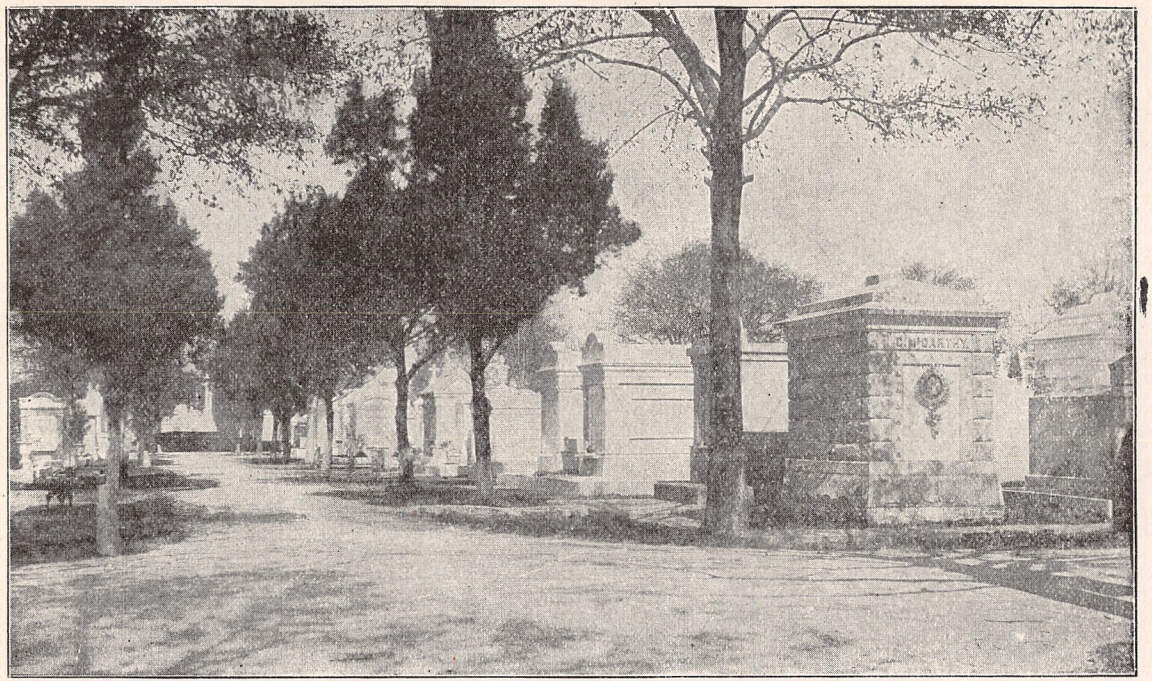
the ladies and gentlemen were placed alternately around the circle seated in the chairs. However it was soon disclosed that the regularly selected partners were not to dance with each other but with others.

Lucky Ten Bar, obtained an excuse not to take part and his wife took her place with Pedro Santillo, whose military bearing and courtly manners made him a conspicuous figure.

The cotillon had two leaders, a gentleman and a lady, who danced first all around showing the figure to the others. Then all took part. At the end of this preliminary dance, the guests retired and the hall was arranged for another form. When they returned, they found a lady who distributed the favors, seated on a throne. The men one by one came before her for inspection. She sat with her back to the suppliants and looked into a mirror. If the apparition of the gentleman coming up was not of her choice, she took her handkerchief and rubbed it over the glass as if to wipe away the unsuitable image. When the right man came she laid down the glass and waltzed around the room with him. Then another woman took her place and the same performence ensued until every woman and every man had been mated.

"O my!" exclaimed Lucky Ten Bar on the way back to their hotel, "I pity those people who have so much pleasure that they have to rack their brains to distraction in order to find new ways to enjoy it. Such wasted energies and brain force applied to cattle raising would in a few years feed the world."

Pedro Santillo was to take the train for his return to



METAIRIE CEMETARY. NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Mexico at two o'clock and as it was near that time when they took their carriage to leave the cottage where they had been so exquisitely entertained, Lucky Ten Bar and his wife went with their friend to see him off.

At half past two they reached their hotel Just as they were at the foot of the stairs leading to their room, a resounding shriek rang through the house from one of the upper halls. In a moment more there was an uproar of cries and inquiries. Scantily clad figures rushed out from every room and bumped into one another in the demoralized effort to find the way out. Every woman was carrying her most valuable possession. Aristocratic dogs and cats predominated but now and then there was a mother with a child.

What it was all about no one could tell but as no immediate danger was apparent it gave the hotel employees time to investigate and the report soon came that one of the guests in returning late was met by his wife at the door, when he unwittingly stepped on an explosive match. It supplemented a pistol-like report by setting fire to the fringe on the rug. The woman screamed and the man put out the fire. That was all. The guests returned contentedly to their beds and Lucky Ten Bar scored another mental black-mark against the degenerate courage of the effete East.

Newport was so mathematically correct that it became stiffling to Lucky Ten Bar and he persuaded his wife to take immediate departure for Saratoga. The hotel to which they went at Saratoga was preparing for an elaborate lawn party when they arrived. Lucky Ten Bar's wife as usual met all the requirements of the

fashion and custom by fitting him out in a claw-hammered coat in which he declared that he felt as much as he looked like a blue-jay that had just emerged from an all-day fight with a crow. But the laws of society are inexorable and the honeymooners appeared at the fete in impeccable style. Her shapely kid-gloved hand was as aristocratic in appearance as the most blue-blooded in the lot, but few places in the world could out-rank the display of diamonds that the fair dames of that noted resort used as a setting to their beauty.

The next day was spent in driving around to the different springs and sparingly sampling the water. They took dinner at the hotel on Saratoga Lake where the Saratoga chips come from, and were duly amused at the partiality of the guests for those delectable shavings. Saratoga is a place to be admired. Its immense hotels and handsome private residences, its beautiful shaded promenades and boulevards, its magnificent parks and phenomenal springs, its distinguished society and brilliant social features awakened in Lucky Ten Bar an interest in society that he had never before known. Gathered here for a few short weeks each year are the wealth, wit, beauty and fashion of the most eminent society. Millionaires from all departments of life here find and enjoy the ease and luxury which their wealth seekes and provides. Gay belles of the season, matrons proud of their social victories, and gilded youths form sparkling coteries. Here society revels in a glorious whirl of diamond-decked gayety. Flowers bloom and fountains splash as richly dressed men and women promenade or roll by in sumptuous equipages. The days

STEAMSHIP LOADING WITH COTTON, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

are given up to ease, and the nights dedicated to joy and pleasure.

Lucky Ten Bar was beginning to love travel. The world and its contents began to assume an interest and importance that was beyond anything he had ever dreamed. He had heard of Niagara Falls many times with indifference. Now he wanted to see Niagara Falls. In a few days the wish was gratified.

"I thought the falls could be heard forty miles," he exclaimed to his wife in disappointment. "Here we are getting off the train and we don't hear anything."

"It depends on the keenness of one's ears and which way the wind is blowing, I suppose," she answered. "I think I can hear a deep roar that must be caused by the Falls."

"Your ears beat mine," he replied as they went into a hotel for breakfast.

After breakfast they went out to Prospect Park and from that point obtained the first view of that gorgeous spectacle of nature.

Bewildering indeed is this manifestation of power; superb in its grandeur, transcendent in its sublimity. It is the crowning wonder of the world, and in its creation the Almighty has set His seal forever upon our great American continent. From the ends of the earth people have come to see it, and they have ever returned with a keener appreciation of their own insignificance.

Only one individual has put himself on record as being unimpressed with the awful sublimity of the stupendous scene. He wrote on one of the hotel registers, as follows:

"All the way from Wall Street,
I've come to see this water sheet.
Having seen this water sheet,
I'll now go back to Wall Street."

Securing a competent guide, Lucky Ten Bar and wife went to all points of interest in the park and on the islands.

Preparatory to their visit to the cave of the winds, they put on heavy rubber clothing provided for that purpose, and set forth on their fearful but really safe and secure journey. They found this place to be the space behind the Falls. The rock over which the streams plunge being nearly perpendicular, and as the water shoots over from the plumb line, it leaves a space between it and the rock into which visitors possessing nerve enough can go, although there is such a spray flying that one gets as wet as he would in a regular shower.

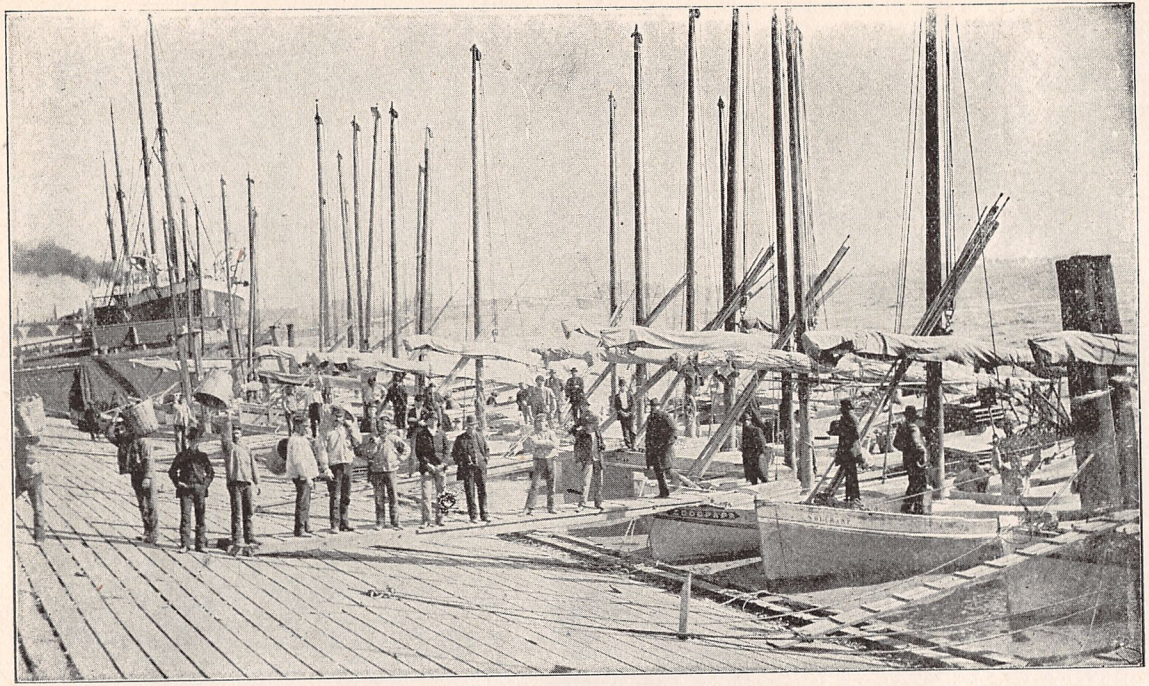
"Gracious," exclaimed Lucky Ten Bar, "this is enough to make a fellow think of his sins."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the guide, "that would keep some people pretty busy who come here. It's nearly as good as going to church to make people pious."

Dripping with the spray, they came from under the Falls, and once more reached the little bridge that spans along from rock to rock below, and over which they had come from the stairway.

While here they stopped and looked up at the tumbling torrents so far above them. Lake Erie was emptying itself madly at their feet.

Back again and in their own clothes, they went once more to Luna Island. Several visitors were there,



OYSTER LUGGAR LANDING, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

and now that they had seen all there was to see, from the American side the honeymooners began to observe who were the visitors.

Some were holding their mouths and eyes open to take it in; some were gazing in mute admiration, while others were gabbling about various points of interest and volunteering all sorts of information, not unfrequently to the disgust of those about them.

Their next visit was to the great suspension bridge that spans the angry river from the American to the Canadian shore.

It is about one hundred and seventy-five feet above the surface of the river, and is a mechanical curiousity, well worthy of a visit from a long distance to see.

Paying their toll, they started to walk across.

The sight was a beautiful one, for from this bridge the eye can take in the "Bridal Veil," the American and Canadian falls, and the dark green, foam flecked waters of the river below, as well as the rapids above.

After observing the sight for a long time from their vantage ground, they crossed over and stepped upon the dominions of Queen Victoria, it being the first time that either of them had ever drawn breath under any other flag than the Stars and Stripes.

"This is the place where we should say, 'Long live the Queen,' is it not?" asked Lucky Ten Bar.

"Yes," replied his wife, "but I don't see as the air tastes much different here."

"Oh, you are prejudiced in favor of the United States. But let us go to the battlefield of Lundy's Lane. The air may have a different flavor there."

"All right; let's try it."

A coachman was soon engaged to take them to the falls on that side of the river, and which is really the finest view of anywhere, after which they were driven to the bloody battlefield of Lundy's Lane, where General Scott won the first of his immortal honors.

"It isn't a bloody field now, is it?" asked Lucky Ten Bar, of the driver, who was taking them slowly up the hill toward it.

"No; but it's a bloody hard road to get to it," replied the driver.

They were both made familiar by the guide with the history of that stubborn fight, but being now upon the very spot where it transpired, made their patriotic blood run quicker and their hearts swell with pride.

After listening to a detailed description of the battle by an old man, they were driven back to the bridge when they crossed over to their native soil.

Lucky Ten Bar was opposed to any chance for contracting sea-sickness, but his wife wanted to visit Toronto by way of Lewistown and the steamer across Lake Ontario, and he yielded to her wishes. The journey proved to be a delightfull one and they found Toronto a beautiful modern city, rich in architectural attractions, and containing many eminent institutions of learning. Its extensive parks, broad avenues, and pleasant environments made it exceedingly interesting.

So much more entrancing and pleasant was travel on the well-appointed tourist steamer of the lakes that the honeymooners decided to go by water to Montreal.

In the evening on the steamer, a party of gay young

WORKING IN THE COTTON FIELD.

people organized a dance and were in the midst of a lively waltz when they heard a religious song from many throats floating backward from the bow. They soon discovered that there was on board a Sunday School excursion that had opened up an opposition song service. The dance did not last long and the excursionists soon had the field to themselves.

Early in the morning the steamer passed Kingston and soon began to plow along among the Thousand Islands.

An island is a joyous spot in Summer. The live elms or towering ash whose thick foliage trembles in the breeze and shields the smooth lawn or moss-grown rocks from the sun's hot rays; the surrounding tide with its sudden scintillations, its deep calm shaded pools where the fishes play—these are pleasant things on July days. But a thousand such islands, varying in color from the dull gray of the dull rock to the deep green of the hardy oak and rank willow, all rejoicing in an environment of laughing waters, swelling floods, rushing torrents, foam and dashing spray, every islet and dancing riple pulsating with the spirit of music—such a place is a veritable Elysium, a region of rare delight. Such a place is that American archipelago, the Thousand Islands.

Under an agreement between the State of New York and the Canadian Government, the island territory is constituted as a great international park and preserve. Many of the most beautiful islands upon either side of the boundary line have been purchased and are held in their native wilderness as public camping and picnic grounds.

The time when Lucky Ten Bar stood most in need of nerve was when the old Indian came aboard and took the tiller to pilot them down the Lachine Rapids. His wife clung to his arm and the passengers gathered in scared groups.

When they were apparently headed for a rock that would send them all to the Kingdom Come, there was a rapid whirl of the wheel, and the steamer would glide by as if running down a groove. The fact that the run had been made every day for years without an accident braced each one up with a confidence that he was far from feeling. When the steamer was safely through, the passengers eagerly bought a picture of the old Indian pilot as a souvenir of their perilous ride.

At Montreal, Lucky Ten Bar began for the first time to appreciate the history of his country. The guide that took them from place to place had all the local stories at his tongue's end. He told glibly of many a conflict between Indians and white men, French and English, and English and Americans. The city is replete with historic tablets and monuments. It is known far and wide as the city of churches, and it contains many worthy of careful inspection. The old church of Notre Dame, with a seating capacity of fourteen thousand, is magnificent in its architecture and elaborate in its furnishings. From its west tower, the great hall, named "Gros Bourbon," awakens the surrounding echoes with its brazen clanger. St. James Cathedral, claimed to be the largest church on the continent, is another grand structure, modeled after St. Peter's at Rome. The dome which is seventy feet in diameter, rises to a height of two hundred an fifty

THE COLORED ELDER.

feet. Christ Church Cathedral is a fine specimen of Gothic architecture, beautiful in proportions.

Lucky Ten Bar and his wife found most pleasure in the magnificent view they obtained from the top of Mount Royal. This famous eminence was so named by Jaques Cartier who first ascended it in 1535. It rises north of the city to a height of seven hundred and fifty feet. From its summit the city may be seen, with its spires and domes glittering in the sun, the palatial homes of its wealth and the meaner dwellings of its poor, its broad avenues and beautiful parks, streching out in one glorious panorama, bounded in the far distance by the glistening waters of the St. Lawrence.

The honeymooners both decided here that they had not yet seen enough of Canada; and, after a few days visit at Montreal, they again took the steamer down the St. Lawrence toward Quebec.

The omniscient and ever present guide was here ready as elsewhere to show them the sights with the least inconvenience and time. Interesting as was Montreal in points of historical interest it was not to be compared to Quebec. Here, in fact, is the spot where the refinement of the old world first touched the barbarism of the new, and from here early missionaries spread the seed of that religious truth which has since grown into such a rich harvest of Christian institutions. To-day it stands as one of the most interesting cities of the new world, cerainly the most interesting in the Dominion of Canada.

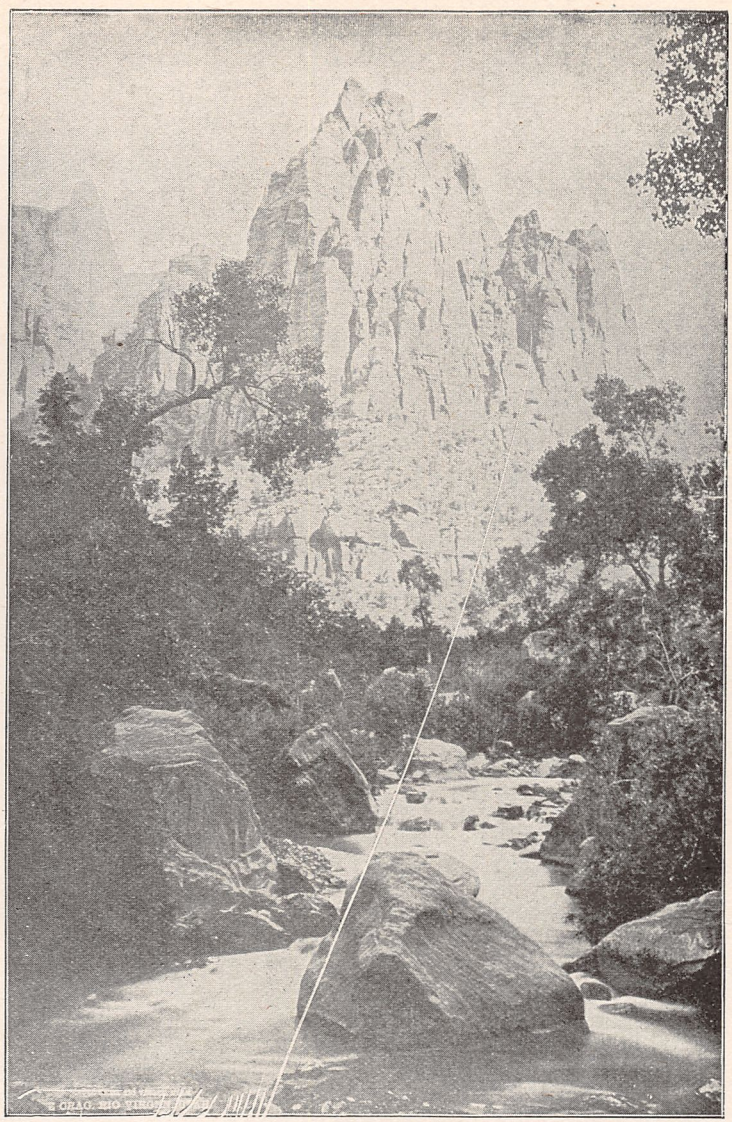
Its famous citadel, is the commanding military site on the continent. On its slopes Indian, French, Egnlish and American warriors have fought for supremacy, and

bloody indeed have been their encounters. Here Wolfe and Montcalm fell, and here on December 31, 1775, fell General Montgomery.

From the citadel height a glorious picture outspreads before the eager and enchanted tourists. From the point upon which Lucky Ten Bar and his wife stood, they could see where the lily banner of France and the time-worn flag of England had been successively unfurled in token of supremacy. A short distance away are the plains of Abraham, and behind the Dufferin Terrace, in the Governor's Garden, stands the granite column which tells the story of the battle, "In memory of Wolfe and Montcalm." Vanquisher and vanquished lie silent in the tomb, but their names are linked together in an unfading wreath of glory. Below, standing side by side, are the antique gables, quain spires, and historic walls of the last century mingling with the grand structures of the present. Near at hand, upon the broad and beautiful Dufferin Terrace, stands a magnificent hotel with an unsurpassed view. Crowning the cliffs, also, stands the Laval University, the chief seat of French culture in the Dominion.

Across the river the Lewis Heights loom up with imposing grandeur, crowned with superior fortifications. From these heights a magnificent view of the Montmorency Falls can be had.

Further down the river they took a day to visit the grand and beautifull Church of Ste. Anne de Beaupre, located at the foot of the towering mountain of that name. The shrine of this justly celebrated temple is annually visited by over one hundred thousand pilgrims,



EAGLE ROCK, RIO VIGIN, UTAH.

many of whom, cured by its marvelous water, leave their crutches behind. Two huge pyramids have been reared of these cast-off appliances. The richness and grandeur of this temple is scarcely equalled in America.

Having now seen the most interesting places of eastern Canada, Lucky Ten Bar and his wife decided to visit a few more of the most noted places in their native land before going back to the humble though independent life of ranchmen on the great plains of the West.

They wanted to see Mount Washigton in the White Mountains and there they directed their way. The romantic attractions of this place surpassed anything they had yet seen; there were glens and gorges, streams, torrents, slides, lakelets and waterfalls unsurpassed by those of any other in the mountain region.

No one ever described the ocean so as to give a true impression of it, or the sea-like extent of one of our western prairies, or the falls of Niagara—and all attempts to impress the view, in a clear atmosphere, from Mount Washington on others, must be nearly futile.

An ocean of earth billows, misty and sombre, reels away to the far horizon on every side, an ocean which has, as it were, by "stroke of the enchanter's wand" become suddenly and forever congealed, and that at a moment when whirlwind and tempest were heaving it into gigantic surges. The visitor conceives of no better comparison than the waste of the melancholy, tempest-ridden ocean frozen in the midst of a tempest. Sunshine and shadow chase each other over the vast silent

area, light and darkness fleck its surface: but the prevailing feature is one of shadow and gloom.

Far in the north is Moosehead Lake, looking like a strip of burnished silver amidst a region over which the shadows of night have fallen. There too is Mount Kineo, and the elephantine summit of Catahdin crouching beyond. Westerly are the Green Mountains of Vermont rolling along the outer edge of the circle like the humps of great sea serpent, and more than a hundred miles distant to the south-west is Mout Monadnock, peeping over the intervening ridges as if playing at hide-and-go-seek with some other Titan a hundred or two miles off.

Lucky Ten Bar and his wife went to the summit in a tally-ho coach up the east side of the mountain to the Tip-Top hotel and returned down the mountain railway running from the summit to Fabyans.

It was an interesting thing to them to see the difficulties of the extremely steep grade, thirty-five hundred and ninety-six feet in three miles, overcome by the ingenious application of the cog-wheel principle to the locomotive and track.

The honeymooners had by this time developed about all the characteristics of globe-trotters and were in every way full-fledged tourists. As they were now not far from Portland, they decided to visit that famous place, and thus whatever neglect there had been in their childhood to the study of geography, they would now make it up in actual experience.

The "Beautiful City by the Sea" as Longfellow so poetically called it, is the gateway to innumerable natural

BRIGHAM YOUNG AND HIS WIVES.

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beauties and cool retreats. It consists of a small peninsula which projects into Casco Bay, including several islands within a few miles distance.

The guide took them to see the homes of noted men and discoursed learnedly on their virtues and achievements. They visited numerous Summer resorts, and spent a day watching the fishermen and studying their quaint character and methods.

Lucky Ten Bar and his wife now began to turn their thoughts homeward and westward. One place of great historical interest yet remained, and that was Boston the metropolis of New England. In a few days they were sampling baked beans and brown bread in the home of the nativity of those famous articles. The narrow thoroughfares as compared with the broad streets of Western cities excited astonishment in the Westerner, but the ever ready guide explained it all and carried him and his bride to every point of interest and made them fairly well acquainted with the interesting history of Boston. The Commons, the Fulton Market, Fanuel Hall and the Bunker Hill monument became never fading pictures in their memory.

While at Boston a letter reached them from New York, inquiring if there was anything that could head them off or turn them homeward. Mother McQuinn was becoming alarmed about her runaway children. She began to fear that they might have become travel crazy and that they might not stop till they had exhausted their funds. That was a calamity, the bare possibility of which, was enough to keep the wires hot with inquiries and protestations from Mother McQuinn.

At last she received an answer that gave her a measure of peace. The telegram read: "We will take a steamer next Saturday morning down the Hudson from Albany."

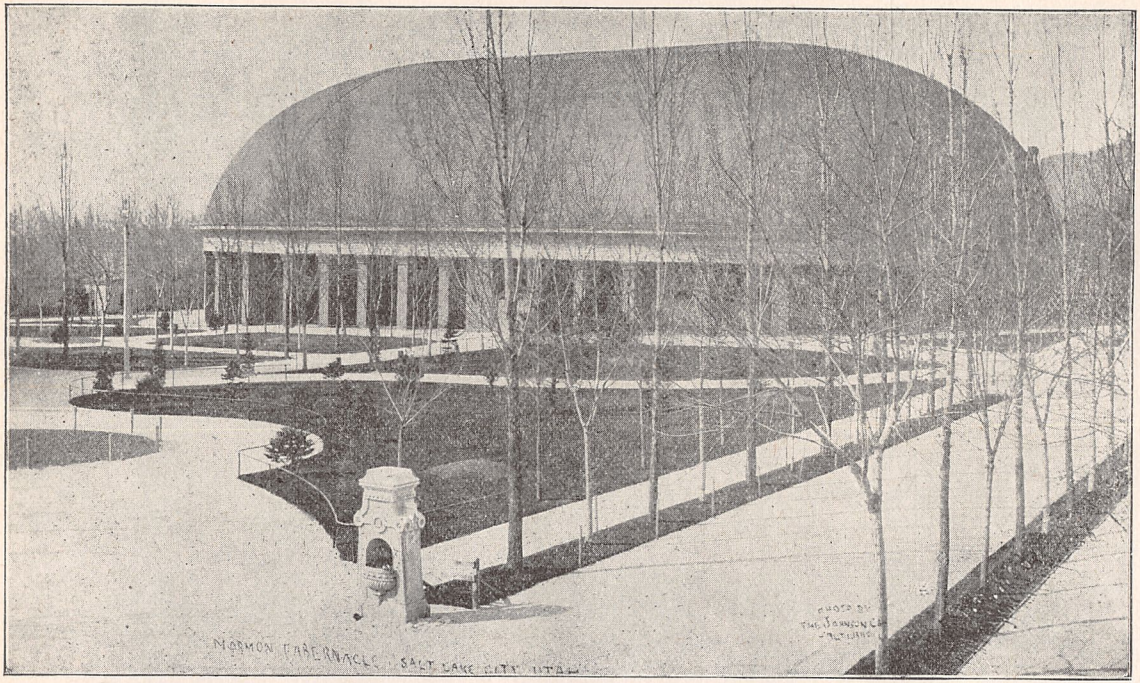
CHAPTER XXIV.

WESTWARD HO! —

The honeymooners whom Mrs. McQuinn had begun to regard as hopeless runaways, reached Albany and promptly took in all the sights from the spectacular and fabulously costly state house to the busy docks of the Champlain and Erie canals.

Then they set off swiftly for the famous Catskills where Rip Van Winkle awoke from his long sleep and cast his eyes upon the mountains and valleys which were destined in later years to become among the most noted of America's summer retreats.

There the youthful and sprightly tourists found that fashion and wealth had invaded these mountain fastnesses, and erected palatial hotels and handsome chateaux, where summer idlers pass their leisure hours. Happily the New York millionaires who have absorbed these mountains for their summer homes have respected the primeval forests and their pristine beauty, and there still remain the quiet roads, the sparkling streams, and the cloud-capped peaks which were the familiar companions



Mormon Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, Utah.

of Irving's heroes. Here is found preeminently America's land of song and story, a region whose legends, immortalized by America's finest story-tellers, will live to give pleasure to young and old as long as the mountains stand and the lordly Hudson rolls on to the sea.

After a delightful ride down the Hudson they came within view of the suburbs of New York. Past the Palisades on one side and the Jersey Hills on the other the towering monument of America's greatest General came in sight bringing a thrill of patriotic sentiment to all American tourists. The achievements of General Grant was in every one's mind as the magnificent tomb could be seen outlined against the sky. It was a clear day and the weaving net-work of great ocean greyhounds, swift-flying yachts and steamers, heavy laden sailing vessels and ferry boats formed a picture on the broad sheet of water from Grant's tomb to the Statue of Liberty that could never be forgotten. Nothing like it exists elsewhere in the world to so quicken the pulse of ambitious youth and fill the mind of the beholder with awe at the activity and restless energy of Man.

Mother McQuinn was at the wharf to welcome her returning children. She had everything ready for their immediate departure westward and their thought now turned eagerly to their distant home and the domestic happiness they were idealizing for the peaceful life of Paradise Valley.

Mother McQuinn had an abundance of hard Irish wit but she had never been off of Manhattan Island since she had come there as a young girl from Ireland except

for the visit she had paid to some friends at the end of the great bridge over in Brooklyn.

The family took the train to Philadelphia and spent a day in visiting the relics of colonial times and the early days of national life to be found in Independence hall. They visited the grave of Benjamin Franklin in the corner of the cemetary a few blocks away and drove through Fairmont park. The next morning they went to the great railroad station next to the magnificent city hall and took their seats in the observation car that was to carry them toward the vast wilds of the new world. Through great mining regions they sped and the Alleghanies began to loom up on each side.

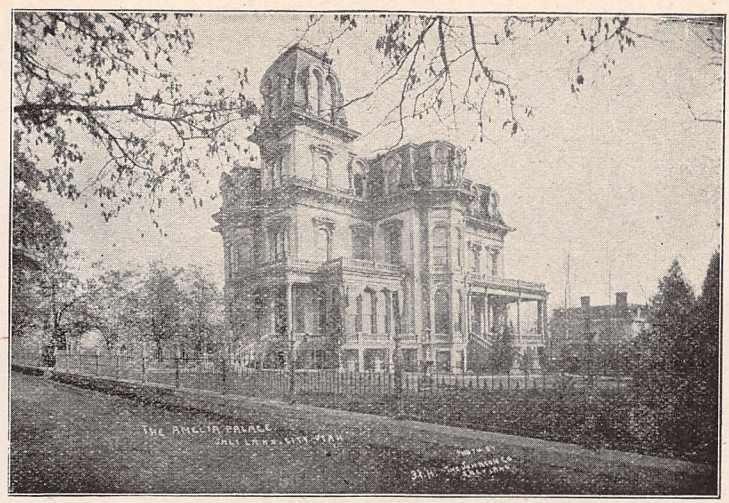
"Now we are coming to the fine scenery" exclaimed a commercial traveller to Lucky Ten Bar as they neared Horseshoe bend. "You are in a net of snow-capped peaks that tickle the nose of the man in the moon every night."

"Do tell," cried Mother McQuinn, "what an interesting sight that must be."

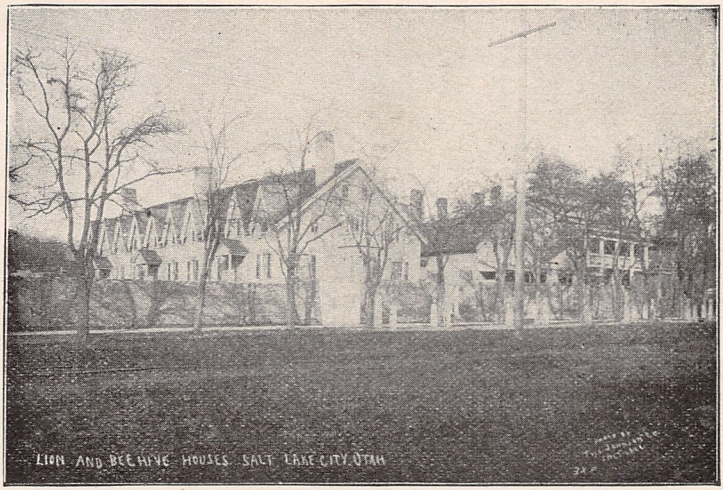
"Yes," continued the inveterate Munchausan, "in the center of that place the train runs around a tree three times and the reporters stand on the back end of the car and interview the hoboes that are riding on the cow-catcher."

The place thus described was awaited with absorbing interest, but the drummer was out of the car at the critical time when the old lady might have severely rebuked him for his prevarications, that is if she could have been sure that he was stretching the truth a little.

They passed on to Johnstown and were anxious to



THE AMELIA PALACE, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH. Resdence of Amelia B. Young, favorite wife of Brigham Young.



LION AND BEEHIVE HOUSES, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.
Home of Brigham Young's wives.

see the Conemough valley where five thousand men, women and children were taken in a few minutes to eternity by the monstrous flood. In the few hours thaf the travellers had before night, they went over the scenes of one of the greatest and most disastrous floods since the days of Noah and listened to the many tales of hair-breadth escapes. Their guide was dramatic in his hair-raising recitals and ended with the story of how Daniel Peyton and his horse lost their lives in the heroic race they made down the valley and through the town to warn the people of the coming flood. As he bade them good-bye he recited a poem written in the hero's honor. The last lines were as follows:

The rythmic ring of a horse's feet
Echoes along the city's street,
And the idle crowd swarm out to see
Whom may the reckless rider be.

With bloodless face and blazing eyes
He dashes on, as he wildly cries,
"Fly! for the river's flood is near!
Fly! for the awful flood is here!"

He passes and they stand amazed
Then just as they think the rider crazed,
Some mischief breeding addle pate,
They behold, they see and fly to late."

The travellers took the early train to Pittsburg, and the rapidity with which these expert tourists whirled the old lady about fairly took her breath away.

Lucky Ten Bar secured a permit at the Pittsburg offices to go through the great iron-works at Homestead and the first day was spent in seeing the bewildering

power which the ingenuity of man has been able to exert through the mechanical forces of nature. The seathing caldrons of molten iron, the roaring furnaces, and the gigantic hammers pounding into shape vast bodies of glowing metal, looked more like the magical work of deamons than of men.

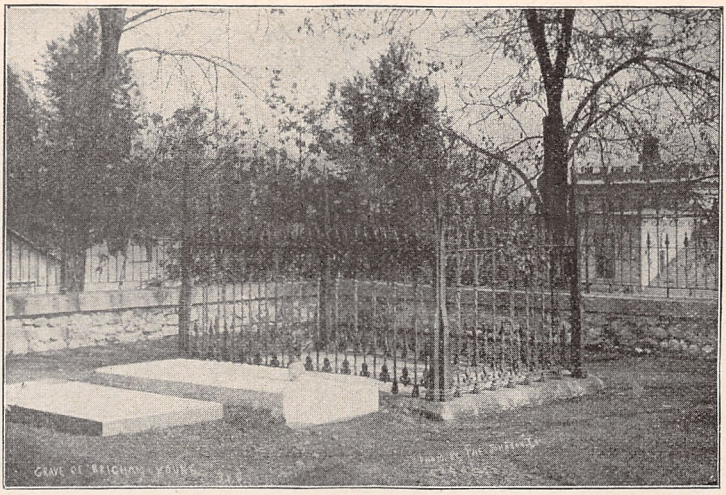
"Ah, go on!" exclaimed Mother McQuinn, crossing herself in pious horror, "I'm not so bad that ye should bring my poor old body to this roasting place. It's warning enough you have given me. I'll fix it so masses enough can be said for my soul to keep me out of this horrid place."

No persuasion could induce her to believe that this was not the place of lost souls and that the half naked and grimy puddlers were not the imps of Satan, so they took the first train for Cincinnatti. There she insisted on spending the day in the old church in the center of the city where she could confess herself from the wicked place she had been through and be absolved from all the awful consequences her imagination had thrust upon her conscience.

Lucky Ten Bar and his wife took the opportunity to board an electric car for the fort across the river a few miles over in Kentucky. When they returned they found the old lady at their hotel feeling much relieved and ready to continue the journey.

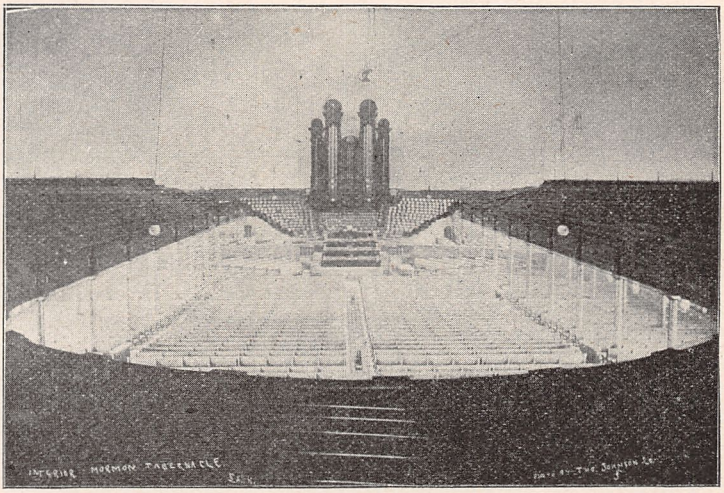
Aboard the westward bound train, she left everything with child-like simplicity to her two children whom she believed to be the most perfect and brainy persons that ever walked the earth.

However, she met the usual ridiculous difficulties of



GRAVE OF BRIGHAM YOUNG, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

Brigham Young is buried in the enclosure the other graves are his wives.



INTERIOR OF MORMON TABERNACLE, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

those old people who have never travelled and who for the first time in their lives are required to go to bed in the berth of a sleeper.

In due time after night-fall the porter of the car began to hang up the curtains, to set up the partitions, and to make up the sleeping berths.

"What are they doing," she asked, as she caught sight of what was going on.

Lucky Ten Bar looked around to see.

"Why, Mother, they're making up the beds!"

She looked aghast at the preparations.

"I always heard," she exclaimed to her son-in-law, "that rich people were frightfully immoral but I never believed it till now. Surely you and daughter aint going to countenance such goings on. Let's go back to the car that's got only seats."

Mother McQuinn's shocked modesty was taken charge of by her daughter and a ludicrous scene was narrowly averted.

However the inevitable amusement came in the morning. The upper berth was unfortunately occupied by an old gentleman who had not particularly endeared himself to the passengers on account of the fact that his choicest companion was a delectable bit of tobacco which he incessantly manipulated with short quick jerks of a rather attenuated jaw.

When Mother McQuinn awoke in the morning and peered out, she was horrified to see that her false teeth had fallen from under her pillow to the floor. To add to her discomfort a gentleman with whom she had been on very friendly terms the day before was coming up the

aisle and would surely see them. Making a quick grab she caught them up and thrust them into her mouth. In a moment there was a ghostly yell and such a sputtering that Lucky Ten Bar and his wife rushed to her berth followed by the porter and the bewildered gentleman coming up the aisle, to see if a tragedy was not taking place and the old lady strangling to death. The set of teeth flew out into the aisle again and there was another burst of groans.

"Water! water!" she cried, "bring me some water."

Lucky Ten Bar ran with all speed for a cup of water.

She took a gurgle of the liquid and spat it out into the aisle.

"There," she cried, "I've cleaned my mouth from that horrid, beastly man's tobacco. Give him his teeth. I thought they were mine."

The wheezy little old man above reached out his hand and took the teeth from the hands of the porter.

Mother McQuinn refused to stay in the same car with the tobacco-chewing old gentleman during the rest of his stay on tbe train.

Though the journey across the central states was almost void of enlivening natural scenery, it was not devoid of amusement and interest.

Lucky Ten Bar continually comforted Mother Mc Quinn with the assurance that they were within two or three states of Paradise Valley.

Just before crossing the Wabash river some unlucky railroader left a switch only partly closed and the result was that the train ran its full length on the cross ties before it could be stopped. Along with the rest Mother McQuinn

CASCADE, BULLION CANON, UTAH.

spent the time like a shuttle between the seat and the roof.

As soon as the train stopped and she could get her breath, she asked a portly commercial traveller who had been deposited by the train at her feet, the question uppermost in her mind.

"Mister ," said she, "is this Paradise Valley?"

"No!" he roared as he got to his feet. "This is either catastrophe or calamity."

The conductor came running up.

She caught him by the arm.

"Is this Catastrophe or Calamity?"

"Neither, madame," he exclaimed rushing on. "It's Hades."

In after years when telling her friends of the journey from New York to Paradise Valley she never failed to tell of the shaking up she got in Hades.

The youthful sightseers wanted to stop over at East St. Louis but when Mother McQuinn saw the flaming chimeys of iron foundries there, they couldn't get her off the train, and so were carried over the Eads' bridge and through the long tunnel to the Grand Union Station.

A visit to Shaw's wonderful garden of flowers soothed her greatly, and in contrast she came to the conclusion that St. Louis was comparatively a godly city.

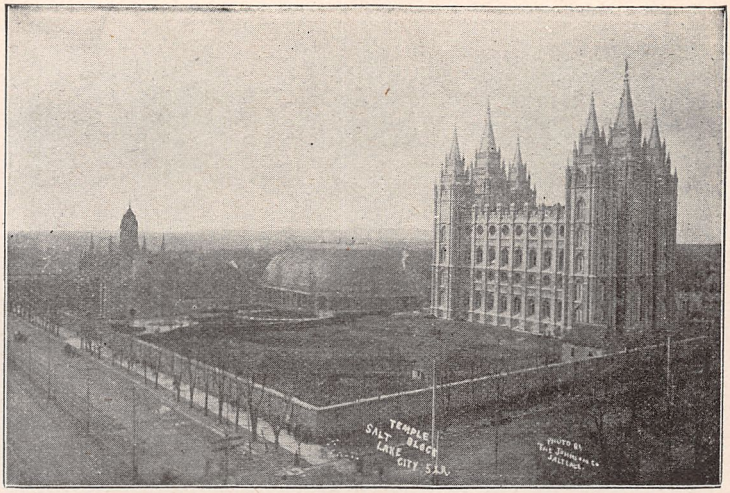
CHAPTER XXX.

MATCHLESS SIGHT SEEING.

When Mother McQuinn arrived at the Union Depot in Kansas City, she began to make anxious inquiry about how much longer it would take for them to reach Paradise Valley. According to her estimate, they ought to be in the northwest corner of Nebraska by this time, and yet she could see no evidence of the approaching end of the interminable journey.

This put a mischievous idea into Lucky Ten Bar's head. He went to the ticket office for a bit of private investigation. As he returned, he smiled with the anticipations of a good joke, when he put away in his pocket a ticket, not for Omaha, but for Denver. Then he took his family out, and put them aboard a street car. In a few minutes it began to crawl up a hill like a mountain goat. This was no joke, and each one instinctively grasped a seat, and the women were barely able to suppress a scream. Next the car plunged downward as if to dash its brains out against the pavement that seemed to rise perpendicularly in the next hill. They decided that Kansas City is a peculiar place.

True, the business is bunched in close, narrow streets in a valley and on the sides of steep hills, but the energy of the people, however, has overcome the unkindness of nature; and the result is a most wonderful system of



TEMPLE BLOCK, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

SALTAIR BEACH AND PAVILLION, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

cable cars, as perfect and thorough in all details, perhaps as can be found in the United States. These lines make all sorts of impossible ascents and descents; the cars rush up ridiculously steep hills and plunge down an alarming grade nearly as acute as the side of a house, around curves, and across level stretches at a very fast rate of speed.

Mother McQuinn begged so hard to return and get on as quickly as possible to Paradise Valley, that they took a returning car, and were soon landed again at the Union Depot.

As the Denver train came up, Lucky Ten Bar took his family aboard, both of the women being ignorant of the journey before them, and Mother McQuinn protesting that it took as long as going around the world three times to get to Paradise Valley.

"Great country you've got here," said a bustling little gentleman to Lucky Ten Bar in the course of the day's ride. "Great people too. Great heads also. Wonderful how everybody remembers things. Look at that conductor. He has over five hundred passengers under his charge. They have all come in at different stations. They get out at different stations. As they come in, he collects their tickets. That's settled; he remembers the destination of every one of them. Not one would he allow to travel further than the station he bought a ticket for. In Europe when the conductor has examined your ticket, he locks the door of your compartment to be sure of you at the next stop."

Lucky Ten Bar was interested in this eulogy of his countrymen by a foreigner. He took up the conversation

with considerable relish at hearing his native land thus praised.

"I was standing" he continued, "not far from the clerk's desk in the hotel at Denver, but unseen by him in the course of a few hours after registering, when a man called for me. Before I could answer, the clerk said: "Here Bob, see if 427 is in. That was the number of my room.

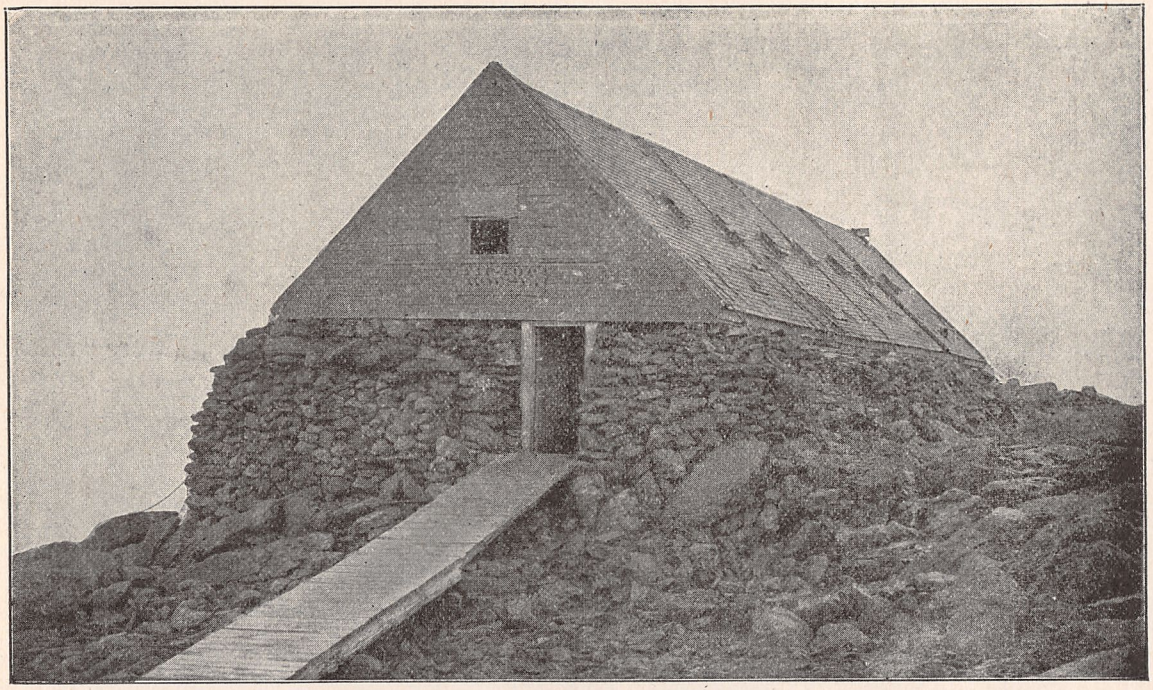
"I have watched hotel clerks sort hundreds of letters and place them, one after another, in the boxes of the rack, without once looking at the register for reference.

"You may live at one of the big hotels in London for a year. Every time you take the elevator the attendant will ask you: "What floor?" After you have once told the negro boy who runs the elevator of any American hotel what floor you are on, he knows where to land you.

"I have seen boys stand outside the dining room of American hotels and receive in rapid succession as many as a hundred hats, all derbys, all alike, no name inside, no possible way to distinguish one from another. The owners of those hats came out in an altogether different order from the way they went in. The boys handed the hats to those people without once making a mistake.

In Europe, if seven men go in together and hand their hats to the door-keeper, he is perfectly helpless, and the men have to paw around after their own hats. O! it's wonderful, this country, these people, and their great heads."

"But I don't see how people make their living out here on the vast plains," he continued, motioning with a jeweled hand at the vast tracts of uncultivated land to



TIP TOP HOUSE, SUMMIT OF MT. WASHINGTON.

be seen through the car window. "I don't see what they live on."

Lucky Ten Bar tried to reciprocate with the desired information. "But how do you get bread out of these barren plans?" he inquired.

"Why there are numerous ranches," replied Lucky Ten Bar.

"Ranches, eh? Are those ranches encountered very frequently along the route?" asked the stranger.

He assured the traveller that there was a ranch at least every five or ten miles along the road all the way across the plains to Denver.

"Ranches!" he again exclaimed, with, a puzzled expression. "Are these ranches a very difficult game to shoot?"

Lucky Ten Bar almost collapsed. Then he explained.

"That's a smoke on me," said the foreigner. "Let's go into the smoker. Come to think of it, I have heard of ranches, but from the way you spoke, I thought they were some kind of buffalo. But I didn't miss it very far since they are places where the cows grow."

But foreigners are little to be blamed for their ignorance of the United States, when it is considered how little the average American knows of his own country.

What some Americans have failed to learn, or to appreciate, in regard to the majestic continent they have honored by permitting it to become their native land, would furnish a pretty foundation for omniscience, and leave several items of valuable information over for inferior intelligences. What the typical Easterner never read, or heard, or imagined, of that vast and varied

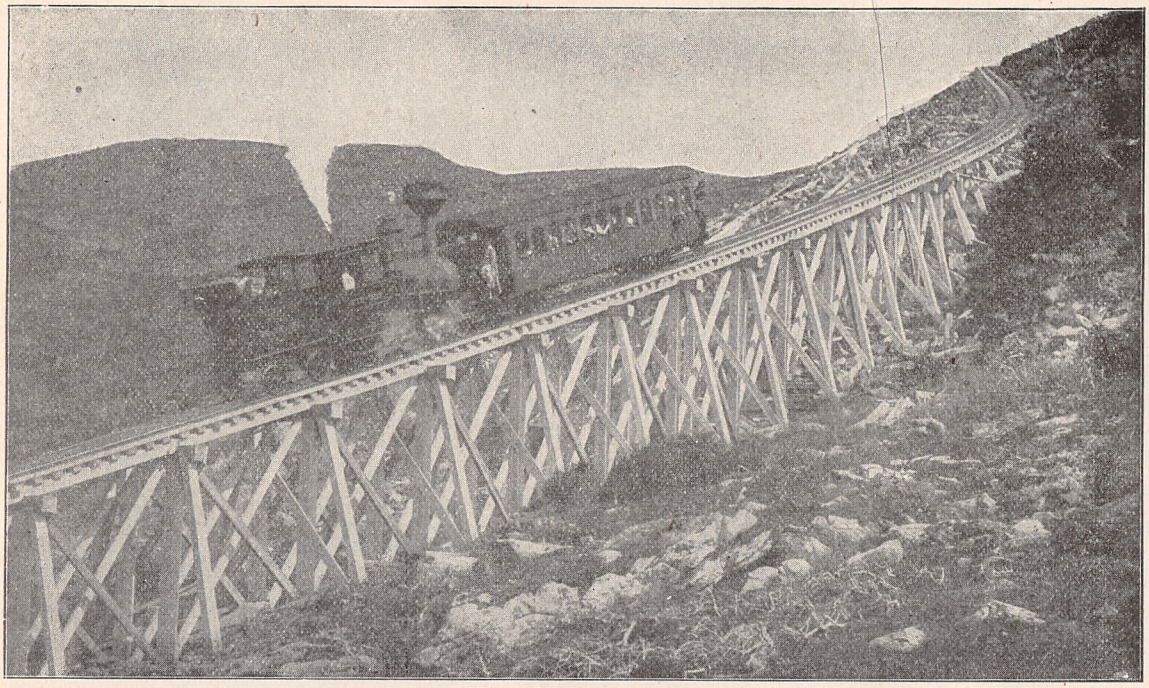
empire, vaguely characterized as The West, includes about all there is to be told or written of it. To a New Yorker, America is bounded on the north by Spitting Devil and the Harlem quagmires and goat-pastures, on the south by Greenwood Cemetery and Coney Island wooden elephants, on the east by Hell-Gate, and on the west by Hoboken and Jersey lightning. To a Bostonian, the sun rises over Fort Warren, strikes high noon above Bunker Hill monument, and sets just behind Back Bay. Half the world—a mighty hemisphere, incomparable in grandeur, incomputable in riches, and illimitable in possibilities,—lies west of all their geographies.

Mother McQuinn claimed that she was nearly dead when they arrived at Denver. She begged to be allowed to rest for a few days at a hotel and this gave Lucky Ten Bar and his wife the chance they wanted to go sight-seeing alone.

With Mother McQuinn comfortably located they lost no time in taking in the startling variety of mountain grandeur.

Monotony is an unknown quantity in Colorado, unless it is the monotonous sublimity of eternal beauty that is present everywhere, while grandeur greets the reverent eyes of all who traverse the fastnesses of her Rocky Mountains, those everlasting hills, that tower, snow-crowned, as if to pierce the bright and stainless blue.

Every variety of scenery can be found in Colorado, from the incomprehensible wideness of the level plain, extending to the far horizon's rim, to the vastness of the mountains, climbing the splintered pinnacles to the very zenith. Canons whose abysmal depths awe the soul,



JACOB'S LADDER, MT. WASHINGTON RY.

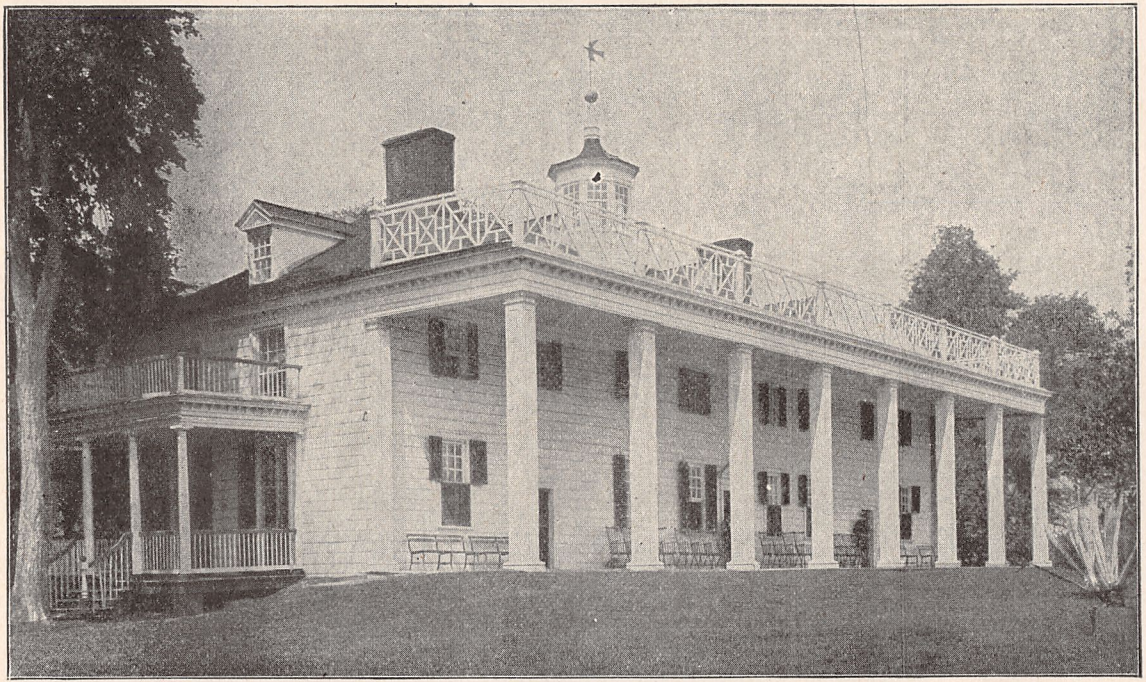
valleys whose Arcadian loveliness delight the heart, rivers whose rushing waters thrill with their tumultous sweep, mountains whose serried ranks terrify with their stupendous magnificence, forests whose frost-touched foliage glows with tints of fire or gloom with the dark beauty of balsamic pines, brooks crystal in their clearness singing sylvan songs over golden gravel, waterfalls like festoons of filmy lace ornamented with a fret-work of diamond water drops, flowers that "paint the meadows with delight," or bloom amidst eternal snows, all these are found in this land and form a symphony whose haunting beauty, once having been experienced, can never be forgotten.

Variety is the striking characteristic of Colorado scenery. Canons, peaks and passes awe the beholder with their grandeur, but lakes, whose crystal mirrors reflect the cerulean hues of peaceful, overarching skies, abound—hundreds of them unhonored and unsung—but others known to the lovers of the beautiful and enshrined in the annals of literature.

Every mood of man finds here an answering mood in nature. The valleys smile with gentle contentment, the brooks laugh with jocund glee, the rivers rage with savage fury in their wild race throuh the rocky channels, the canons frown with somber gloom, the mountains gaze with majesty on the placid plains. The story of Colorado gold camps with their dramatic movement, tragic tints of color, and episodes of humor and pathos, makes strong material for history; and the narrative of the struggles and triumphs of those pioneers, who sat down before the

mountain walls to build a state, is romantic, and partakes of the heroic.

Senor Vasquez, Fransisco Coronado, Spanish hidalgo, headed an expedition into this country in 1540-42. Like all dreamers of his day,—those real knights of conquest and adventure—he believed the country to be filled with gold. He records that he explored very thoroughly, but found none. It is probable that Senor Coronado was not as keen a gold-seeker as the average prospector of today, for he must have trod on millions of precious metal in his wandering. There is a long "time gulf" as the voice of the old Spanish explorer dies away. The Spanards and the Indians possessed the country, and traded and intermarried and swindled one another in a genial way, with great mutual satisfaction. There does not appear to have been any exploring expeditions or other invaders for a long time, and the people had a rest for a matter of 150 years. Colorado was a part of the "Louisiana Purchase," in 1803; and in the autumn of 1806, Captain Zebulon Pike was exploring in the valleys of Arkansas. Coming north, his attention, day by day, was attracted toward a great mountain peak, which seemed to beckon. So he came into these gorgeous passes, and tried, in an amateur sort of way, to get to the top of the mountain. In his travels, which were published in 1810, is recorded the story of his attempt, which failed most ingloriously. He never ascended that lofty peak, but, in the pathetic language of today, "he got there just the same," by giving his name to the mountain, and hence it is Pike's Peak even unto this day. This bad example has found base imitators up to the



WASHINGTON'S HOME. MT VERNON.

present, for there are tourists who will stoutly aver that they have been there also and witnessed the sunrise. Captain Pike deposes concisely as follows: "We commenced ascending, found it very difficult, being obliged to climb up rocks, sometimes almost perpendicular; and after marching almost all day, we camped in a cave without blankets, victual or water. We had a fine clear sky, whilst it was snowing at the bottom. Some distance up we found buffalos, higher still a new species of deer and pheasants. On arriving at the summit of the chain, we found the snow middle deep; no sign of bird or beast inhabiting this region. The summit of the grand peak, which was entirely bare of vegetation, and covered with snow, now appeared to the distance of fifteen or sixteen miles from us, and as high again as what we had ascended, and would have taken a whole day's march to arrive at its base, when I believe no human being could have acsended to its pinnacle." The truth is that the gallant officer had taken the wrong trail, and emerged on a mountain spur fifteen miles distant from the peak proper.

Col. S. H. Long next visited Colorado in 1820, named a peak after him, and went away. He didn't climb his mountain either.

"Pathfinder" Fremont came along in 1843, and the report of his exploration first awaked public interest in the territory. Curiously, Fremont found no gold. Both Pike and Long bore testimony with him to the great mineral wealth of the country, but reported no discovery of precious metals. The next year Fremont's expedition returned from California by another route, and thoroughly

explored North, Middle and and South Parks, reporting many interesting observations. The only result of these reports seems to have been the importation of a few French and half-breed fur traders, who settled down and grew up with the country and the Indians.

After the close of the Mexican War the country began to settle up with white men, retired army officers, and the like, and matter ran along in an uneventful way until Green Russell and his party of Georgians stumbled upon the shining golden sands in the bed of Dry Creek, now Central City in the summer of 1858.

Then came a world of startling and tragic romance, that future historians will rank above even the conquest and subjugation of the incas and Aztecs.

To try to follow the tourists in what they saw in this wild and romantic land is to tempt language beyond its power, and to make words seem puny and inadequate. After many a day-dream, when one is restored to the quiet of home, the effort to place the picture again before the fancy is fruitless, there remains a vision of resistless mountain torrents rushing madly down a wild chasm, which can be likened only to one of Dante's appalling scenes in the "Inferno"; overhead a haunting hand's-breath of gleaming sky; the grim walls close enough to touch at times as you flit by in palace cars; the fantastic shapes carved upon the mountain, bold profiles, and fairy castles; the tranquill summerland into which you occasionally dash, when the canon widens into a few brief acres, green, shady, inviting; a passing glimpse of a dazzling snow-summit, far away in the upper ether,—these, and more, one may recall, and still

RESIDENCE OF GEN. LEE, NOW THE PROPERTY OF VIRGINIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY, RICHMOND, VA.

there remains an indefinable sense of something elusive that you have not held fast, and cannot describe. It is the spirit of beauty, the power of pure ennobling scenery, which cannot be taken away from its home or ever reproduced in words.

To describe the ride up Pike's Peak on the cog-wheel railroad is to attempt the impossible. Words paint a wholly erroneous picture and the only way to know is to see. When all has been said that can be said, the listener or reader can quote as he climbs upward, the famous words of the Queen of Sheba which she said when she beheld the glory of King Solomon, "The half hath not been told me."

Exhilirated and depressed with the awe that inspires as well as oppresses all travellers in these regions, Lucky Ten Bar and his wife visited Manitau, and followed the guides through the Grand Canons.

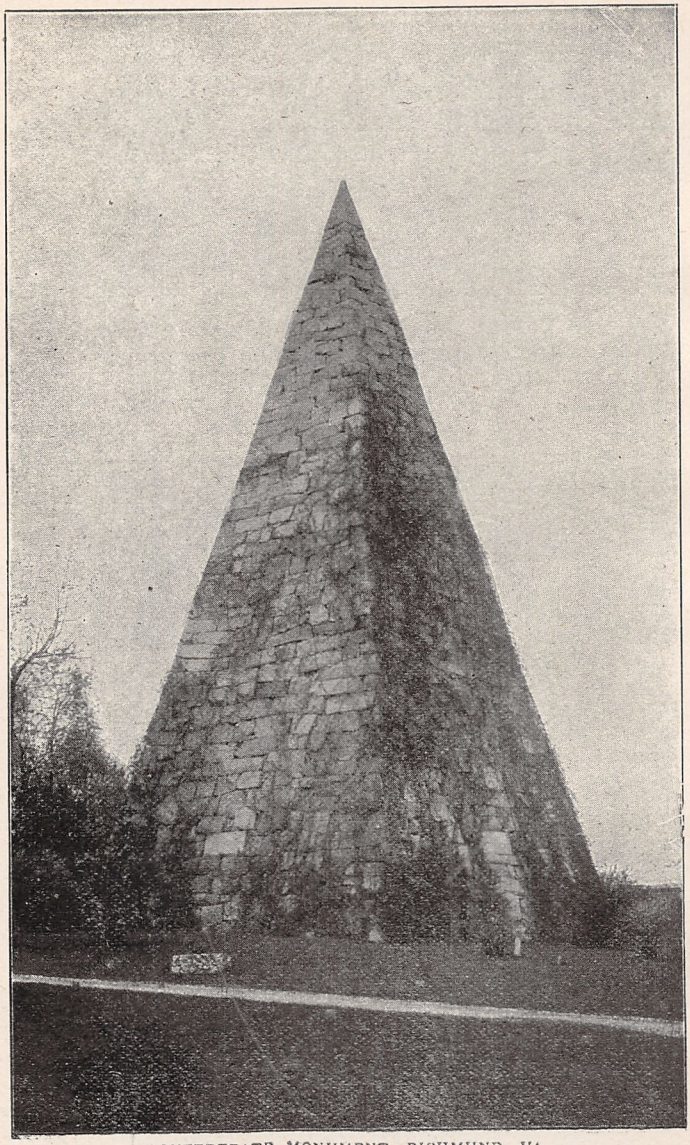
Then they went to the Garden of the Gods. Here they found carved in stone by those cunning instruments in the hands of nature, the wind, the rain, the sun-beam and the frost, those curious, often grotesque, figures irresistibly suggestive of forms of life. Here stands a statue of liberty, leaning on her shield, with the conventional Phrygian cap on her head; there is a gigantic frog carved in sandstone, yonder is a pilgrim, staff in hand. Groups of figures in curious attitudes are to be seen on every side. The lion, the seal, the elephant, are all to be found; indeed a lively imagination is not needed to bring the feeling, that, if this is not a garden where god-like Titans amused themselves in sculpture, the ones who named it would not have gone far wrong,

W. Baxter

if they had named it instead the Art Gallery of the Gods of Caricature.

The numerous stupendous canons through which the tourists passed on their circuit only added to the bewildering feat of memory in trying to remember it all. Only one other sight stood out prominent over the rest. This was because it offered relief from its different point of interest. They did not return till they had seen the abode of the Cliff Dwellers in Mancos Canon. Perched seven hundred feet above the valley, on a little ledge only just large enough to hold it, stands a two-story house made of finely-cut sandstone, each block about fourteen by sixteen inches, accurately fitted and set in mortar, now harder than the stone itself. The floor is the ledge of rock and the roof the overhanging cliff. There are three rooms on the ground floor, each one six by nine feet, with partition walls of faced stone. Traces of a floor which once separated the upper from the lower story still remain. Each of these stories is six feet in height and all the rooms are nicely plastered and painted in what now looks a dull brick red color, with a white band along the floor. The windows are square apertures with no sign of glazing, commanding a view of the whole valley for many miles. Traditions are few and of history there is nothing concerning this lost race. Only their ruined houses remain and some broken fragments of the implements made use of in war and peace.

When the indefatigable tourists returned to Denver, they found Mother McQuinn rested and refreshed. She declared that she was now ready to go a few million



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT, RICHMHND, VA.

more miles in the hopes that it would at last bring her to Paradise Valley.

The one-time honeymooners had seen so much that they were indeed travel-mad. This time Lucky Ten Bar held a long consultation with his wife over an important question of sight-seeing. Then he visited the ticket office and returned with a smile on his face and a ticket in his pocket for Salt Lake City. Once more Mother McQuinn was resigned to the inevitable, and the train flew away bearing westward the insatiable tourists.

CHAPTER XXXI.

PARADISE VALLEY AT LAST.

Mother McQuinn decided to remain in Ogden while her promising and sprightly children made a side visit to Salt Lake City.

Aside from the pastey placid waters of the lake, the first object of special interest was the great Mormon temple, completed April 6th, 1893, at a cost of more than $4,000,000.

The spacious tabernacle, where the services of the Mormon Church are held, is 80 feet in height, and 250 by 150 feet. Its seating capacity is 12,000, and here may be heard what is claimed to be the finest organ in the world.

Temple Block, or the "Sacred Square" of the Mormons, covers an area of ten acres, surrounded by a high wall, inclosing the temple, the Tabernacle, and the Assembly Hall. Until the finished Temple was reared in "Zion" the Latter-Day Saints, like the Hebrews of old, worshipped in a tabernacle. When the great elliptical and arched roof of the Tabernacle becomes visible, it bears a curious resemblance to a mammoth turtle, and no after impression can make it beautiful, though as a curiosity it is unequaled. There are forty-four sandstone piers, three feet by nine in bulk and from fourteen to twenty feet in height, ranged in an oval. The space between nearly all of them is filled by large double doors, and above these are windows, each with forty small panes. Upon these piers rests a huge oval dome, shingled without, and said to be one of the largest self-supporting arches in the world. The interior of the building is a collosal ellipse, 250 feet long, by 150 wide, and eighty feet in height from the floor to the top of the roof. A gallery 480 feet long extends around the building, except at the west end. The Tabernacle will seat comfortably twelve thousand people. Against the west end looms the organ—one of the largest and sweetest toned in the United States. Its front towers have an altitude of forty-eight feet. It requires four blowers, and its dimensions are thirty-three feet. On each side of the organ are seats for the choir, comprising several hundred persons. In front and below the organ are three long pulpit desks, with crimson cushions. The highest is for the President of the Mormon Church, and his two counselors, and the other churchly dignitaries occupy

WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS, RICHMOND, VA.

the lower ones. Lowest of all is a large stand, on which are placed the silver ice-pitchers and two-handled cups of the communion service. The acoustic properties of the Tabernacle are remarkable.

At the head of Main Street stands Zion's co-operative Mercantile institution, a "store" which does $6,000,000 worth of business a year!

The majority of dwelling-houses are built after the styles the Mormons brought with them from the East previous to 1860. They are roomy, wide-gabled houses, with great pillared porches flanking the two stories. Many are constructed of adobe, frequently overlaid with stucco. Each is embowered in trees, and many a property-holder has converted his front yard into an orchard. Others have old-fashioned gardens, primly laid in beds, and fragrant with the old-time posies our grand-mothers cultivated and culled. Others are surrounded with lawns, which show by close growth, half a century of care.

Of the Mormon Prophet himself, nothing remains of his vast possessions but the lot wherein he lies buried. It is reached through the Eagle Gate, a gateway in the old wall, surmounted by an eagle, perched on a bee-hive. Looking back, there stretches from the gate a wide shaded street, which seems to meet the far horizon; it runs for twenty-two miles through the State. On a hill, whence one can gaze over the fair prospect, over the valleys and field, which he ruled with an iron hand, Brigham Young lies under a slab of granite of many tons weight. The grave is surrounded by an iron railing, and the lot fenced in by a corresponding one. A portion is

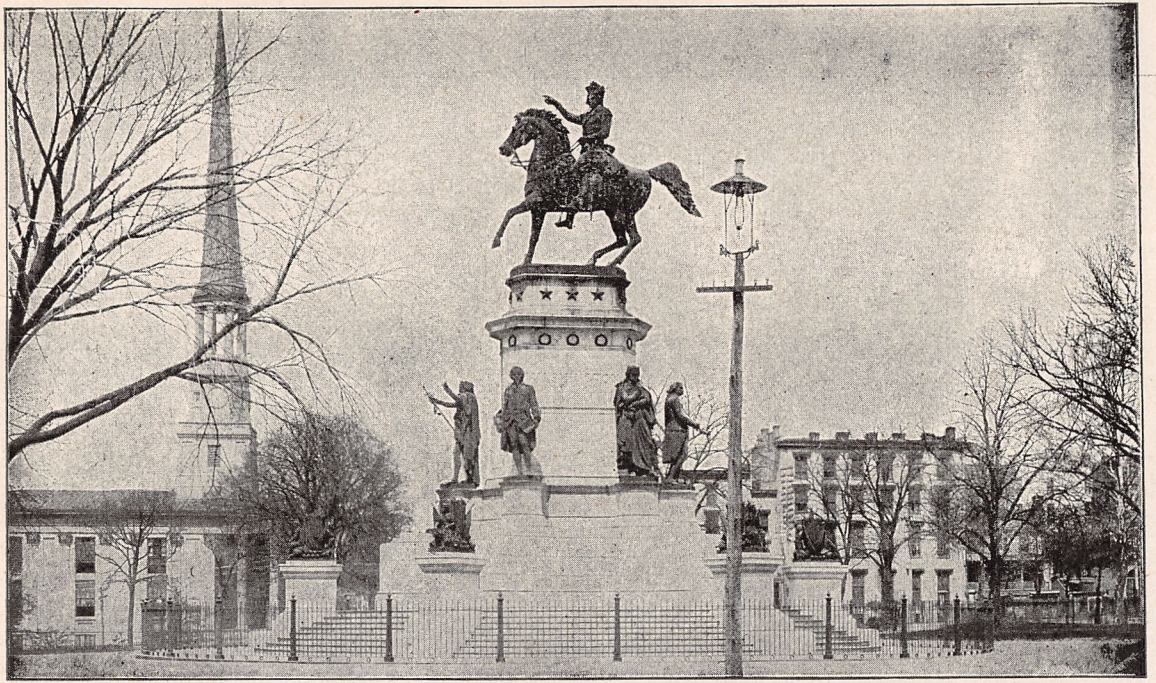
turfed, but the largest part is reserved as a last resting place for his wives.

The visitors found, however, their chief attraction at Garfield Beach. After a delightful ride of eighteen miles, they reached the shore of this mysterious salt sea. The sand under one's feet in the water is as soft as velvet. The grains are curiously rounded and lack the sharp diamond points of other sea sand. This accounts for the delicious "soft felling" to the feet. These granules differ chemically from any like formation in salt water.

Salt Lake is not a sullen, listless sheet of water beating idly on the shores, barren and repellant; but on the contrary, it is as beautiful a sheet of water as can be found anywhere. The waves are a bright blue or green, and as they dance on its surface, it would be hard to tell which color prevails. The water supports no life. Its constant sinking and rising is only one of its many curious phases. The sensation upon entering the water is novel and congenial. It is so buoyant from its vast amount of solid matter, that men float on their backs without effort and smoke their cigars.

When they returned to Ogden, they found Mother McQuinn much refreshed and ready for another effort to reach Paradise Valley. It was the part of good policy for the travellers to keep her well rested; and, when they reached San Fransisco, their first object was to get her comfortably located in a quiet hotel, while they saw the sights.

Lucky Ten Bar's wife urged speed in their sight-seeing in San Fransisco, and every point of interest was quickly visited from the mints to the Chinese quarters.



STATUE OF WASHINGTON, CAPITOL SQUARE AND ST. PAUL'S CHURCH
where Jeff Davis was when he received the news of the surrender of Gen. Lee, Richmond, Va.

She wanted to go to Yosemite, and visit on the way the giant trees of Mariposa and Calaveras. Her wish was soon gratified. At Mariposa she gazed with awe on the group of one hundred and twenty-five trees whose circumference varied from forty to one hundred feet.

The Grizzly Giant, one of the monsters of this monster forest, sends out a limb which is 6 feet in diameter at a height of ninety feet above the ground. The Calaveras group has one tree which is 435 feet high, and 110 feet in circumference at the base.

A little later they came to Yosemite Valley.

This is the tourists paradise of California and the Pacific Coast, if not the world. It cannot be compared with Yellowstone National Park, because there are few points of similarity, and each is peerless in its own way. No other scene or series of scenes in the world presents the beauty of the one, or the wonderful features of the other. The Yosemite Valley is set apart as a park, and is dedicated to the sightseers of the world. The chief points of interest are El Capitan, Cathedral Rocks, The Sentinal and Domes, Bridal Veil Falls, Yosemite Falls, Mirror Lake, and Cloud's Rest. The Yosemite Falls are composed of three cascades, the first being 1,500 feet, the second 600 feet, and the last 400 feet high.

On the return to San Francisco, the tourists fell in with an interesting and companionable naturalist who asserted that they could not say they had seen California till they had gone to the Leland Stanford University and seen its great display of fossils and fish.

They agreed to visit a place so highly recommended

as soon as they could see Mother McQuinn and reassure her for two or three days longer rest.

"Call at the government fishery department for Cloud Rutter," he said at parting. "He hatches canned salmon for the government. Each one lays a million eggs and the United States employs him to find out how to get them all into the can."

They took the card, and a few days later called at the hatchery where the enthusiastic young fish commissioner, who has made it his life study to unravel all the mysteries of the elusive salmon, from the eggs to the gourmand's stomach, took the visitors through every process of that valuable fish's life, and discoursed so learnedly and interestingly on its romantic and even pathetic existence, that thereafter they could never see a salmon can or taste that fish's salty flesh without recalling the story of its remarkable life.

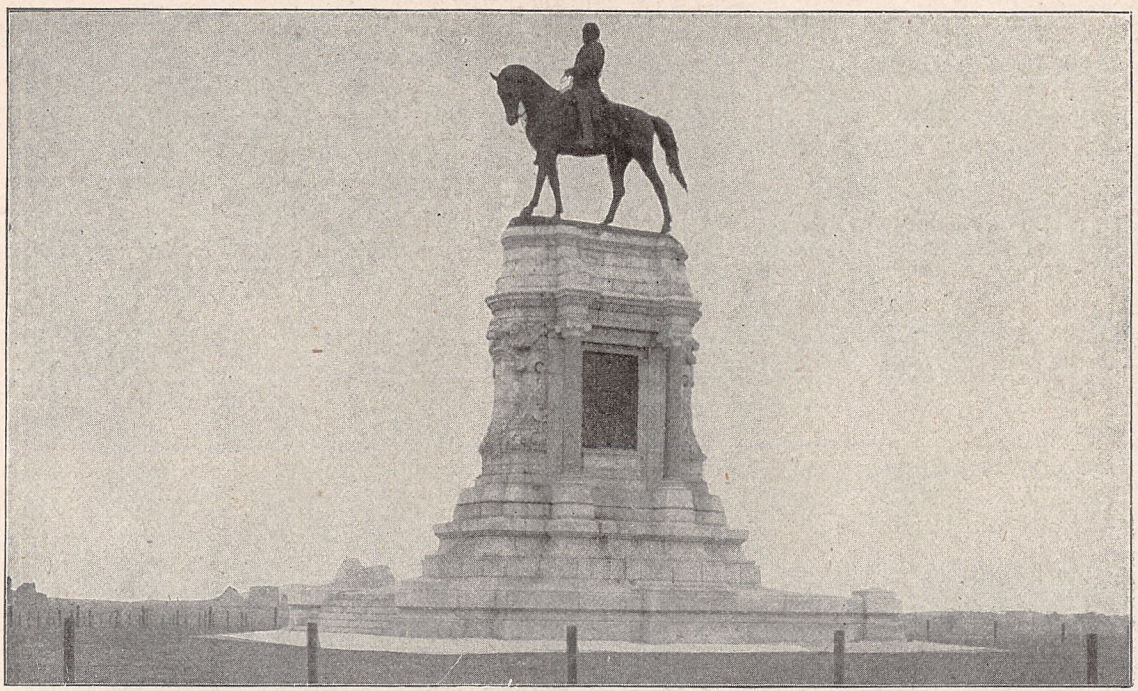
A few days later, Lucky Ten Bar and his wife were engaged in their first really heated discussion.

"It looks like cruelty," he exclaimed, "to drag the old lady over the ocean to Portland."

"Not at all," protested his wife, "nothing can disturb her and it will have to be a bad storm that will upset her digestion."

This carried the day, and Mother McQuinn was taken aboard the steamer without her making even an inquiry. All came to her as matter of course on the way to Paradise Valley and she never for a moment doubted that her children were going as straight home as the crow flies.

There was a calm sea all the way and the only



STATUE of GBN. LEE. RICHMOND, VA.

question that arose she asked when they were within sight of Portland.

"Wonderful! wonderful!" she exclaimed, "I wouldn't have believed it if anyone had told me we had to cross the ocean to get to Paradise Valley."

Then a sudden inspiration seized her.

"Say," she asked, "is this the Mississippi we have just crossed? I remember hearing one time that it is the father of waters."

"Yes," said the acquaintance to whom the question was advanced, "the Mississippi is the whole family of waters, and we are congratulating ourselves that we have got across without a storm blowing us out of sight of land for a month."

The scenes of the great Western town of Portland were visited in the two days Mother McQuinn was resting and then the tourists boarded the train for the Yellowstone Park.

When the train pulls out from Portland it speeds across the acute angle of land lying between the Willamette and the Columbia, and as soon as the last-named river is reached the magnificent scenery begins. Grander and grander it grows as the train rushes on. Higher and higer rise the mountains that hem the river, until it would seem as though the sky rested upon their summits. Sometimes they slope backwards and outward as they rise. In yet other instances they tower like huge battlements reared by Titans in the age when the battle of the giants was being fought. Trees cling like heroes to the sides of the savage rocks, and beautiful ferns and

mosses grow in great variety in their brave and tender effort to hide the nakedness of nature.

The variety of the scenery is in keeping with its grandeur. As each new and changeful scene bursts into view and in a moment is gone, one could wish that the speed of the train would slacken. Some glorious visions of mountain battlement or gorge or waterfall will suddenly meet the eye as it looks out from the car window and in a moment it is gone. It is then that the statement is true, if it ever is true, that the eye is not satisfied with seeing. Before the impression is photographed upon the mind the vision is gone. It is supplanted by some other as grand or grander.

In due time Lucky Ten Bar and his family arrived at the great park, and while Mother McQuinn rested at the hotel, the indefatigable tourists took in the wonders.

Yellowstone National Park, embracing an area fifty-four miles wide by sixty-two miles long, or about 3,350 square miles, was set aside in 1872 by act of Congress as a "National play-ground, a museum of unparalleled, indeed, incomparable marvels, free to all men for all time." It lies in Northwestern Wyoming, and is a volcanic plateau, hemmed in by mountain spurs ranging from 9,000 to 11,000 feet in height. Its average elevation above sea level is between 7,000 and 8,000 feet.

The management and protection of this mammoth pleasure-ground devolves upon the Department of the Interior at Washington, its direct and immediate control being in charge of a superintendent, with head-quarters at Mammoth Hot Springs, and a sufficient force of cavalry "regulars" to enforce obedience to his orders.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, RICHMOND, VA.—In this church the Virginia Patriot Convention met Mar 10, 1775, and Patrick Henry made his great speech and sounded the keynote of American Independence. "Give me liberty or give me death."

The government also has entire charge of the road system of the park, and opening of new, and maintainance of old roads are dependant upon congressional appropriation.

In one week's tour they saw the wonders which neither pen nor photograph can describe.

They first went up one thousand feet higher to Golden Gate past the great Obsidian Cliff, whose bold escarpment of volcanic glass hung black over their heads. Then they passed through the geysers of the far-famed fire hole. They took a ride on Yellostone Lake. As they looked into the Grand Canon of the Yellowstone, Lucky Ten Bar's wife took a little book from her grip and read a description of this place by Rudyard Kipling.

He wrote: "All I can say is that without warning or preparation I looked into a gulf seventeen hundred feet deep, with eagles and fish-hawks circling far below. And the sides of that gulf were one wide welter of color-crimson, emerald, cobalt, ocher, amber, honey-splashed with port wine, snow-white, vermillion, lemon, and silver-gray in wide washes. The sides did not fall sheer, but were graven by time, and water and air, into monstrous heads of kings, dead chiefs and men and women of the old time. So far below that no sound of its strife could reach us the Yellowstone River ran, a finger-wide strip of jade green.

"The sunlight took those wondrous walls and gave fresh hues to those that nature had already laid there.

"Evening crept through the pines that shadowed us, but the full glory of the day flamed in that canon as we went out very cautiously to a jutting piece of rock—

blood red or pink it was—that overhung the deepest deeps of all.

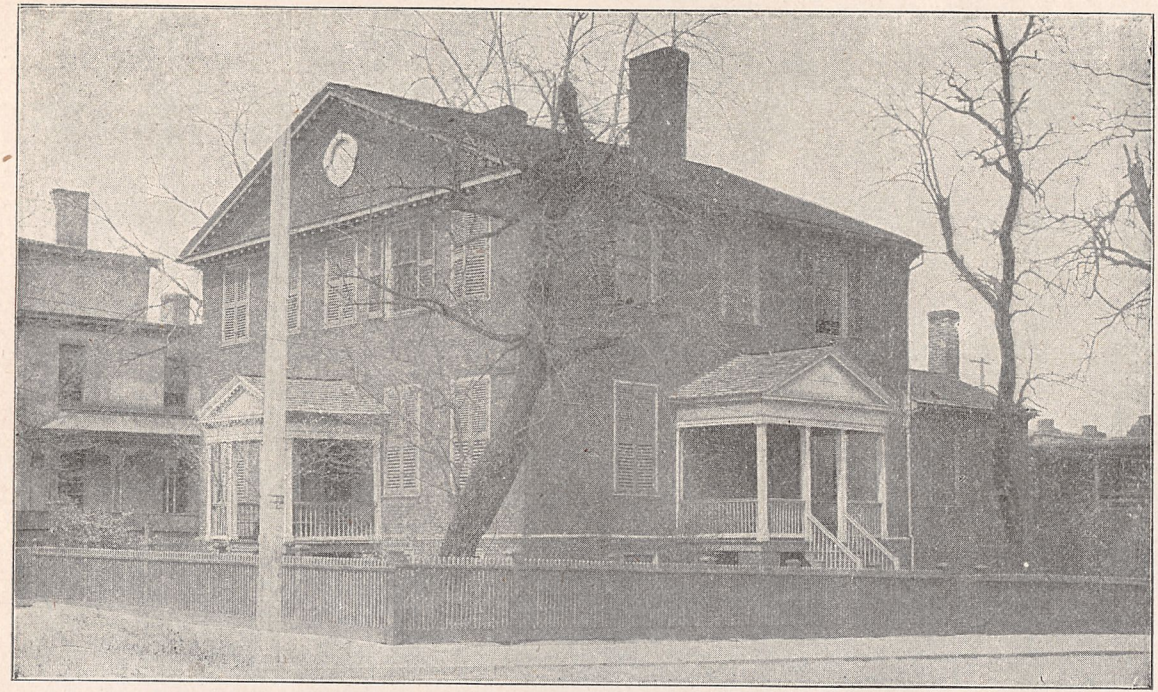
"Now I know what it is to sit enthroned amid the clouds of sunset as the spirits sit in Blake's pictures. Giddiness took away all sensation of touch or form, but the sense of blinding color remained.

"When I reached the main land again I had sworn that I had been floating."

The youthful tourists now looked homeward in earnest. A week later they were in Deadwood. Lucky Ten Bar could not repress the tears from his eyes when he called to mind that this was the town he had struggled so hard to reach when he ran away from Mother Brown at Chadron. The two sight-seers obtained a guide and went entirely through the great gold mountain by way of the tunnels of the Homestake mines. They were shown every process of that wonderful feat of mining. They were hoisted and lowered by elevators hundreds of feet up and down shafts and then taken out into a vast funnel-like stope where the miners were blasting.

Their guide was not without humor. He took them into a little cave at a signal from someone called out from far up the opposite side of the huge funnel. Being tired, Lucky Ten Bar and his wife leaned back against the clean rock wall.

Suddenly the wall seemed to heave out and hit them a blow in the back. They were thrown out into the middle of the room. Then there was a roar that deafened them. They could see a huge piece of rock, as large as a common cottage, torn from the far side of the funnel, and rolled over on its side by the blast. Then the



RESIDENCE OF CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL, RICHMOND, VA

laughing guide, when they had recovered from their consternation, took them on their way.

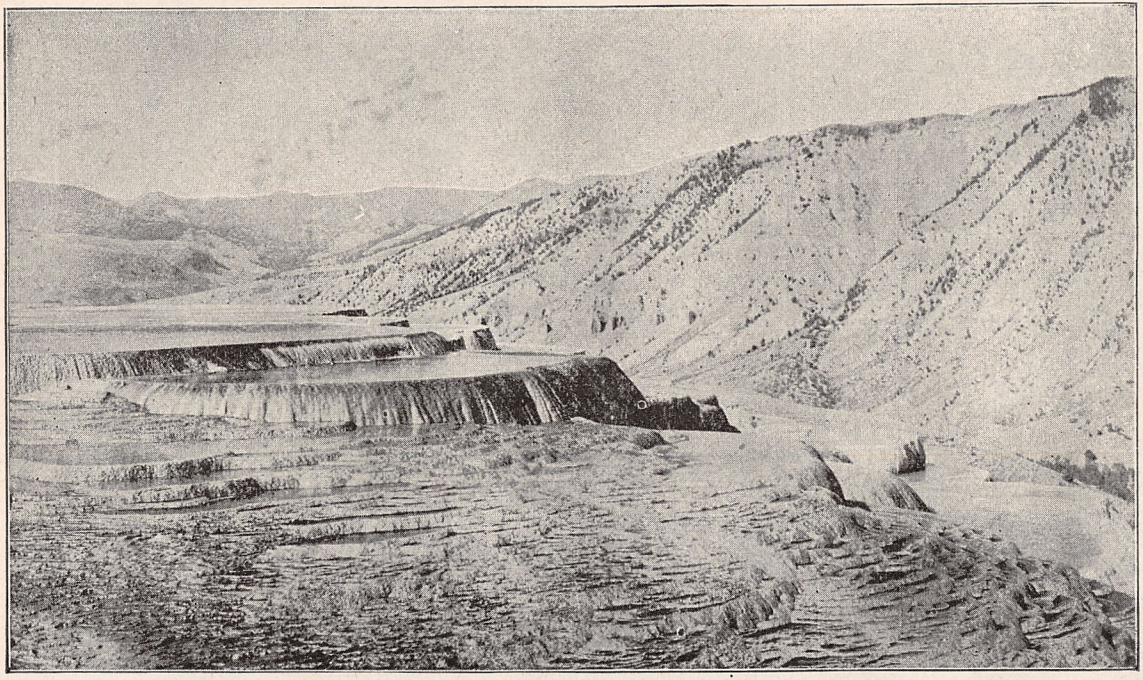
Coming out on the other side of the mountain, at Lead City, they took the elevated tramway car and rode downward at frightful speed through the canons and over the great gulches back to Deadwood.

Lucky Ten Bar and his wife had now seen most of their native land, and were ready to lose themselves thereafter in the serious occupations of life. They had passed observingly over an empire grander in possibilities than ever saluted the golden eagles of Rome in the proudest days of the Caesars; a domain in which England would harldly make an oversized cow-lot, and on whose majestic map Belgium would seem a fly-speck. And it is indeed a land of wonders and glories and riches, endless and unsurpassable. God Almighty seems to have broken many of the ehoicest treasure-boxes of Omniscience and Omnipotence over it and upon it.

The great West has all wonders and glories of incomprehensible and inconceivable scenery. The Rocky Mountains divide it through the center, and the mightiest ocean of earth laves its western shores for nearly a thousand miles. It has snow-capped peaks, whose summits pierce the clouds to bathe in everlasting sunshine; plains, whose limitless expanse suggest infinity rolled flat; lakes blue as the sapphirean skies, that smile to see themselves so beautifully mirrored in the crystalline depths; rivers like rolling oceans in magnitude and majesty; far-stretching forests, whose lofty tree-tops sweep the cobwebs from the heavans; canyons that rank among the world's abysmal wonders, and cataracts that

measure Niagara's misty marvels, and overtop them hundreds and hundreds of dizzy feet higher.

Take all New England and New York. Add from 4,000 to 7,000 feet to the height of their boasted White and Green mountains, Adirondacks and Catskills. Rear hundreds of huge peaks, all punching holes in the sky with their crowns. Exaggerate fifty-fold all the wild notches and gorges and glens of eastern America, and multiply them by scores. Send mighty rivers—capable of bearing a great people's commerce, and furnishing the water-power to run all of a nation's machinery,—winding for hundreds of miles througout the grand domain. Set cataracts and cascades leaping and foaming down a thousand dizzy precipice channels. Cap many of the giant peaks with everlasting ice and snow, and clothe their shaggy sides with vast waving forests of valuable timber. Toss in, between the mountains and along the streams, valleys larger than whole states of the East, and ready to burst out, under even careless tillage, in orchards and gardens, vineyards and grainfields, glorying in their own magnificent fruitage. Unroll plains bounded only by the skyline, capable of pasturing uncountable flocks and herds waist deep in the very wantonness of plenty. Rib whole mountain ranges and underlay thousands of square miles, with gold and silver, copper, lead, zinc, iron, nickel and platinum ores, coal, marble of many hues, salt, sulphur, lime and gypsum, and nearly every other metal and mineral in human use. Fill every stream and lake and inlet with the finest food-fish on earth, and over all throw the glory of a climate unsurpassed under heaven since sin and death and poli-



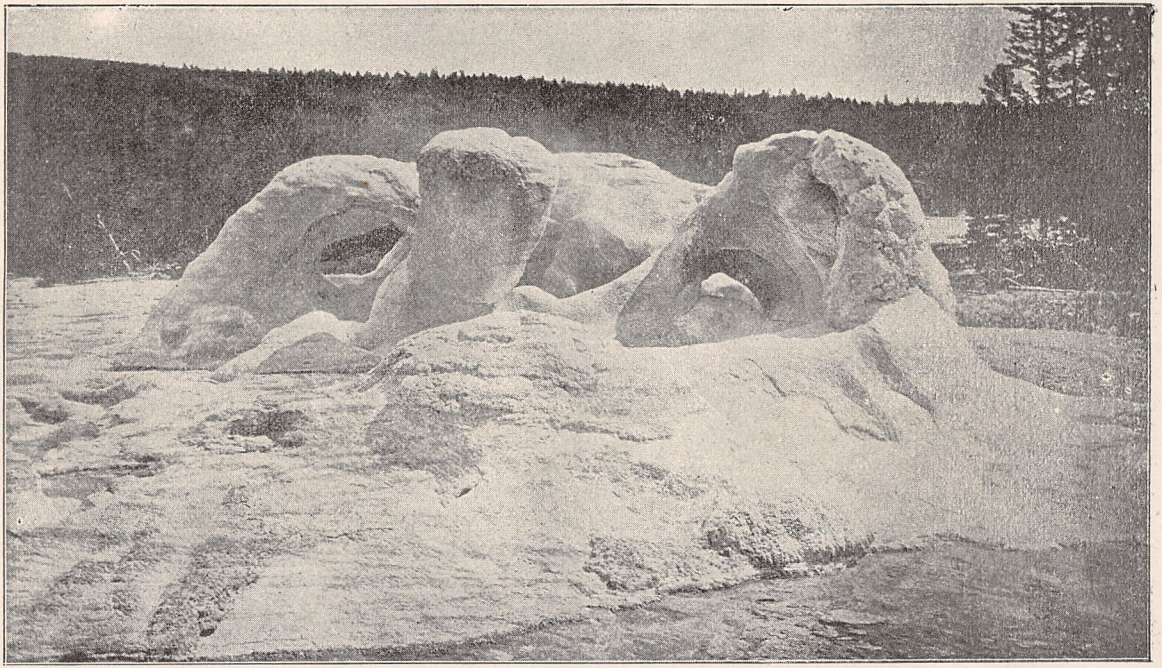
JUPITER TERRACE, YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK, WYOMING.

tic, climbed over the garden-walls of Eden, and even then there would hardly be made any one of the great western empires in the vast aggregation of United States.

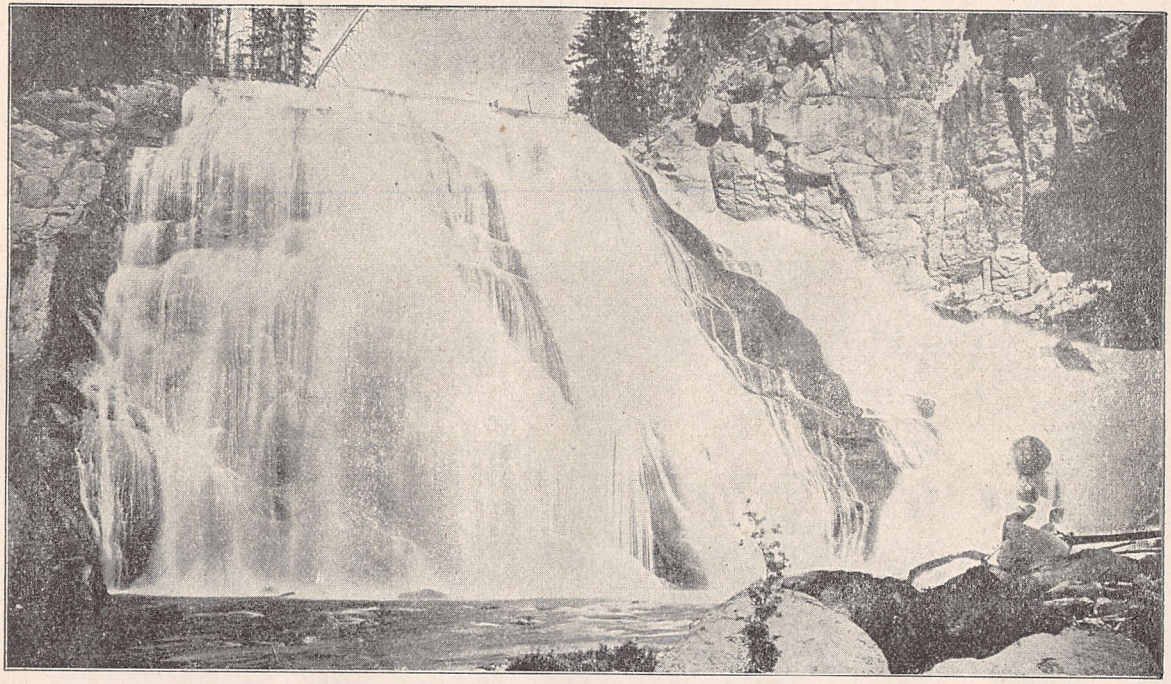
Sunday morning Lucky Ten Bar and his family drove from the station at Longhorn over to Paradise Valley. As they rode up to what had once been the house of Frams the outlaw, Lucky Ten Bar saw that it had been transformed into a church. Some one was preaching. They alighted from the carriage, and went in. The preacher ceased at once, and Lucky Ten Bar and his family were overwhelmed with the loving greeting from Mother Brown and the parson.

"At last! at last!" exclaimed Mother McQuinn, sinking into a seat, I really do believe that we have got to Paradise Valley.

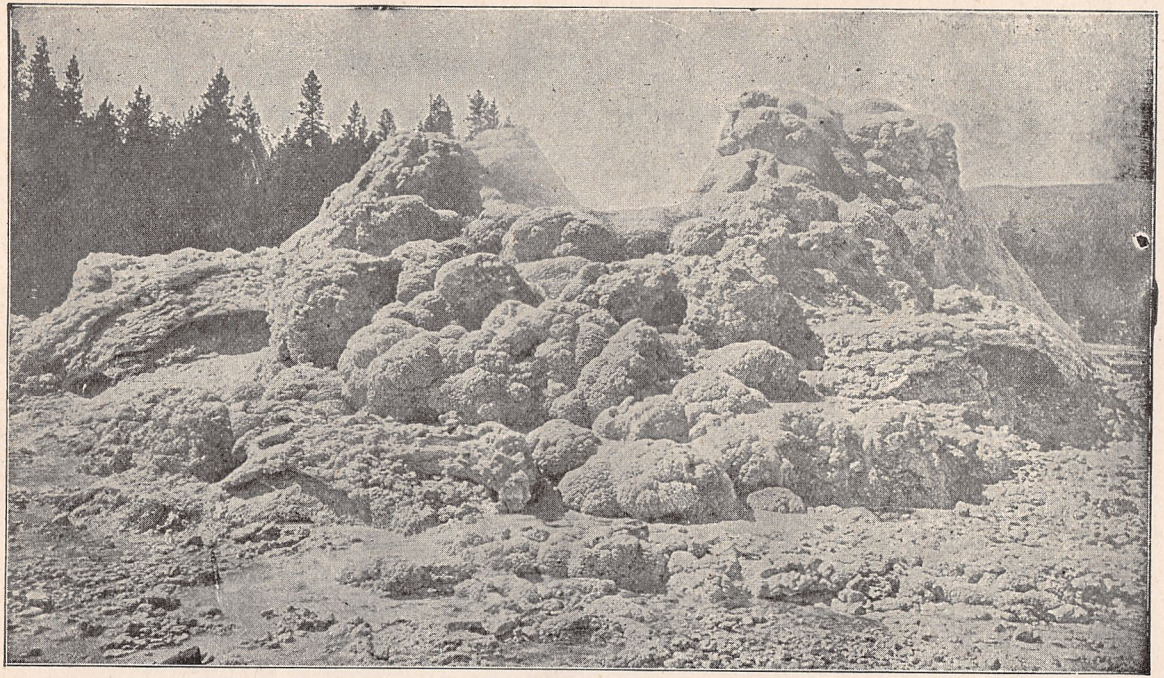
MOTHER MCQUINN.



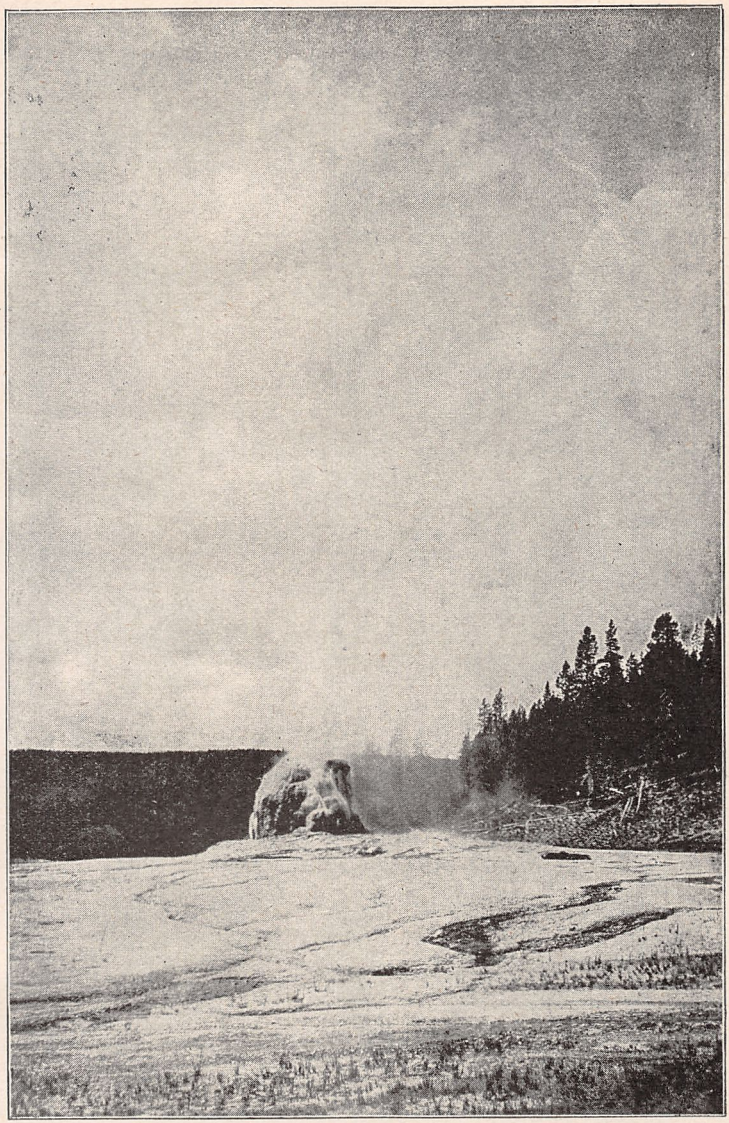
Grotto Geyser, Yellowstone Park, Wyoming.



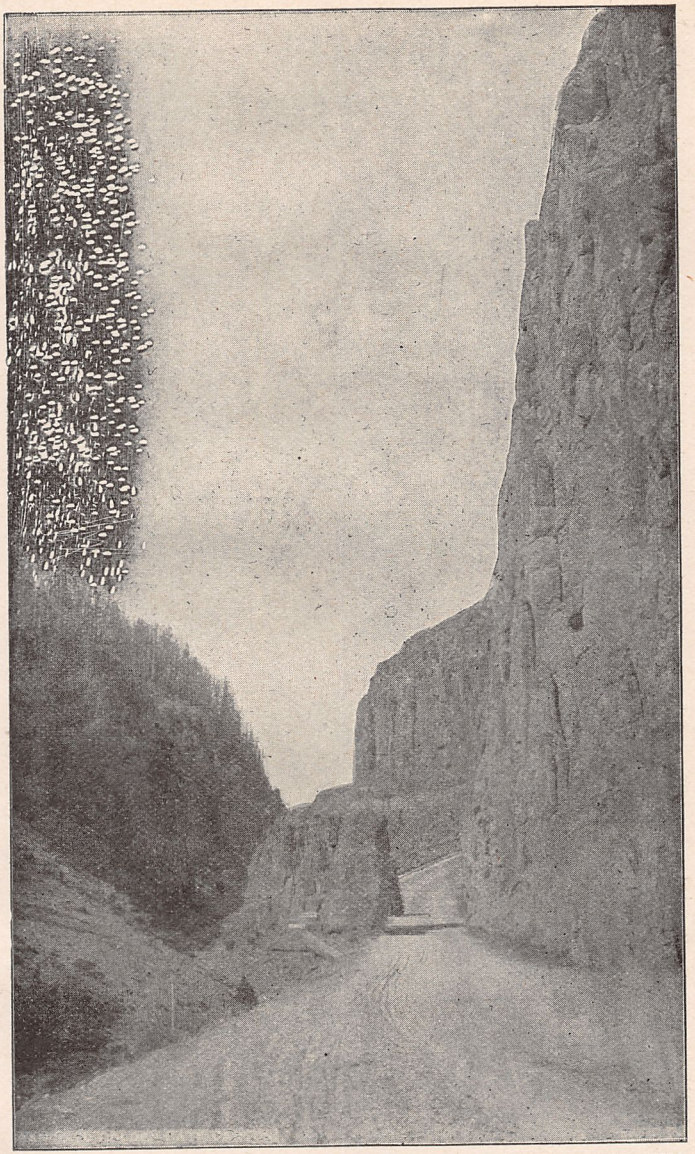
Gibbon Falls, 84 feet, Yellowstone Park, Wyoming.



Castle Geyser, Yellowstone Park, Wyoming.



LONE STAR GEYSER IN ACTION, YELLOWSTONE PARK, WYOMING.

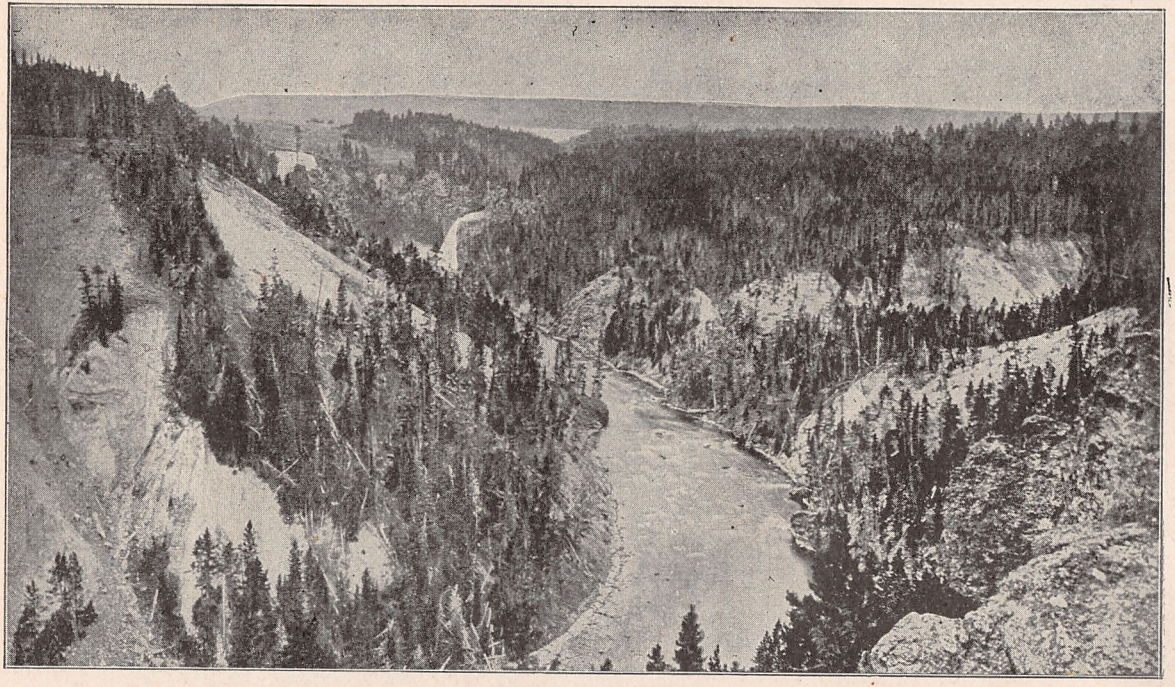


ENTRANCE TO GOLDEN GATE CANYON, YELLOWSTONE PARK, WYOMING.

YELLOWSTONE RIVER ABOVE FALLS, YELLWSTONE PARK, WYOMING.

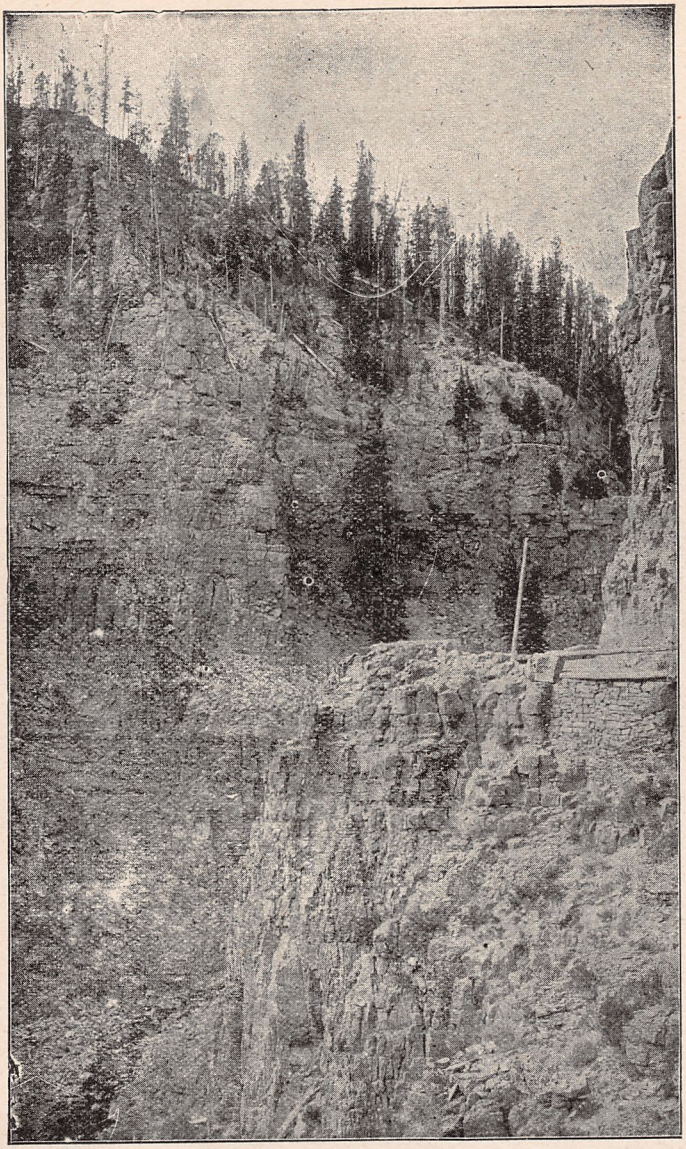
Mammoth Hot Springs, Yellowstone Park, Wyoming

Yellowstone Lake. Yellowstone Park, Wyoming.



Upper Falls of the Yellowstone, Yellowstone Park. Wyoming

GRAND CANON OF THE YELLOWSTONE, YELLOWSTONE PARK, WYOMING.

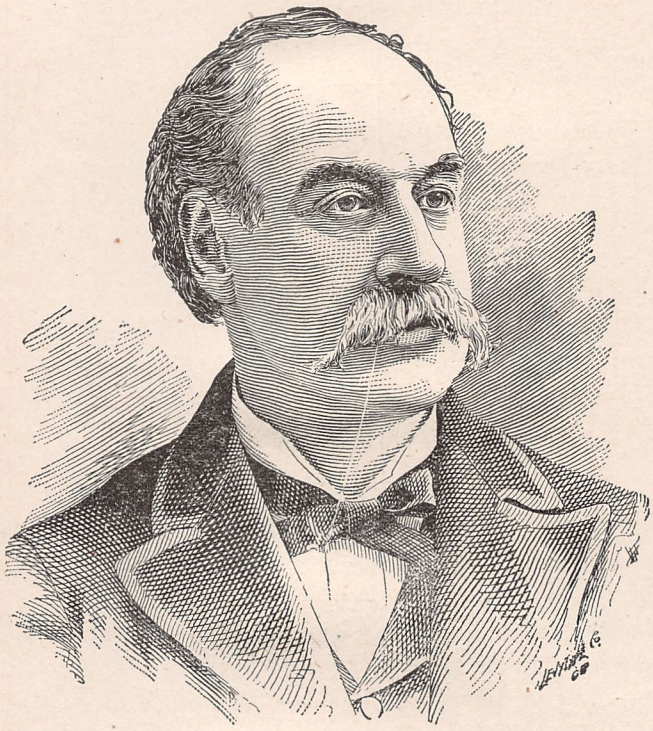


GOLDEN GATE CANYON, YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK, WYOMING.

Rhodes' Audiphone

Enabling the Deaf to hear

through the medium of the Teeth.



Many persons who are now being educated by signs, have sufficient hearing to be taught with the Audiphone articulate speech instead. Truly yours

Paris France
Decr 1880.

R. S. Rhodes

TEACHING THE DEAF TO SPEAK.

THE TEETH THE BEST MEDIUM AND THE AUDIPHONE THE BEST INSTRUMENT FOR CONVEYING SOUNDS TO THE DEAF, AND IN TEACHING THE PARTLY DEAF AND DUMB TO SPEAK.

ADDRESS DELIVERED BY R. S. RHODES OF CHICAGO, BEFORE THE FOURTEENTH CONVENTION OF AMERICAN TEACHERS OF THE DEAF, AT FLINT, MICHIGAN.

MR. PRESIDENT AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

I would like to recite some of the causes which led to my presence with you to-day.

About sixteen years ago I devised this instrument, the audiphone, which greatly assisted me in hearing, and discovered that many who had not learned to speak were not so deaf as myself. I reasoned that an instrument in the hands of one who had not learned to speak would act the same as when in the hands of one who had learned to speak, and that the mere fact of one not being able to speak would in no wise affect the action of the instrument. To ascertain if or not my simple reasoning was correct, I borrowed a deaf-mute, a boy about twelve years old, and took him to my farm. We arrived there in the evening, and during the evening I experimented to

see if he could distinguish some of the vowel sounds. My experiments in this direction were quite satisfactory. Early in the morning I provided him with an audiphone and took him by the hand for a walk about the farm. We soon came across a flock of turkeys. We approached closely, the boy with his audiphone adjusted to his teeth, and when the gobbler spoke in his peculiar voice, the boy was convulsed with laughter, and jumping for joy continued to follow the fowl with his audiphone properly adjusted, and at every remark of the gobbler the boy was delighted. I was myself delighted, and began to think my reasoning was correct.

We next visited the barn. I led him into a stall beside a horse munching his oats, and to my delight he could hear the grinding of the horse's teeth when the audiphone was adjusted, and neither of us could without. In the stable yard was a cow lowing for its calf, which he plainly showed he could hear, and when I led him to the cow-barn where the calf was confined, he could hear it reply to the cow, and by signs showed that he understood their language, and that he knew the one was calling for the other. We then visited the pig-sty where the porkers poked their noses near to us. He could hear them with the audiphone adjusted, and enjoyed their talk, and understood that they wanted more to eat. I gave him some corn to throw over to them, and he signed that that was what they wanted, and that now they were satisfied. He soon, however, broke away from me and pursued the gobbler and manifested more satisfaction in listening to its voice than to mine, and the vowel sounds as compared to it were of slight importance to him, and for the three days he was at my farm that poor turkey gobbler had but little rest.

With these and other experiments I was satisfied that he could hear, and that there were many like him; so I took my grip and audiphones and visited most of the institutions for the deaf in this country. In all institutions I found many who could hear well, and presented the instrument with which this hearing could be improved and brought within the scope of the human voice. But at one institution I was astonished; I found a bright girl with perfect hearing being educated to the sign language. She could repeat words after me parrot-like, but had no knowledge of their value in sentences. I inquired why she was in the institution for the deaf, and by examining the records we learned she was the child of deaf-mute parents, and had been brought up by them in the country, and although her hearing was perfect, she had not heard spoken language enough to acquire it, and I was informed by the superintendent of the institution that she preferred signs to speech. I was astonished that a child with no knowledge of the value of speech should be permitted to elect to be educated by signs instead of speech, and to be so educated in a state institution. This circumstance convinced me more than ever that there was a great work to be done in redeeming the partly deaf children from the slavery of silence, and I was more firmly resolved than ever that I would devote the remainder of my life to this cause.

I have had learned scientists tell me that I could not hear through my teeth. It would take more scientists than ever were born to convince me that I did not hear my sainted mother's and beloved father's dying voice with this instrument, when I could not have heard it without.

It would take more scientists than ever were born to convince me that I did not hear the voice of the Rev James B. McClure, one who has been dear to me for the last twenty years, and accompanied me on most of my visits to institutions spoken of above, and who has encouraged me in my labors for the deaf all these years, say, as I held his hand on his dying bed only Monday last, and took my final leave from him (and let me say, I know of no cause but this that would have induced me to leave him then), "Go to Flint; do all the good you can. God bless your labors for the deaf! We shall never meet again on earth. Meet me above. Good-by!"

And, Mr. President, when I am laid at rest, it will be with gratitude to you and with greater resignation for the active part you have taken in the interest of these partly deaf children in having a section for aural work admitted to this national convention, for in this act you have contributed to placing this work on a firm foundation, which is sure to result in the greatest good to this class.

You have heard our friend, the inventor of the telephone, say that in his experiments for a device to improve the hearing of the deaf, (as he was not qualified by deafness,) he did not succeed, but invented the telephone instead, which has lined his pocket with gold. From what I know of the gentleman, I believe he would willingly part with all the gold he has received for the use of this wonderful invention, had he succeeded in his efforts in devising an instrument which would have emancipated even twenty per cent. of the deaf in the institutions from the slavery of silence. I have often wished that he might have invented the audiphone and

received as much benefit by its use as I, for then he would have used the gold he derives from the telephone in carrying the boon to the deaf; but when I consider that in wishing this I must wish him deaf, and as it would not be right for me to wish him this great affliction, therefore since I am deaf, and I invented the audiphone, I would rather wish that I might have invented the telephone also; in which case I assure the deaf that I would have used my gold as freely in their behalf as would he.

[The speaker then explained the use of the audiometer in measuring the degree of hearing one may possess. Then, at his request, a gentleman from the audience, a superintendent of one of our large institutions, took a position about five feet from the speaker, and was asked to speak loud enough for Mr. Rhodes to hear when he did not have the audiphone in use, and by shouting at the top of his voice, Mr. Rhodes was able to hear only two or three "o" sounds, but could not distinguish a word. With the audiphone adjusted to his teeth, still looking away from the speaker, he was able to understand ordinary tones; and repeated sentences after him; and, when looking at him and using his eyes and audiphone, the speaker lowering his voice nearly as much as possible and yet articulating, Mr. Rhodes distinctly heard every word and repeated sentences after him, thus showing the value of the audiphone and eye combined, although Mr. Rhodes had never received instructions in lip reading. The gentleman stated that he had tested Mr. Rhodes' hearing with the audiometer when he was at his institution in 1894, and found he possessed seven per cent. in his left ear and nothing in his right.

FOR THE DEAF
THE AUDIPHONE

An Instrument that Enables Deaf Persons to Hear Ordinary Conversation Readily through the Medium of the Teeth, and Many of those Born Deaf and Dumb to Hear and Learn to Speak.

INVENTED BY RICHARD S. RHODES CHICAGO.

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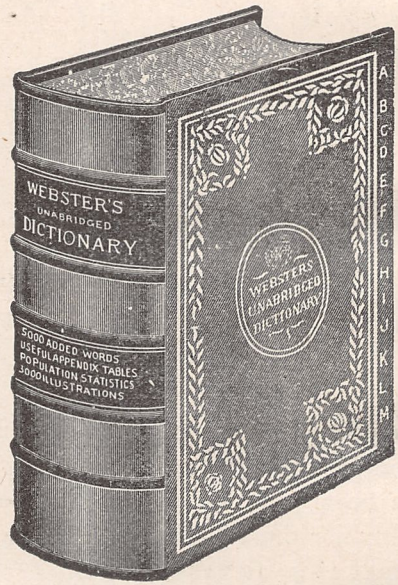

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